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# THE NEW YORKER

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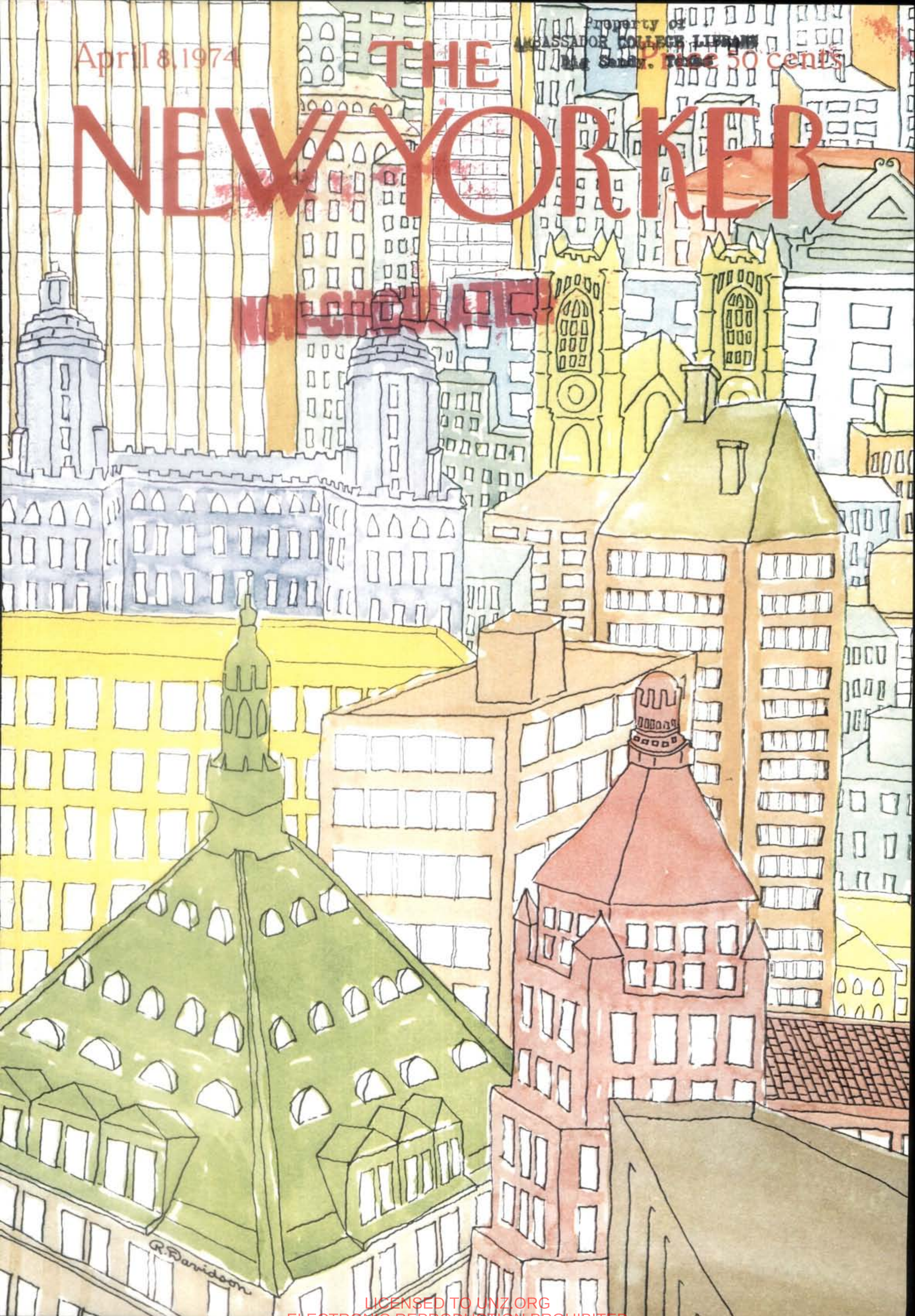

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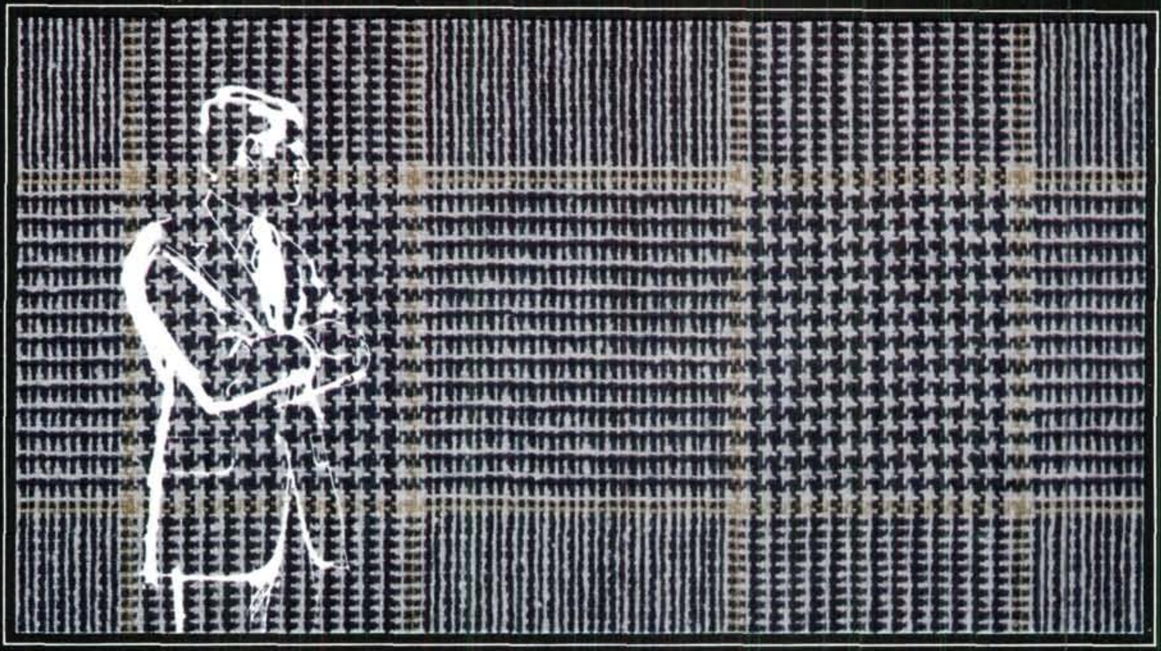

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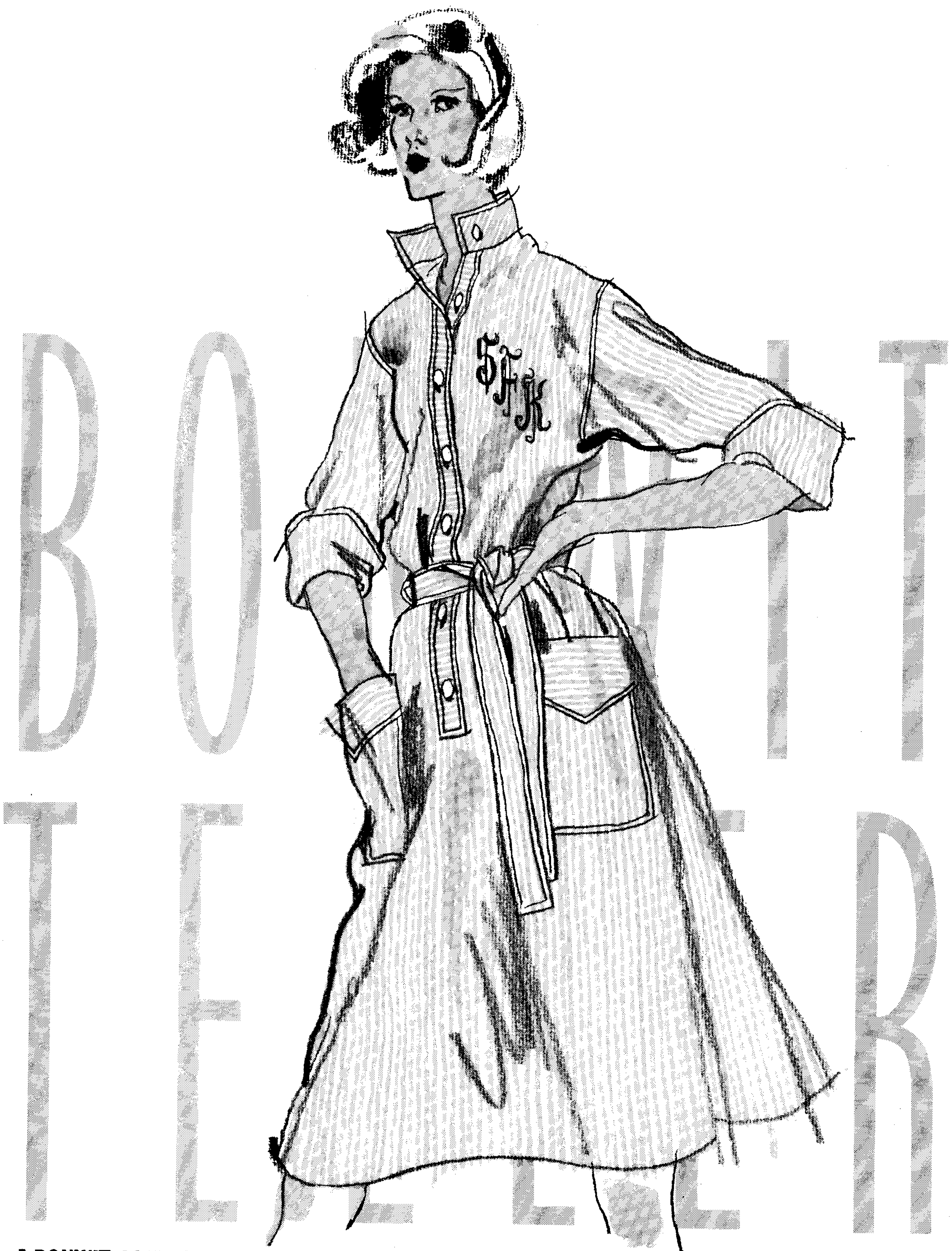

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Bad Habits**—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set at a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Candide**—A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat, but the effort is worth it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Clarence Darrow**—A one-man show, worth going to because the one man is Henry Fonda. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 27.)

**The Dance of Death**—Strindberg's play, adapted by A. J. Antoon (who also directed) from a translation by Elizabeth Sprigge. Robert Shaw, Zoe Caldwell, and Hector Elizondo are the entire cast. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Preview Wednesday, April 3. Opens officially on Thursday, April 4, and will run through Sunday, May 5. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**Dear Nobody**—This recitation, by Jane Marla Robbins, of entries from the diaries of Fanny Burney becomes, at its best, a gossipy evocation of life in eighteenth-century England. Miss Robbins has chosen well, and the evening is consistently entertaining. Patricia Zipprodt designed her lovely costumes. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Fashion**—A musical adaptation in modern dress of Anna Cora Mowatt's hit of 1845, with a cast of nine women and a man. There is some ridicule of the original play, which is annoying at first, but soon charm conquers all. Don Pippin is responsible for the melodic score, Steve Brown for the bright lyrics, and Mary Jo Catlett (as a social-climbing matron) for one of the funniest, most delightful performances around. Anthony Stimac was both adapter and director. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**Les Femmes Noires**—The black women of this city, and some of their men, speak about the circumstances of their lives and a number of other matters. Edgar White's play as a whole doesn't add up to much, but episode by episode it is often interesting and dramatic. The acting, under Novella Nelson's direction, is excellent. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 7.)

**Find Your Way Home**—A play by John Hopkins that is nearly always funny, though the triangle it describes—a husband, his wife, and his male lover—is in a grim plight indeed. Lee Richardson, Jane Alexander, and Michael Moriarty are magnificent. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Good Doctor**—Neil Simon has been tempted to collaborate with Anton Chekhov, who might not have been tempted to collaborate with Neil Simon. The brilliant cast makes it seem worthwhile. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Good Evening**—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

**The Great MacDaddy**—This new musical, the first offering this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, has a very musical score by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. Paul Carter Harrison's script, though murky with symbols and ritual, is serviceable, and the performance—acting, dancing, and singing—is absolutely fine. With Roscoe Orman, Cleavon Little, and Marjorie Barnes in the leading roles. Direction by Douglas Turner Ward, choreography by Dianne McIntyre. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

**The Killdeer**—The tone is comic, but the story—about a middle-aged failure whose marriage is on the rocks—is sad. Ralph Waite is entirely believable as the failure, and Barbara Barrie is marvellous as his wife who cannot disguise her disappointment in him. All the other performances, under Melvin Bernhardt's direction, are very good, too. Jay Broad is the playwright. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Lorelei**—A sadly mutilated partial reprise of the old musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Carol Channing is the valiant star. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Manhattan Project**—Three André Gregory productions: **alice in wonderland**, final performances Thursday through Sunday, April 4-7, at 8. . . . ¶ Open rehearsals of a new play by Wallace Shawn, **our late night**, Wednesdays at 8, through April 17. . . . ¶ Beckett's **endgame**, Thursdays through Sundays, April 11-14 and 18-21, at 8. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

**Moonchildren**—Michael Weller's comedy about

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

**A Moon for the Misbegotten**—A play on O'Neill's great, grave theme—that family life is not the occasion for love but for its failure. Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders superbly embody the bad news. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Music! Music!**—A five-week engagement of a cavalcade of American music, with Gene Nelson, Larry Kert, Karen Morrow, and Donna McKechnie. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book, and the songs are by the popular composers of the last eighty years, including Gershwin, Porter, Rodgers, Bernstein, and Loewe. Directed by Martin Charnin. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, April 9-10. Opens officially on Thursday, April 11, and will run through Sunday, May 12. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**My Fat Friend**—Lynn Redgrave and George Rose are as clever as can be in a frail English comedy by Charles Laurence. Directed by Robert Moore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Noël Coward in Two Keys**—A couple of trifles by the Master, written in old age and with welcome autobiographical touches. Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Anne Baxter make the most of their charming opportunities. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Over Here!**—A musical that claims to tell us what it was like on the home front during the Second World War. It is really an excuse for presenting the two surviving Andrews Sisters, who sing splendidly, and for showing off some wonderful young dancers. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Raisin**—Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30 and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**A-Season-Within-a-Season**—Final performances in a series of four plays by new black playwrights, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. Through Sunday, April 7: **TERRACES**, by Steve Carter. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, April 9-14: **HEAVEN AND HELL'S AGREEMENT**, by J. E. Gaines. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Short Eyes**—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are almost as important as the plot. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**The Tempest**—Sam Waterston is the young, keyed-up, dynamic Prospero in this magic production under Edward Berkeley's direction. Santo Loquasto's setting and Jennifer Tipton's lighting are very effective indeed.

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(Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 7.)

**Thieves**—Marlo Thomas and Richard Mulligan in a play by Herb Gardner. Charles Grodin is the director. Previews through Saturday, April 6. *Opens officially on* Sunday, April 7. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Ulysses in Nighttown**—Zero Mostel and a fine cast in an altogether new production, on a Barnum & Bailey scale, of his 1958 success. Burgess Meredith is again the director. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?**—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,801 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **IRENE:** A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is attractive and talented. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, William Daniels, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Thursdays at 7:30 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.). . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** A pair of old vaudevillians pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 21.). . . **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?:** A satirical revue with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-3789. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

## MISCELLANY

**The Circus**—*The animal kingdom on its party* manners. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 3, at 1:30; Thursday and Friday, April 4-5, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday, April 6, at 10:30, 3, and 8; Monday through Friday, April 8-12, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Saturday, April 13, at 10:30, 3, and 8. Because of basketball playoffs, the performance on Sunday, April 7, has been cancelled. Closes Monday, May 27.)

## DANCE

**Harkness Ballet**—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 21—Tuesday, April 9, at 7: "Ceremonials" (New York permière), "Percussion for Six-Men," "Sebastian," and "Souvenirs.". . . ¶ Wednesday, April 10, at 8: "Ballade" (première), "Gemini" (New York première), "The Brood," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 8: "Time Out of Mind," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Shadows" (première), and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Friday, April 12, at 8: "Schubert Variations," "The Brood," "Percussions for Six-Men," and "Souvenirs.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 2: "Schubert Variations," "Ballade," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 8: "Firebird," "Shadows," "Bergamasca" (première), and "Ceremonials." (Harkness Theatre, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000.)

**Jamaica National Dance Theatre Company**—Thursday, April 4, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, at 8; and Sunday, April 14, at 2 and 6: "Revelry," "Thursday's Child,"

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Homage," "Street People," "Windsongs," and "Kumina."...¶ Sunday, April 7, at 2 and 6, and Thursday through Saturday, April 11-13, at 8: "Celebrations," "Mountain Women," "African Scenario," "Street People," "Dialogue for Three," and "Kumina." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

**JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE**—A benefit program of works by Anna Sokolow, Kazuko Hirabayashi, and José Limón, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble conducted by Peter Leonard. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, at 8, and Sunday, April 7, at 3. For tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

**FESTA BRAZIL**—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, April 9, and will run through Sunday, April 21, by a Brazilian folkloric troupe from Bahia. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Opening-night curtain, at 6:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

**NORMAN CONNORS**—Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804). Drums, leading a quartet, beginning Wednesday, April 10.

**DIZZY GILLESPIE**—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, leading a quartet, Monday through Thursday, April 8-11, from nine, and Friday, April 12, from nine-thirty.

**TINY GRIMES**—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

**JIM HALL**—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Guitar, with bassist Jack Six, starting Tuesday, April 9, from nine to one.

**CHICO HAMILTON**—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Drums, leading a quintet, from nine. Beginning Saturday, April 13.

**ELVIN JONES**—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Drums, leading a quartet, from nine (Friday from nine-thirty). Through Saturday, April 6.

**THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND**—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. Mondays at ten.

**RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK**—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Saxophones, stritch, manzello, flute, black-mystery pipes, etc., leading a sextet. From ten, through Sunday, April 7.

**ELLIS LARKINS**—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Jimmy Lunceford on Sunday, April 7, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

**DAVE MCKENNA**—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with a trio, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

**JIMMY MCPARTLAND**—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

**JOE NEWMAN**—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, leading a quartet, from nine to three, Wednesdays through Saturdays.

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**JIMMY ROWLES**—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Tommy Bryant, from eight to one, except Sundays.

**BOBBY SHORT**—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

**BILLY TAYLOR**—Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Piano, leading a trio, Thursdays through Tuesdays, from nine-thirty.

**MUDDY WATERS**—Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892). Blues singer, with a septet. Beginning Tuesday, April 9, from nine-thirty.

**CHUCK WAYNE AND JOE PUMA**—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Guitar duo. From nine to one, through Saturday, April 6....¶ Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (225-6440). Beginning Monday, April 8, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

**ANGRY SQUIRE**, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Docked several blocks from the nearest pier, this seaworthy enterprise fully realizes the ordinarily abused concept of nautical décor. Pianist John Foster's trio entertains the passengers, who vary from jazz patrons to local Chelsea folk, Fridays and Saturdays *from nine-thirty to two-thirty.* Dinner.

**ARTHUR'S TAVERN**, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

**BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Rhythm-and-blues and rock-and-soul singer Ann Peebles will perform through Monday, April 8. Beginning Wednesday, April 10, Frank Speiser, doing a one-man show of Lenny Bruce material, will alternate with the very fine jazz quartet of drummer Norman Connors. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Coffee and tea are staples. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

**BOOMER'S**, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-up musings by R. D. Laing, succulent collard greens, and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who play here from time to time. Basie alumnus and trumpeter Joe Newman heads up a quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Cedar Walton and his trio hold down the fort on Sunday, April 7, and Tuesday, April 9. Monday, April 8, is given over to flutist Bobbi Humphrey's quartet and the Bryan-Walton quartet. Music from nine to three.

**BOTTOM LINE**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat rock-and-folk club in New York brings to mind an image of hordes of bodies glued together in an indoor Woodstockian setting. But at the new Bottom Line the seating is ample, the décor is simple but pleasant, and the commitments to the sound system and lighting are admirable. Rock singer Alan Price works opposite Scottish folksinger Al Stewart through Thursday, April 4. British rockster Leo Sayer drops by Monday and Tuesday, April 8-9. On Wednesday, April 10, drummer Billy Cobham moves in with his band, along with an improvisational group known as the Credibility Gap. Shows begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

**BRADLEY'S**, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Pianist Cedar Walton and bassist Sam Jones collaborate through Saturday, April 6. Starting Monday, April 8, guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma engage in their friendly rallies. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

**CAFÉ CARLYLE,**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is the prized fixture here, and his envied repertoire—mostly from the thirties, mostly world-weary—summons up a generation's view of itself. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. The three begin at nine-forty-five, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper.

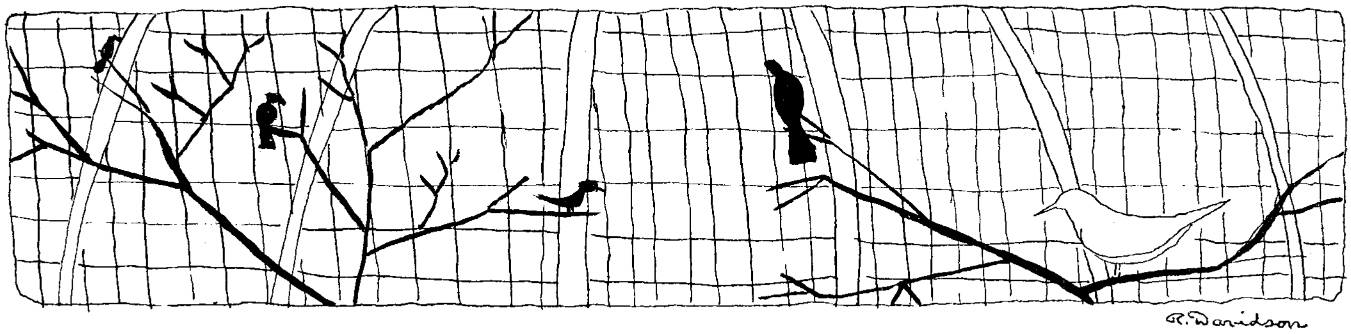
**CHURCHILL'S**, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—Mostly jazz from the thirties and forties. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, Brooks Kerr, a twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier, leads (and learns from) the members of his trio—drummer Sam Woodyard and Basie-ite Paul Quinichette, on tenor saxophone. Mondays and Tuesdays are devoted to the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing band led by Art Miller, a young clarinettist. A Dixieland septet—the Original Traditional Jazz Band—plays on Fridays. Music from eleven to four. Dining.

**COOKERY**, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—California-based pianist Jimmy Rowles, who has been heard in this area too seldom, can examine a tune from every possible angle, coating it with little half runs, bell-like chords, and sorrowful tremolos. His multi-layered attack is governed by a singular harmonic sense, and his touch is almost Tatum-light. He is here with bassist Tommy Bryant Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

**GRAND FINALE**, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A spacious night spot quartered in the ground floor of one of those large, sturdy apartment fortresses that proliferated on the upper West Side forty and fifty years ago. Claiming the stage through Saturday, April 6, is singer Leata Galloway. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Nightly shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

**GREGORY'S**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this tiny refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood offers serenity, warmth, and Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffident strength and vast popularity, along with his bassist, Al Hall. Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. They'll concentrate on music by Jimmy Lunceford on Sunday, April 7, from five-thirty to seven-thirty. Norma Shepherd, backed by bassist Johnny Williams, sings at the piano on Monday evenings. Snacks.

**GUITAR**, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-



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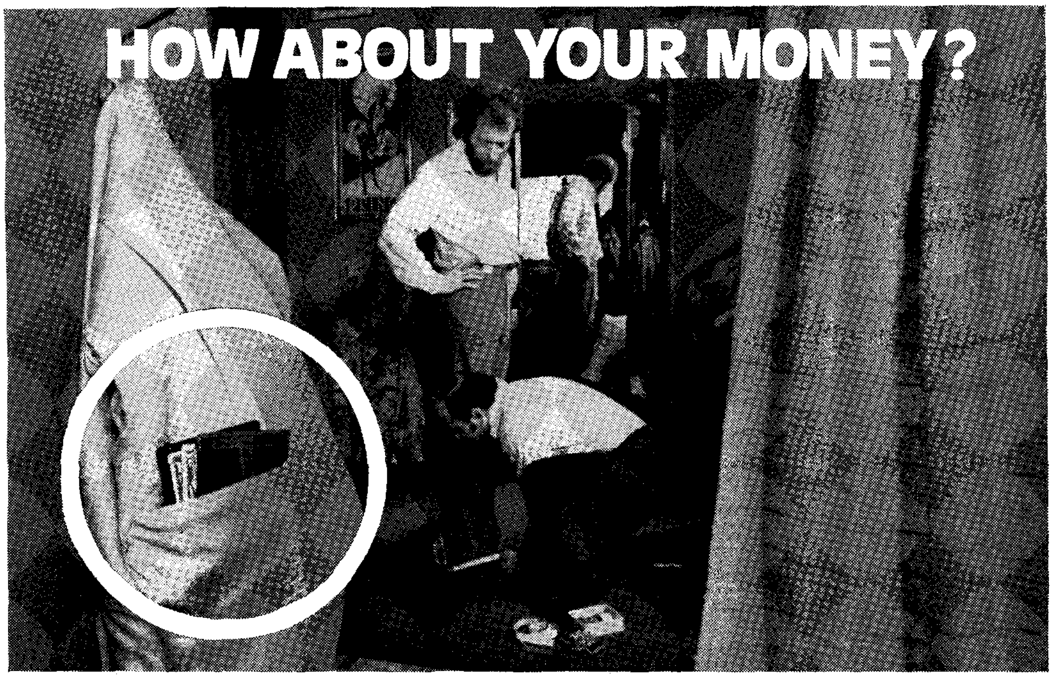
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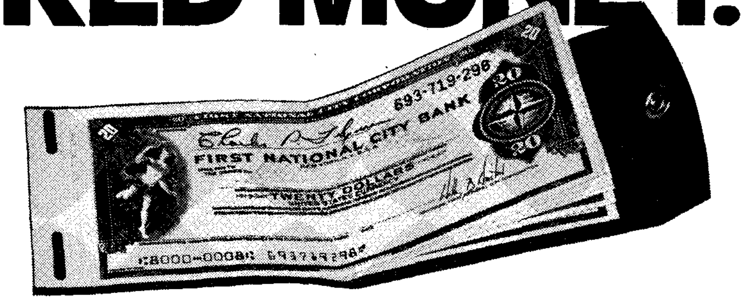

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9135)—Molded-metal chairs, hanging white metal lamps, plastic butcher-block tables, and lots of space. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma play guitar duets, exchanging solos, and looking quite pleased when the other performs a particularly risky or successful run. Through Saturday, April 6. Sunday and Monday, April 7-8, guitarist Carl Thompson strums with bass accompaniment. Jim Hall (probably the most influential guitarist around nowadays) and bass player Jack Six tune up on Tuesday, April 9. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

**Half Note,** 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Currently, thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones leads a quartet and bassist Larry Ridley heads a combo; through Saturday, April 6. Direct, humorous, intense, Dizzy Gillespie and his quartet will play Monday through Friday, April 8-12. Drummer Chico Hamilton shows up on Saturday, April 13, with his quintet. Music starts at nine, except Fridays, when it starts at nine-thirty.

**Jacques,** 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard (with bassist Gino Biondi on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three. Singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth performs on Sundays from five to eight.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

**Jimmy's,** 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—In the **52nd street room,** comic David Frye is appearing at nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

**Kenny's Castaways,** 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Buzzy Linhart sings and accompanies himself on guitar through Sunday, April 7. Chicago bluesman Muddy Waters comes in with a septet on Tuesday, April 9. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Music starts at nine-thirty. Snacks.

**Max's Kansas City,** 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Country-and-Western folkster B. W. Stevenson sings through Monday, April 8. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

**Metro,** 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—In spite of its brick walls lacquered to resemble plastic and an oversolicitous wine list, this newly established club has become another Village refuge for folk, rock, and the like. Bluegrass fiddler Vassar Clements will be on hand through Saturday, April 6. He will be followed on Wednesday, April 10, by singer and guitarist Ellen McIlwaine, the Kate Smith of the counterculture. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until one, Dave McKenna is at the piano with his sidemen—bassist Bucky Calabrese and drummer Joe Corsello. On Mondays, actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. In addition, Bucky Pizzarelli is now playing concert-style in the new front enclosure. His hours are Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Guitarist Joe Beck teams with saxophonist Dave Sanborne Thursday through Saturday, April 11-13. Music from ten until three. Dining.

**Peacock Alley,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Just outside the entrance to this peacock-feather-muralled listening room is an indoor sidewalk café, where patrons can watch passersby in the hotel lobby. Articulate pianist Billy Taylor works with bassist Lisle Atkinson and drummer Bobby Thomas Thursdays through Tuesdays from nine-thirty. Dinner.

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**Reno Sweeney,** 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A lively West Village cabaret with brick walls, homey curtains on the windows, and devoted patrons. Warholian female impersonator Holly Woodlawn conjures up images from the forties and other times with torch songs and ballads. Poet, actress, singer, and weirdo Patti Smith will share the bill through Saturday, April 6. On Tuesday, April 9, Novella Nelson, a confident singer of varied material, from blues to pop, will arrive. Shows start at nine and midnight. Pianist Jeremy Stone fills the gaps between shows. On Sunday, April 7, Baby Jane Dexter, who does blues and humorous songs, will be on hand at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

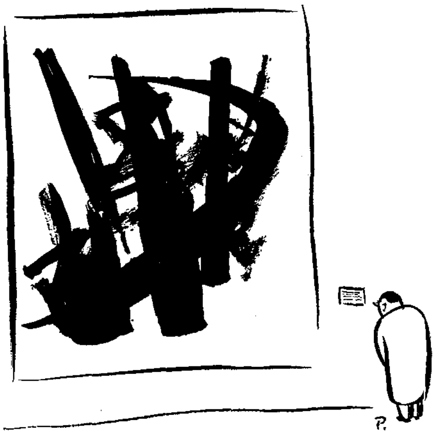
**Soerabaja,** 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Bucky Pizzarelli plays a subtle, chord-dominated guitar from nine-thirty to one, nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

**Stryker's,** 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters are occupied by pianist Stephen Browman and his trio on Thursday, April 4. Flutist Richard Clay directs a quartet on Friday and Saturday, April 5-6. Music Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty until three, and Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on the best jazz around. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who can play more instruments, simultaneously or otherwise, than just about anybody else around, tears through intense sets with his sextet through Sunday, April 7. On Tuesday, April 9, drummer Tony Williams, once a young dynamo (he played with Miles Davis in the early sixties, at the age of seventeen), descends the murky staircase with his quartet. Mondays belong to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, their fifteen musicians, and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. The entertainment begins at ten.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially on Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Undistinguished soul food.

**West End Café,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Brooks Kerr, Paul Quinichette, Sam Woodyard, and trumpeter Franc Williams consider this cafeteria a haven (compared to their post at Churchill's), because the audience here—many Columbia students—is interested in jazz and listens to the musicians. The Kerr group is onstage Mondays and Tuesdays; Sundays, Mabel Godwin plays piano and sings with the No Gap Generation Jazz Band; guitarist Tiny Grimes leads a trio on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Grimes plays four-string tenor guitar (an instrument often chosen by banjo players in the thirties, when the jazz guitar was coming into its own), and, as one of his admirers put it recently, "He doesn't need the other two strings." Music from nine to one. All this and food at student prices.



### BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **café,** Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio is on duty Sundays and Mondays. Additionally, Joseph Murello provides cocktail piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The dinnertime singing (and suppertime singing, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) in the **persian room** is done by Hildegarde. The dance music issues from the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand rooftop is presenting the songs of Janice Harper together with the sounds of the Lee Evans quartet. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords the piano duo of DeMaio and Silver, from seven to midnight, every night but Monday.

**St. Regis-Sheraton,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Barbara McNair will be dispensing songs at dinner and supper in the **maisonette** through Saturday, April 6, after which the room will be closed for a week. In the meantime, Anthony Terini's orchestra will be in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **la boite russe,** the across-the-way refectory, supplies piano and accordion music, from seven to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The **st. regis room** is host to jazz singer Chris Connor and the Mike Abene trio Tuesdays through Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Snacks. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Roman tenor Sergio Franchi will cease and desist in the **empire room** after Saturday, April 6, and so (for a week) will the dance band of Bob Rosengarden and the room itself.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

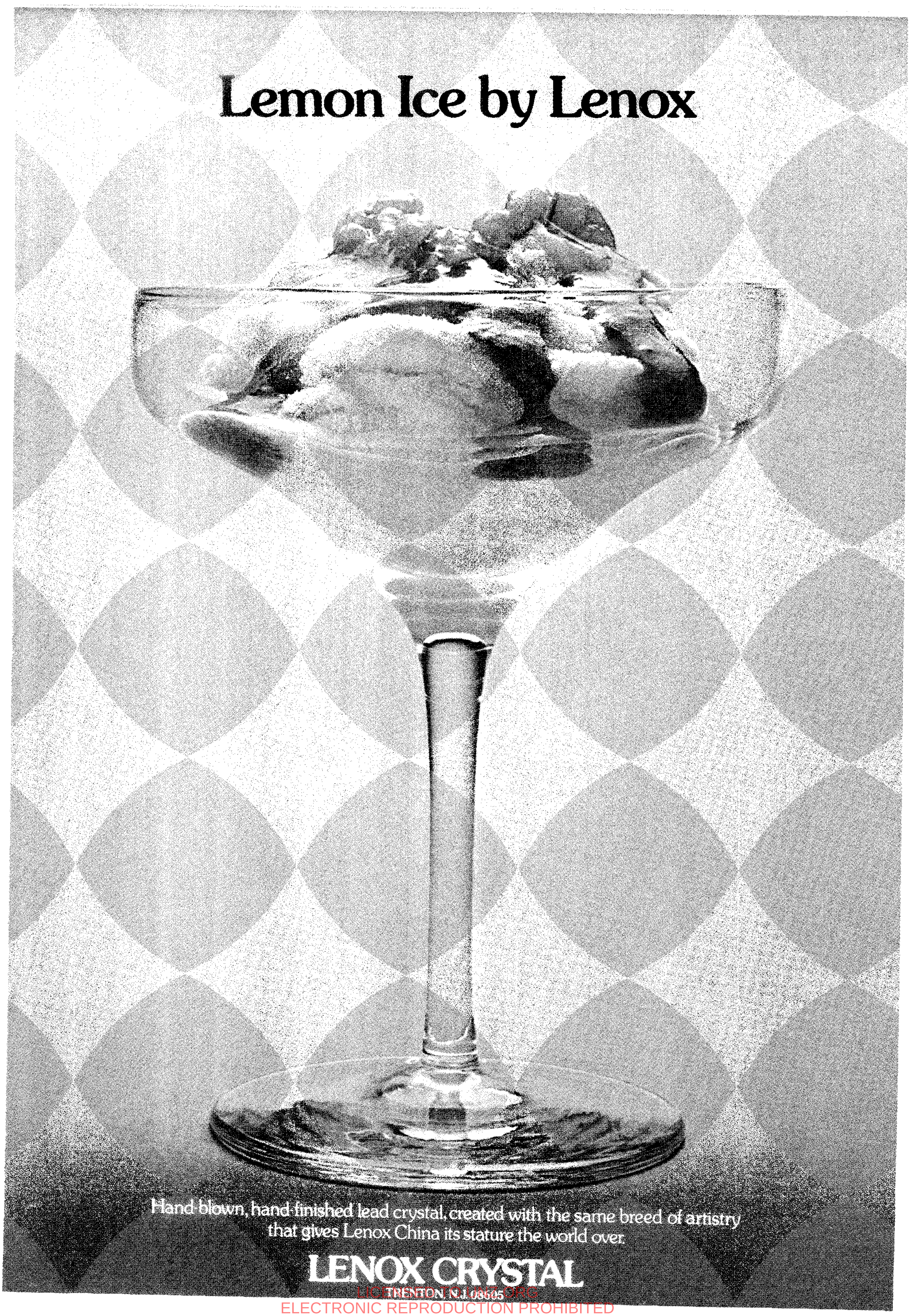
**Richard Ahntholz**—Brightly colored landscape paintings. Through Saturday, April 13. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Horst Antes**—Paintings and works on paper of imaginary figures. Through Saturday, April 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**Jean Arp** (1887-1966) / **Isamu Noguchi**—Collages and sculptures. / Sculptures and related collages. Through April 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Francine Barkan / Harry Neyer**—Post-Impressionist still-lifes and interiors. / Brightly colored sculptures combining metal and found objects. Through Saturday, April 13. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**William Beckman**—Paintings and pastels of fig-



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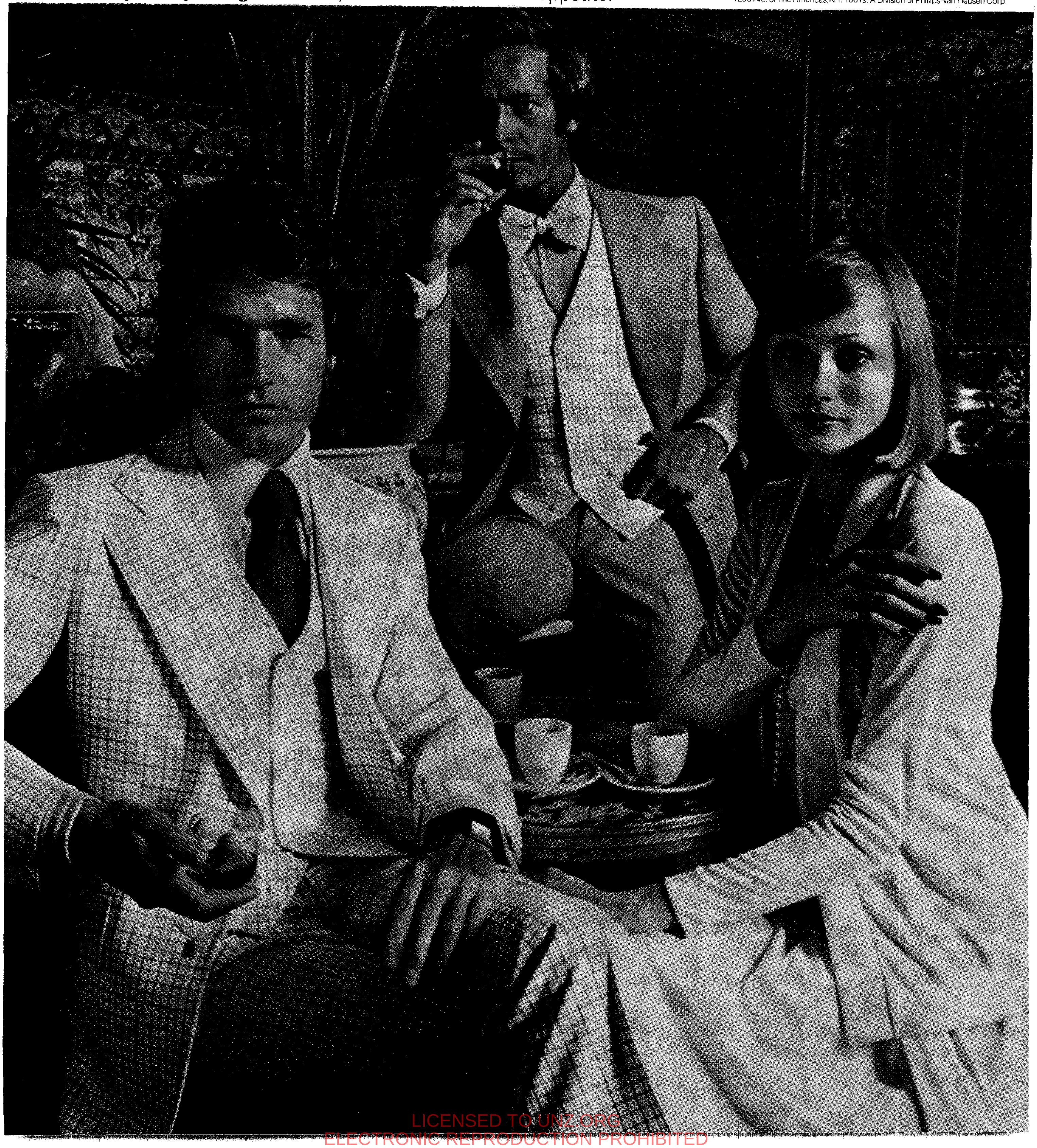

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ures and landscapes. Through April 27. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Leland Bell**—Self-portraits, portraits of family groups, and still-lifes. Through Thursday, April 11. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Willard Boepple**—Abstract steel sculptures. Through May 4. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

**Elaine Breiger**—Abstract landscapes in acrylic. Through April 17. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Antoni Clavé**—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by a Spanish artist who lives in Southern France. Through Saturday, April 13. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Robert Dash**—Paintings, in bold acrylic strokes, of the artist's surroundings in the Hamptons. Through Friday, April 5. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**Alan Davie**—Small oils painted during 1973 by an English artist. Through April 27. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Ronaldo de Juan**—Abstract Expressionist paintings by an Argentinian. Through Saturday, April 13. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Stephen Edlich**—Small three-dimensional bronzes and bronze reliefs, and collage-drawings. Through April 24. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jacqueline Fogel**—Polychrome figure sculptures made from discarded parts of furniture. Through April 20. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Frank Gallo**—A series of small erotic sculptures, plus graphics. Through Monday, April 8. (Circle, 1081 Third Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10; Sundays, noon to 8.)

**Budd Hopkins**—Hard-edge abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, April 6. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Will Horwitt**—Ten abstract painted-wood sculptures and four abstract paintings. Through May 4. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Martin Hurtig**—Indoor and outdoor sculptures in various mediums. Through April 27. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Rodger Mack**—Sculptures cast in bronze at a foundry that the artist designed and built for Syracuse University, where he teaches. Through April 20. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Brice Marden**—Paintings composed of two or three panels of single colors. Through April 17. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

**Herman Maril**—Landscapes, still-lifes, and tapestries. Through April 19. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Robert Motherwell**—Recent paintings and collages. Starts Saturday, April 6. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

**William Pettet**—Abstract paintings. Through April 20. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Milne Ramsey** (1846-1915)—Still-lifes, landscapes, and seascapes in oil and watercolor. Through Friday, April 5. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

**David Roth**—Painted strings arranged according to mathematical schemes, plus diagrams of the schemes, and drawings. Starts Saturday, April 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)—Drawings and watercolors. Through June 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Charles Sheeler** (1883-1965)—Watercolors, drawings, and lithographs. Through April 20. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**David Smyth**—Large black drawings, including two triptychs, done on aluminum sheets, and a corner sculpture, by a young New York artist. Starts Saturday, April 6. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

**Francisco Toledo**—Oils and gouaches concerned with the relationship between animals and people, by this Mexican artist. Through April 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Roger Van Damme**—Paintings and drawings of nudes. Through April 20. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

**Robert Wade**—Hand-colored landscapes on photosensitive canvases. Through Thursday, April 11. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**James Weeks**—Mostly landscapes of the Concord River valley. Through April 27. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Marguerite Zorach** (1887-1968)—A show of landscape and figure paintings and drawings that is running concurrently with her exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum. Through Saturday, April 6. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**American Watercolor Society**—The hundred-and-seventh annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States. Starts Thursday, April 4. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

**Group Shows**—At the **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Works in mixed mediums on the theme of flowers. Alice Neel, Edward Sorel, Jane Wilson, and other contemporary Americans are represented. Through April 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Twenty Years of Post-Impressionism, 1880-1900," a show including works by Bonnard, Gauguin, Lacombe, and Vuillard. Through April 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, cartoons, and drawings by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, April 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **solomon**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and graphics by Chagall, Gottlieb, Hofmann, Miró, and Picasso. Through April 30. . . . **washburn**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: A small exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs done in the thirties under the Public Works of Art Project, the Works Progress Administration Federal Art Project, and the Treasury's Relief Art Project. Through Saturday, April 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Cone Collection at the Baltimore Museum of Art. On view are thirty-eight paintings and drawings by Matisse and thirty-one by Picasso, plus works by Gauguin, Sisley, Lipchitz, Zorach, and others. Through May 4.

## GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

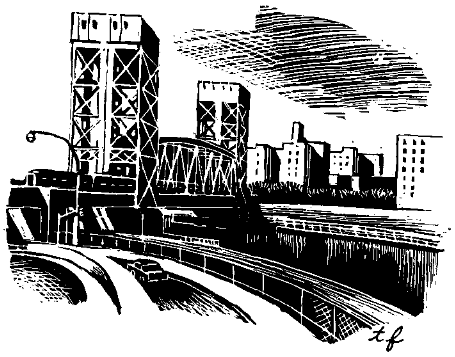
**Yaacov Agam**—Graphics, sculptures, and tapestries by an Israeli Op artist. Through April 20. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Feliciano Bejar**—Sculptures in plastic and metal. Through April 18. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Julien Binford**—Paintings of flowers. Through April 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Joe Brainard / Arlene Slavin**—Oils of dogs, nudes, portraits, and still-lifes. / Geometric paintings. Starts Saturday, April 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**John Gundelfinger**—Landscapes of the area around the Delaware Water Gap. Through April 25. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)



**Barbara Hepworth**—Abstract sculptures, mostly in stone. Through April 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Darryl Hughto**—Abstract diamond-shaped paintings. Through April 18. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Hubert Long**—Assemblages pieced together from fragments of weathered wood, often suggesting temple ruins, altars, and totems. Through Saturday, April 13. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Eliseo Mattiacci**—Conceptual sculptures. Through Saturday, April 13. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

**John McLaughlin**—Black-and-white hard-edge oils. Through April 17. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Edgar Negret**—Sculptures in painted stainless steel by a Colombian. Through Saturday, April 6. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

**Stephen Pace**—Figures and landscapes. Starts Saturday, April 6. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Herman Rose**—Oils, watercolors, and monoprints, many recently executed in Israel. Through April 27. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Lucas Samaras**—Self-portrait photographs distorted by the artist. Through April 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Wayne Williams**—Welded-copper and steel sculptures of human figures and animals, plus a group of drawings. Through April 20. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures that were sold by the gallery during the past twenty-five years and have now been borrowed back to celebrate the gallery's twenty-fifth anniversary. Through Saturday, April 13. . . . **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Sully, Eilshemius, Bierstadt, and others. Through May 25. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**Paul Brach**—Abstract paintings by an artist living in California. Starts Saturday, April 6. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Edgar Buonagurio / William Canavan Tucker**—Abstract paintings. / Small, delicate watercolors suggesting seascapes and plant life. Through Thursday, April 11. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Jean Cohen**—Abstract paintings, some leavened with symbolism. Starts Saturday, April 6. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

**William Copley**—Paintings and drawings from 1946 to 1972 in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the New York Cultural Center. Through May 25. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

**David Diao**—Abstract paintings. Through April 16. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

**Samuel Gelber**—Landscapes of Maine, mostly dominated by solitary forest giants. Through Thursday, April 11. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Steve Kelsey**—Abstract paintings. Through April 19. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Ron Kleemann**—Photo-Realist paintings. Starts Saturday, April 6. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

**Marilyn Lenkowsky / David Reed / Herbert Schiffrin**—Two wall pieces, one orange and the other green. / Vertical abstract paintings. / Four large abstract paintings. Through April 17. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Noel Mahaffey**—Realistic paintings of city buildings. Through April 20. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Pat Mainardi**—Paintings, including a series of junk cars in cow pastures and a series of portraits and repaintings of Old Masters. Starts Saturday, April 6. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Murray Reich**—Abstract paintings. Starts Sat-

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urday, April 6. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

**Alan Scarrity**—Black-and-white abstract paintings and photos to do with water flowing from a tap, plus a tape recording of water flowing from a tap. Through Saturday, April 13. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Al Shundi**—Surrealist paintings. Starts Saturday, April 6. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Oleg Sohanievich**—Metal sculptures stressing tension by a Russian artist, who now lives here. Through April 17. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Eileen Spikol / Elena Borstein**—Figures molded out of cotton-rope, reed, fabric, and wood, and coated with latex. / "Mexican Series," paintings and drawings based on architectural structures. Through April 17. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Selina Trieff**—Figure paintings by an artist who was a student of Hofmann, Reinhardt, and Rothko. Starts Saturday, April 6. (Prince Street Gallery, 106 Prince St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

**Jack Tworkov**—Paintings and drawings from 1971 to the present. Through Thursday, April 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Grace Bakst Wapner / Merrill Wagner**—Two large sculptures in satin. / Abstract paintings. Through April 17. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Robert Whitman**—Three floor pieces. Through Saturday, April 13. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

**Group Show**—Works by Harry Leigh, Eric Schwartz, and gallery artists. Through April 20. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

## OTHER GALLERIES

**Bennett Bradbury**—Seascapes. Through Saturday, April 13. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

**Anne Healy**—Sculptures for outdoors, made of fabric. Through April 20. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

**Richard Hunt**—Welded-steel sculptures, and graphics. Through Saturday, April 6. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, First Ave. at 47th St.: An exhibition of traditional art and crafts from the states of Chad, Mali, Mauritania, Niger, Senegal, and Upper Volta. Through May 4. . . . **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Paper cutouts from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from all over the world. Through April 20. (Closed Saturday mornings.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Judy Dater and Jack Welpott**—Mostly black-and-white portraits of women, by a couple from California. Through May 11. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

**Horst**—Photographs of famous writers, movie stars, and rich and fashionable people, taken in the thirties and forties by the well-known *Vogue* photographer. Through Saturday, April 13. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Charles Pratt / Edward S. Curtis** (1868-1952)—Photographs of nature. / Historical photos of Indians and Eskimos. Starts Friday, April 5. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Keith Smith / Barboza**—Photo etchings, handmade books, and collages. / Photographs. Through April 27. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**James Van DerZee**—Photographs, by an octogenarian who was a leading Harlem studio photographer of the twenties and thirties. Through Saturday, April 6. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An elegant exhibition of work by André Kertész (b. Hungary 1894), Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (b. Hungary 1895), and Alexander Rodchenko (b. Russia 1891) done in the twenties and thirties. Through April 7. . . . ¶ Approximately two hundred prints by fifteen Japanese photographers. Through May 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Freedman, Adams, Borsuk, Sarmento, and Scherer. Through April 30. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—Two shows by two women—Anne Ryan (1889-1954) and Marguerite Zorach (1887-1968)—equally divide the special exhibition space on the first floor here, and illustrate two varieties of feminine experience in art. Anne Ryan, fifty-six of whose collages are on view, exemplifies the woman artist who stands alone and apart from conventional society—the spinster or, as in the case of Ryan, the escapee from an unhappy marriage—and whose art has a quality of inwardness and eccentricity that at once distinguishes it and isolates it. Anne Ryan was a writer of poetry, fiction, and biography before she quit in discouragement (she couldn't get her work published), and took up painting at the age of forty-nine. (She supported herself and her three children by, among other expedients, running a restaurant in Greenwich Village.) In 1948, she went to an exhibition of the collages of Kurt Schwitters, and found her medium; that same day, she began making the collages which occupied her until her death, in 1954, and for which she has since become renowned. She diverged from Schwitters in her avoidance (after a few early imitative works) of connotative material—the bits of newsprint, postage stamps, calligraphy, cigarette papers, and so on that appear in Schwitters' compositions—and used mainly rectangles, squares, and shreds of variously colored and textured paper and fabric. From them she produced abstract art of rare beauty and originality and stylistic cohesiveness. Especially beautiful are some fairly large compositions—large for Ryan, who worked small—of white, beige, gray, sand, and silver squares and rectangles; most typical are her small compositions of delicately colored squares and rectangles within a square or an oval, mounted on a border of textured rag paper. The collages are a culmination and a vindication of a life that was spent—and so very nearly misspent—in the pursuit of art; in this sense, they are almost as satisfying to think about as to look at. . . . ¶ Marguerite Zorach, in contrast, started out as a painter of great promise and considerable accomplishment, and then petered out after her marriage to the sculptor William Zorach. Her show covers the period 1908-20, during which she did most of her painting, and the earliest works (up to 1912), in the Fauve style, are the best. Like the recently rediscovered Fauve works of Alfred Maurer, hers have a felicity and authority that is not usual in a transplanted style, and was not sustained in her post-marital, Cubistic, phase. After her children were born, Marguerite Zorach stopped painting and turned to making embroidered tapestries, a few examples of which are on view in the exhibition. She was eclipsed by her famous husband and forgotten as a painter. Whether husband and children were in fact the enemies of promise is not known, but that the promise was there is made plain by this show, and that it went no further is sad. Through April 21. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Ninety-seven medieval tapestries, on loan from museums and private collections all over Europe and North America. Among them are the enormous tapestry from the "Apocalypse" series at Angers and the six pieces of the "Lady with the Unicorn" from the Cluny Museum in Paris. Also, of course, the "Hunt of the Unicorn" set from The Cloisters. Through April 21. . . . ¶ "The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31. . . . ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art.". . . ¶ Ninety-four French drawings ranging from the work of Jacques-Louis David to that of Picasso. Through April 14. . . . ¶ Works by Albers, Hofmann, Klee, David Smith, and others, acquired since 1967 by the museum's Department of Twentieth Century Art. Through April 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Woodcuts of the eighteen-nineties by Félix Vallotton depicting all levels of Parisian society. Through April 28. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through April 28. . . . ¶ Six paintings, a watercolor, and sketches for a ballet, all by the late Gerald Murphy, together with documentary material. Through May 19. . . . ¶ Works by Giulio Paolini, a contemporary Italian artist. Through April 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), dealing with his development from early pictorial and Cubist phases through his Surrealist and mature styles. A corollary exhibition includes about a hundred paintings by the artist's father, cousin, and godfather. Starts Friday, April 5. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An exhibit devoted to Pop Art in New York and Los Angeles from 1953 to 1972. Starts Saturday, April 6. . . . ¶ Paintings, including several diptychs and triptychs, executed between 1969 and the present by Joan Mitchell, a second-generation Abstract Expressionist. Through May 5. . . . ¶ Pieces by Ree Morton, an environmental sculptor. Through April 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Realistic wood carvings, by Gilbert Maggioni and Grainger McKoy, of shore birds, waders, birds of prey, waterfowl, and gamebirds characteristic of South Carolina's coastal inlets and marshes. Through May 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters**, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Lipchitz, Evergood, and four other recently deceased members of the academy. Through Sunday, April 7. . . . ¶ A show of the works of twenty-three painters and ten sculptors who are candidates for Academy-Institute awards. Through Sunday, April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**China House**, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of bronze and gilt images and tankas which were used in Tantric Buddhist meditations and rituals. Through May 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Finch College Museum of Art**, 62 E. 78th St.—New acquisitions and selections from the permanent collection, including works by Avedisian, Denes, Pfriem, and Katzen. Through April 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**Grolier Club**, 47 E. 60th St.—A thorough review of the life and work of Gertrude Stein, on the centennial of her birth, including manuscripts, first editions, presentation copies, letters from her writer friends, photographs, and other memorabilia. Through Saturday, April 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

**Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Watercolors by Leonard Baskin, devoted to the ancient Passover story. Through April 21. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—"Great Acquisitions of Fifty Years: 1924-1974," an apt banner for a breathtaking alignment of medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, Old Master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts—areas in which the library is outstanding. Through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Primitive Art,** 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating how art is used to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Cultural Center,** 2 Columbus Circle—Erotic paintings and drawings by William Copley, an American Surrealist. Through May 19. A complementary show is at the Onnasch Gallery, 139 Spring St. . . . ¶ Forty-two prints by Richard Hamilton, the English Pop artist, covering his entire work in the medium, from 1950 to 1973. Through April 28. . . . ¶ Metal collage constructions made during the past seven years out of printed tin throwaways and raw-aluminum sheeting by Jim Nichols. Through Sunday, April 7. . . . ¶ Monumental fibre-glass sculptures by Walter Redinger, a young Canadian. Through May 12. . . . ¶ Drawings of collectors, writers, artists, and actors by Don Bachardy. Through Sunday, April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

**New-York Historical Society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of photographs of New York City between 1853 and 1901. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Byron on the Continent & Lord Byron's Women," a two-part exhibition of letters and books commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the poet's death. Through April 30. . . . ¶ "Other People's Mail: Letters of Men and Women of Letters," an exhibit of letters by fifty Americans and fifty Britons. The writers range from Benjamin Franklin to Clifford Odets and from Jonathan Swift to George Orwell. Through May 11. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—"Southern Scenes and City Streets," a show of paintings by Palmer Hayden (1890-1973). Through April 21. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday, April 3, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Jean Kraft, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr; conducted by Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 4, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Marion Lippert, Judith Blegen, Brigitte Fassbaender, Shirley Love, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Friday, April 5, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Walter Berry, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 1:30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Luciano Pavarotti, John Reardon, and Ezio Flagello; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 6:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Rita Hunter, Nell Rankin, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, Bengt Rundgren, and Marius Rintzler; Rafael Kubelik. . . . ¶ Monday, April 8, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Marion Lippert, Judith Blegen, Brigitte Fassbaender, Shirley Love, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 9, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Jean Kraft, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 10, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Walter Berry, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Cristina Deutekom, Franco Tagliavini, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 12, at 7: "Parsifal," with Janis Martin, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, John Macurdy, Morley Meredith, and James Morris; William Steinberg. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Walter Berry, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 8: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine.

**New York City Opera**—Wednesday, April 3, at 8: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Noelle Rogers, Frances Bible, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Thomas Jamerson, Richard T. Gill, and David Griffith; conducted by John Nelson. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 4, at 8: "La Bohème," with Emily Derr, Noelle Rogers, Luciano Rampaso, Adib Fazah, Willard White, and William Ledbetter; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, April 5, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Olivia Stapp, Jeanne Piland, Muriel Greenspon, Francisco Ortiz, and William Justus, and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Brooks, Robert Nagy, Vasile Martinoiu, Melvin Lowery, and David Holloway; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 2: "The Barber of Seville," with Susanne Marsee, Beverly Evans, Adib Fazah, Michael Li-Paz, and Samuel Ramey; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Nancy Shade, Diane Curry, Raymond Gibbs, Thomas Jamerson, Howard Fried, and Irwin Densen; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 7, at 1: "Rigoletto," with Ruth Welting, Beverly Evans, Margaret Yauger, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 7, at 7: "The Mikado," with Glenys Fowles, Carolyne James, James Billings, Irwin Densen, and Gary Glaze; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 9, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Gene Bullard, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Hale; Ross Reimueller. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 10, at 8: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Patricia Craig, Francisco Ortiz, and John Darrenkamp; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Helene Guilet, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Friday, April 12, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Gene Bullard, Adib Fazah, and Robert Hale; Ross Reimueller. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Helene Guilet, Adib Fazah, and Irwin Densen; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," (in English), with Patricia Wise, Johanna Meier, Michael Devlin, and David Clatworthy; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 28.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Thursday and Friday, April 4-5, at 8:30, and Tuesday, April 9, at 7:30 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin). . . . ¶ Aldo Ceccato conducting on Thursday, April 11, at 8:30; Friday, April 12, at 2; Saturday, April 13, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 16, at 7:30 (all with Ronald Roseman, oboe; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; John Cerminaro, French horn; and Manuel Zegler, bassoon).

**Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra**—Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting, with Carol Neblett, soprano, and Hilde Somer, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 4, at 8.)

**Symphony of the New World**—Leon Thompson conducting, with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, April 7, at 3.)

**Clarion Concerts Orchestra**—Newell Jenkins conducting the final performance of the season, with Diana Hoagland, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Sidney Johnson, tenor; and Calvin Matzke, bass-baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 9, at 8:30.)

**Carnegie-Mellon University Kiltie Symphony Band**—Richard E. Strange conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 5, at 8.)

**Howard Roberts Chorale**—Howard Roberts directing, with Miguel Godreau, dancer. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 7, at 3.)

**Canterbury Choral Society**—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; John West, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 7, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

**Musica Sacra of New York**—Richard Westenburg directing performances of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion." (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-2022. Monday and Tuesday, April 8-9, at 7:30.)

**Pro Arte Chorale and Orchestra**—John Nelson directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Judith Blegen and Frederica von Stade, sopranos; Florence Quivar, alto; Jon Humphrey, tenor; and Ara Berberian, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 12, at 8.)

### RECITALS

**Norman Foster and Leonard Shure**—Baritone and piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 3, at 8.)

**Samuel Lipman**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 4, at 8.)

**Dorian Woodwind Quintet**—With Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 4, at 8.)

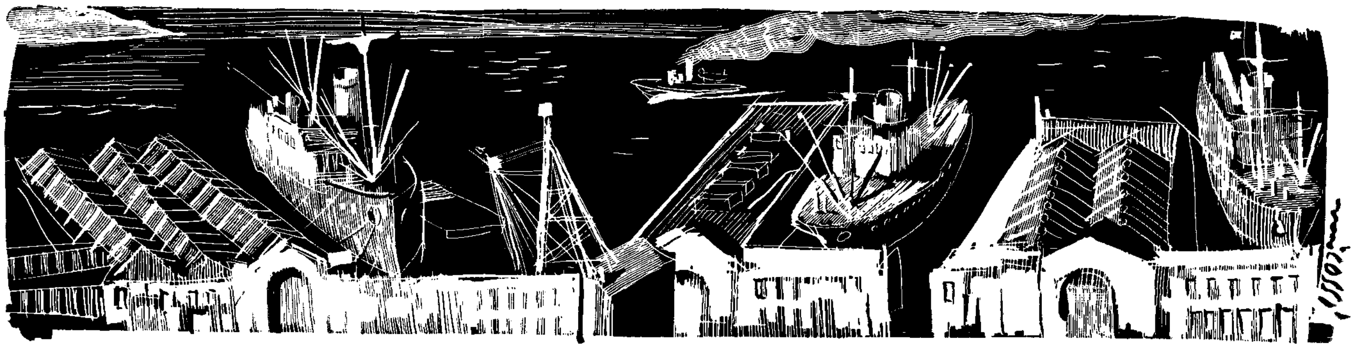
**Rudolf Serkin**—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, April 5, at 8.)

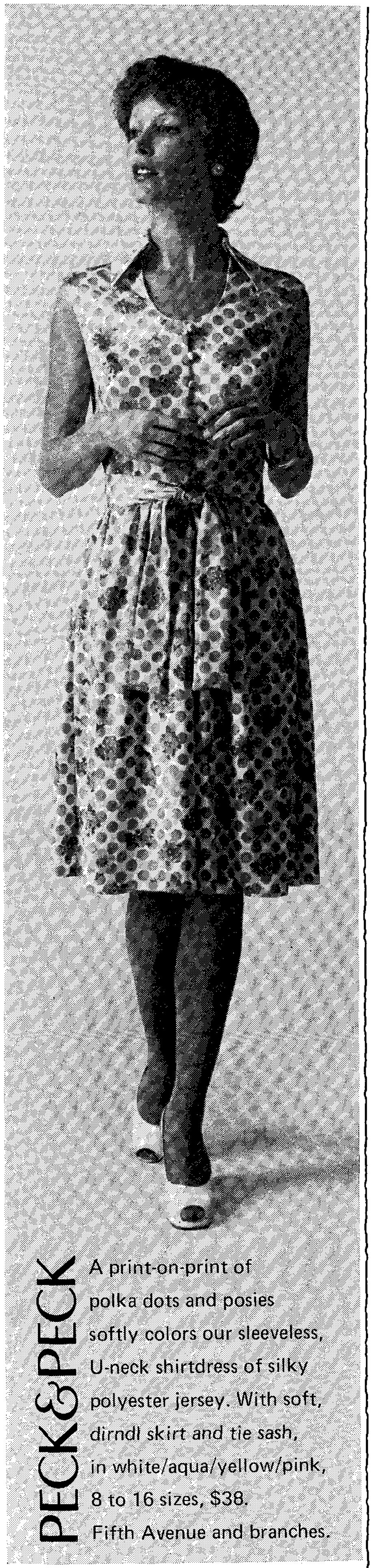
**Composers' Forum**—A program of works by Robert Pollock and David W. Maves. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, April 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Warsaw String Quartet Bacewicz**—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 7, at 2:30.)

**Alfred Brendel**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 7, at 3.)

**Society of Black Composers**—Old and new music by Harry T. Burleigh, William Grant Still, Howard Swanson, Noel DaCosta, and others, performed by singers and instru-





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mentalists, including Edith Jason, soprano, and Mr. DaCosta, violin. (Harlem Cultural Center, Seventh Ave. between 137th and 138th Sts. 862-3000. Monday, April 8, at 7:30.)

**ALICIA DE LARROCHA**—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 8, at 8.)

**LEONARD HINDELL**—Bassoon, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Loren Glickman, also bassoon; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 8, at 8.)

**MUSIC FROM MARLBORO**—The final programs in two series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 11, at 8.)

**MARION FELDMAN AND ELAINE COMPARONE**—Cello and harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 9, at 8.)

**PETER SERKIN, ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, LESLIE PARNAS, AND HAROLD WRIGHT**—Piano, violin, cello, and clarinet, in the second of two recitals of Mozart trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, April 10, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**EVENINGS FOR NEW MUSIC**—The second of two programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 10, at 8.)

**BEAUX ARTS TRIO**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 11, at 8, a varied program. . . . ¶ Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, April 12, at 8, the last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios.)

**CLEVELAND QUARTET**—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, April 11, at 8.)

**DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU AND JÖRG DEMUS**—Baritone and piano, in an all-Schumann program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 12, at 8.)

**CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER**—Jaime Laredo, Ani Kavafian, and Ida Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Barry Tuckwell, French horn; Richard Goode, piano; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 12, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 14, at 5.)

**SHIRLEY VERRETT**—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 13, at 8.)

**GUARNERI QUARTET**—An all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 13, at 8.)

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**INTERLUDES**—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536): Wednesday, April 3, at 5:45: MAX MORATH. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 10, at 5:45: TWYLA THARP DANCE COMPANY.

**MANDRILL, RAY BARETTO, VOICES OF EAST HARLEM, ELEPHANT'S MEMORY, AND ZULEMA**—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Wednesday, April 3, at 7:30 and 10:30. For tickets, call 661-1360.

**BENNY GOODMAN'S SEXTET**—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 3, at 8.

**GRACE SLICK AND PAUL KANTNER & JEFFERSON STARSHIP, AND JACK TRAYLOR & STEELWIND**—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, April 3, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

**ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA AND STEELY DAN**—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, April 3, at 8:30.

**COUNTRY IN NEW YORK**—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one with Merle Haggard, Bonnie Owens and the Strangers, the Osborne Brothers, and Don Bowman. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, April 5, at 7 and 10.)

**POCO AND THE JAMES COTTON BLUES BAND**—Academy of Music. Friday, April 5, at 8 and 11:30.

**KINKS AND HENRY GROSS**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, April 6, at 7:30 and 11.

**NEW YORK JAZZ REPERTORY COMPANY**—The sixth in a series of concerts, this one devoted to the music of Thelonious Monk. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 6, at 8.)

**PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND**—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, April 6, at 8.

**JO JONES AND FRIENDS**—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, April 7, at 3. No tickets necessary.

**SONNY TERRY AND BROWNIE MCGHEE**—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, April 7, at 3.

**FRANK SINATRA**—A benefit performance. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 8, at 8.)

**A SALUTE TO CHARLIE PARKER**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, April 8, at 8.

**GREGORY ALLMAN**—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 10-11, at 8.

**HAWKWIND AND MAN**—Academy of Music. Wednesday, April 10, at 8.

**NATIONAL JAZZ ENSEMBLE**—Chuck Israels conducting, with Lee Konitz. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 10, at 8.)

**SPOOKY TOOTH AND IF**—Academy of Music. Wednesday, April 10, at midnight.

**CAPTAIN BEEFHEART**—Town Hall. Thursday, April 11, at 8.

**GRAHAM NASH AND LIVINGSTON TAYLOR**—Academy of Music. Thursday, April 11, at 8 and 11:30.

**HERBIE HANCOCK, CHICK COREA, AND RETURN TO FOREVER**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 13, at 8.

**NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE AND DAVID BROMBERG**—Academy of Music. Saturday and Sunday, April 13-14, at 8 and 11:30.

**TRIO 'TERRANEAN**—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 13, at 8.

**THE SAX SECTION**—An exhibit of photographs, art work, memorabilia, and audiotapes of the great jazz saxophonists, among them Sidney Bechet, John Coltrane, Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, Johnny Hodges, and Lester Young. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 7. Optional contributions for admission.)

## SPORTS

*(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)*

**BASEBALL**—At Shea Stadium—METS: Vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, April 9, at 2:15, and Thursday, April 11, at 1:15 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Saturday, April 13, at 2:15. . . . YANKEES: Vs. Cleveland, Saturday through Monday, April 6-8, at 2.

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—National Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Knicks vs. Capital Bullets. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, April 7, at 1, and Friday, April 12, at 9, if the tug-of-war is still on.) . . . ¶ American Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Nets vs. Virginia. (Nassau Coliseum. Monday, April 8, and Saturday, April 13, at 8:05, if necessary.)

**HOCKEY**—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Wednesday, April 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, April 7, at 7:05. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Saturday, April 6, at 7:35.

**RACING**—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 11. The Distaff Handicap, Wednesday, April 3; the Gotham, Saturday, April 6; and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 13. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 2; through Monday, May 27. The Trenton, Saturday, April 6.

**TROTTING**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 18.

## FOR CHILDREN

**MUSIC**—By the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, April 6, at 12:10 and 2:30.) . . . LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "The Yeomen of the Guard," Saturday and Sunday, April 6-7, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, April 13, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

**Ballet**—The Children's Ballet Theatre presenting excerpts from "The Prince and the Pauper," "Itinerant Theatre," "Little Women," "Into Ballet," and "Fair Ladies of Mantua." (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Monday and Tuesday, April 8-9, at 2:30. No charge beyond the museum's entrance fee.)

**Stage Shows**—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30, plus Tuesday through Friday, April 9-12, at 1.) . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** Y.M.H.A.: "Alice Through the Looking Glass," Tuesday, April 9. . . . ¶ "Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys," Wednesday, April 10. . . . ¶ "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Peter and the Wolf," Thursday, April 11. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Afternoons at 1.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Pinocchio." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturday, April 6, at 2:30, and Saturday, April 13, at 12:30 and 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (P.S. 41, 116 W. 11th St. Saturday and Sunday, April 6-7, at 1 and 3. Tickets at the box office only, on the days of the performances.)

**Hayden Planetarium,** Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "It's About Time." (Wednesday through Friday, April 3-5, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday through Wednesday, April 8-10, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and Thursday and Friday, April 11-12, at 1, 2, and 3:30. Children under five not admitted.)

**Junior Museum Studio,** Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Letters to the World," an exhibition of wall hangings, in cloth, felt, paper, paint, and string; through April 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

## ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

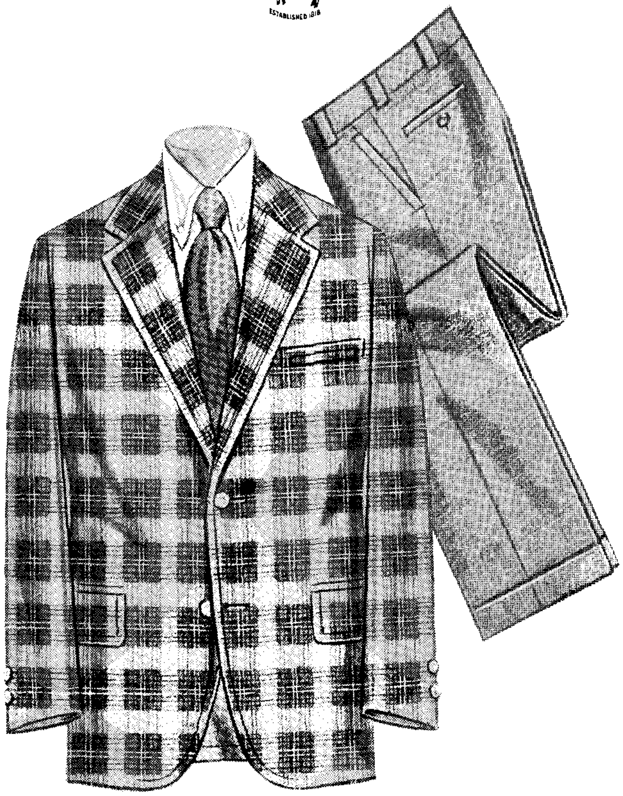
**United Nations**—The twenty-eighth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to reconvene on Tuesday, April 9. In the meantime, there may be meetings of the Security Council and of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**Poetry Readings**—Barbara Guest and Charles Simic reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, April 9, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Lectures and Discussions**—"The Quality of our Political Economy," by Ralph Nader. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 9, at 7.) . . . ¶ Woody Allen and Leonard Harris discussing Mr. Allen's work in the theatre. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 10, at 8.)

**International Imported Automobile Show**—The eighteenth annual show will consist entirely of foreign cars (both economy and luxury models) from England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Poland, Rumania, and Sweden. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, April 6 and 13, from 11 to 10:30; Sundays, April 7 and 14, from 1 to 8; and Monday through Friday, April 8-12, from 1 to 10.)

**Auctions**—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Tuesday, April 9, at 10:15 and 2: Books, autographs, and literary and historical manuscripts; from many sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 10, at 10:15 and 2: Ming and later Chinese porcelains and works of art, from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 4. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 2: Jewelry, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 6.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
- Through April 7: "The Three Musketeers."
- April 8-9: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From April 10: "The Three Musketeers."

**Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
- Through April 6: "Ride the Pink Horse" and "Night Must Fall."
- April 7-9: "The Great Ziegfeld."
- From April 10: "Zoo in Budapest" and "Libeled Lady."

**St. Marks Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
- Through April 9: "Zardoz" and "The Effect of Gamma Rays."
- From April 10: "Day for Night" and "The Devils."

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Walking Tall" and "Save the Tiger."

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
- Through April 7: "A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."
- April 8-9: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From April 10: "Blazing Saddles."

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Super Cops."

**Eastside Cinema**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"American Graffiti."

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
- Through April 9: "Blazing Saddles."
- From April 10: "Our Time."

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Conrack."

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Pedestrian."

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
- Through April 4: "Serpico."
- From April 5: "The Day of the Dolphin."

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
- Through April 6: "The Last Detail."
- From April 7: "The Conversation."

**East 59th Street I**, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
- Through April 9: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
- From April 10: "Blazing Saddles."

**East 59th Street II**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
- Through April 4: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
- From April 5: "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad."

**Ciné Malibu**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
- Through April 7: "A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."
- April 8-10: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From April 11: To be announced.

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Sugarland Express."

**First Avenue Screening Room**, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
- Through April 10: "Lucia."
- From April 11: "Attica."

**Columbia I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Three Musketeers."

**Columbia II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
- Through April 6: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
- From April 7: "The Last Detail."

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Badlands."

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Thieves Like Us."

**Loews Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Great Gatsby."

**72nd Street East**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
- Through April 7: "Mean Streets."
- April 8-9: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From April 10: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

**Juliet I**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"American Graffiti." (Monday and Tuesday, April 8-9, at 8, the theatre will be turned over to a performance of "Butley," in the American Film Theatre subscription series.)

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | | |

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

**Juliet 2**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
- Through April 7: "The Three Musketeers."
- April 8-9: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From April 10: "The Three Musketeers."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
- Through April 7: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
- April 8-9: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From April 10: To be announced.

**U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
- Through April 7: "The Sting."
- April 8-9: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From April 10: "The Sting."

**Loews Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Great Gatsby."

**Loews Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Conrack."

**86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Super Cops."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
- Through April 9: "Africa Uncensored."
- From April 10: "Thomasine & Bushrod."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
- Through April 4: "Busting."
- From April 5: "Foxy Brown."

## WEST SIDE

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
- Through April 7: "Serpico."
- April 8-9: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From April 10: "Serpico."

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."

**5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Papillon."

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
- Through April 7: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
- April 8-9: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From April 10: "Blazing Saddles."

**Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and 4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
- Through April 9 at one or another of the theatres: "Day for Night" and "The Bride Wore Black"/"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows"/"Blume in Love" and "Death in Venice."... ¶ Through April 6: "A Night in Casablanca" and "Copacabana."... ¶ April 7-9: "Love Happy" and "A Night in Casablanca."
- From April 10: To be announced.

**Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
- April 3: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "The Decameron."
- April 4-6: "Harold and Maude" and "Putney Swope."
- April 7-8: "Greaser's Palace" and "Pound."
- April 9: "Le Boucher" and "The Cousins."
- April 10: "Senso" and "La Terra Trema."
- From April 11: "Performance" and "O Lucky Man!"

**23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
- Through April 4: "The Laughing Policeman" and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."
- April 5-7: "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad."
- April 8-9: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From April 10: "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad."

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Three Musketeers." (Monday through Wednesday, April 8-10, at 8, the theatre will be turned over to a performance of "Butley," in the American Film Theatre subscription series.)

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Mame."

**Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
- Through April 7: "The Day of the Dolphin."
- April 8-9: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From April 10: Theatre temporarily closed.

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
- Through April 6: "The Ragman's Daughter."
- From April 7: "The Last Detail."

**Playboy**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
- Through April 7: "Un Amore Così Fragile e Così Violento."
- April 8-9: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From April 10: "Blazing Saddles."

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Mother and the Whore."

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
- April 3: "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" and "A Man and a Woman."
- April 4: "On the Waterfront" and "The Wild One."
- April 5-7: "Fat City" and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"
- April 8: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" and "Love Affair."
- April 9-10: "The Bicycle Thief" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
- April 11: "Pierrot le Fou" and "A Woman Is a Woman."
- Mondays through Thursdays, and Sunday, April 7, special matinée programs: April 3-4: "Imitation of Life" (1959) and "Portrait in Black" (1960), both with Lana Turner. April 7: "A Hole in the Head" (1959), with Frank Sinatra and Edward G. Robinson. April 8-11: "Mildred Pierce" (1945) and "Possessed" (1947), both with Joan Crawford.

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

**Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Great Gatsby."

**Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Sleeper."

**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
- Through April 9: "Day for Night" and "The Last of Sheila."
- From April 10: To be announced.

**Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Day for Night."

**Beacon**, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"The Three Musketeers."

**Loews 83rd St.**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
- Through April 7: "A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."
- April 8-9: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From April 10: "Blazing Saddles."

**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
- Through April 7: "Modern Times" and "Monsieur Verdoux."
- April 8-10: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
- From April 11: "Monsieur Verdoux" and "Limelight."

**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Sting."

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
- Through April 9: "Day for Night" and "Murmur of the Heart."
- From April 10: "Happy New Year" and "The Bride Wore Black."

**Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
- Through April 9: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
- From April 10 (tentative): "Lucia."

**Note**—A few specialist film houses: **BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. This weekend is nonmusical—Friday through Sunday, April 5-7: "Young and Innocent" (1937; Nova Pibeam and Derrick de Marney) and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat).... **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays.... **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

## FILM LIBRARIES

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 3 at 5:30: "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ April 4 at 5:30: "The Death Ray" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Lev Kuleshov; no English titles. . . . ¶ April 4 at 8: "The Ninth of January" (1925), a Russian film, directed by V. Viskovsky; no English titles. . . . ¶ April 5 at 2: "Father Sergius" (1918), a Russian film, directed by Y. Protazanov. . . . ¶ April 6 at noon: "White Mane" (1953), directed by Albert Lamorisse, with Alain Emery. . . . ¶ April 6 at 3: "The Death Ray" (1925). . . . ¶ April 7 at 2: "White Mane" (1953). . . . ¶ April 8 at 2: "Hammer and Sickle" (1921), a Russian film, directed by V. Gardin; and "The Miracle Maker" (1922), a Russian film, directed by A. Panteleyev, no English titles. . . . ¶ April 9 at 2: "Earth" (1939), a Japanese film, directed by Tomu Ochida; German titles only. . . . ¶ April 10 at 5:30: "Earth" (1939). . . . ¶ April 11 at 5:30: "Red Imps" (1923), a Russian film, directed by I. Perestiani; no English titles. . . . ¶ April 11 at 8: "Arsen, the Bandit" (1923), a Russian film, directed by V. Barsky; no English titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

**New York Cultural Center,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—April 3 at 4 and 6: "Bedlam" (1946), directed by Mark Robson, with Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ April 4 at 4 and 6: "Cat People" (1942), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Simone Simon and Kent Smith. . . . ¶ April 5 at 5 and 7:30: "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Frances Dee and James Ellison. . . . ¶ April 6-7 at 4 and 6: "Jane Eyre" (1944), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles. . . . ¶ April 10-11 at 3 and 6: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (1970), directed by Billy Wilder, with Robert Stephens and Colin Blakely. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**Whitney Museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—April 3: "Poetic Cinema," a program of eight short films. . . . ¶ Starting April 4: "Children's Cinema," a program of seven short films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:10, 2:20, 3:30, and 4:40 (plus 6, 7:10, and 8:20 on Tuesday evenings); on April 3 at noon, 2, and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

**Film Society of Lincoln Center**—The final programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 5 at 6 and April 6 at 11: "Ordinary Tenderness" (Canada; Jacques Leduc). . . . ¶ April 5 at 8:30: "Days of 36" (Greece; Theo Angelopoulos). . . . ¶ April 5 at 11: "Bawdy Tales" (Italy; Sergio Citti). . . . ¶ April 6 at 6 and April 7 at 8:30: "Castle of Purity" (Mexico; Arturo Ripstein). . . . ¶ April 6 at 8:30 and April 7 at 6: "The Promised Land" (Chile; Miguel Littin). . . . ¶ April 8 at 6 and April 9 at 8:30: "Black Holiday" (Italy; Marco Leto). . . . ¶ April 8 at 8:30 and April 9 at 6: "Over Night" (West Germany; Karin Thome). (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 765-5100, Ext. 311.)

# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

**Africa Uncensored**—A documentary film, directed by Angelo Castiglioni and Guido Guerrasio. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through April 9.)

**American Graffiti**—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Reviewed in these pages 8/13/73.) (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Juliet 1. No eight-o'clock performances April 8-9.)

**Un Amore Così Fragile e Così Violento**—An Italian film, with no English titles. (Playboy; through April 7.)

**Attica**—A documentary on New York State's Attica Prison in 1971. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting April 11.)

**Badlands**—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes; Terence Malick's début picture extends that uninvolvement to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum is spreading over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation. It's like a brilliant student's Ph.D. thesis; the picture is so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Beekman.)

**The Bicycle Thief** (1949)—Vittorio De Sica's story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, and the richness and the enigmas sneak up on the audience. What is the meaning of the seeress's words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This neo-realist classic is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. Cesare Zavattini wrote the script. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 9-10.)

**Blazing Saddles**—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem as much as they can, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here were never very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Sutton; through April 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy, East 59th Street I, Greenwich, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.; starting April 10.)

**Blume in Love**—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. Some dénouement. Written and directed by Paul Mazursky, of "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice," which was a comedy with a lot more slyness and verve. (6/23/73) (Quad Cinema; through April 9.)

**Le Boucher** (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Elgin; April 9.)

**The Bride Wore Black** (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshiping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Quad Cinema; through April 9. . . . ¶ Thalia; starting April 10.)

**Busting**—With Elliott Gould and Robert Blake, directed by Peter Hyams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through April 4.)

**Butley**—From Simon Gray's play. The seventh presentation in the American Film Theatre series (primarily subscription). With Alan Bates, Jessica Tandy, and Richard O'Callaghan, directed by Harold Pinter. The film will be shown on April 8 and 9 only, at 2 and 8, at the Art, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Trans-Lux 85th St., U.A. East, Juliet 2, Waverly, Greenwich, 23rd St. Cinema, Ziegfeld, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.; April 8-10, at 2 and 8 at the Ciné Malibu and New Yorker; April 8-9, at 8 only, at the Juliet 1; and April 8-10, at 8 only, at the Guild. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information call 489-8820.

**Conrack**—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina mainland, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his bursting through restraints. Martin Ritt directed, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder," but with some of the same talent for bringing out black performers. Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (3/11/74) (Trans-Lux East, and Loews Ciné.)

**The Conversation**—With Gene Hackman, directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Coronet; starting April 7.)

**Copacabana** (1947)—Groucho Marx in a dotty musical comedy with Carmen Miranda that concerns a girl applying for two jobs at a night club at the same time. Not the best Groucho, but his furtive slouch at the knees is always irresistible, like his rudeness. (Quad Cinema; through April 6.)

**The Cousins** (1959)—Claude Chabrol's subtle, glittering film about a naïve, plodding country cousin (Gérard Blain) who destroys his gifted, bohemian city cousin (Jean-Claude Brialy). One of the major New Wave films, it now has added interest for its portrait of the French student life of the fifties. With Juliette Mayniel. In French. (Elgin; April 9.)

**Day for Night**—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to char-

KINDERPICTURES: **A.** Scheveningen, where they eat ice cream from Delft cups. **B.** And where sometimes they eat herring like it's ice cream. **C.** How to top a tulip. **D.** Madurodam, the kindercity inside Kindercountry. **E.** Who needs gasoline: ? **F.** When they say "Cheese," they really mean it. **G.** Holland provides the setting, you provide the kinder.

# Kinder-country.

We Dutch make heroes out of children. (Remember Hans Brinker and those silver skates?)

It's not that we're exactly a nation of children. It's that we're a nation that loves children.

And everywhere you travel in Holland you'll see the tell-tale signs.

For example. One of the most mind-boggling sections of those dikes and windmills that Holland is famous for is actually called Kinderdyk.

And then there's Madurodam, the slightly more than knee-high city that stretches across an entire five acres. Once the kids get into it, you'll get into a lot of Dutch trying to get them out. On the other hand, it will certainly keep them busy.

In fact, all those wooden shoes, those windmills and those boatrides through Dutch canals make our country seem like one gigantic toyland.

The point of all this kidstuff is that if you're planning a trip but don't know what to do with the kids, don't give them another thought.

Bring them to Holland.

We're the world's best babysitters.

Every hotel in every city and every inn in every village is equipped to accommodate children. And welcomes them.

If your children happen not to speak Dutch, don't fret. Most of the Dutch children they meet will speak English.

So come to Holland and bring the entire family. And tell your kinder that we Dutch love to kid around.

## Holland.
## Don't visit us. Live with us.

For complete details on a Dutch vacation, see your travel agent or write for our free booklet: "Getting into Dutch." It will tell you about some of the most unusual tours you'll find anywhere in Europe. Or anywhere. Write: The Netherlands National Tourist Office, Department B, 576 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036.

HOLLAND

A.

B.

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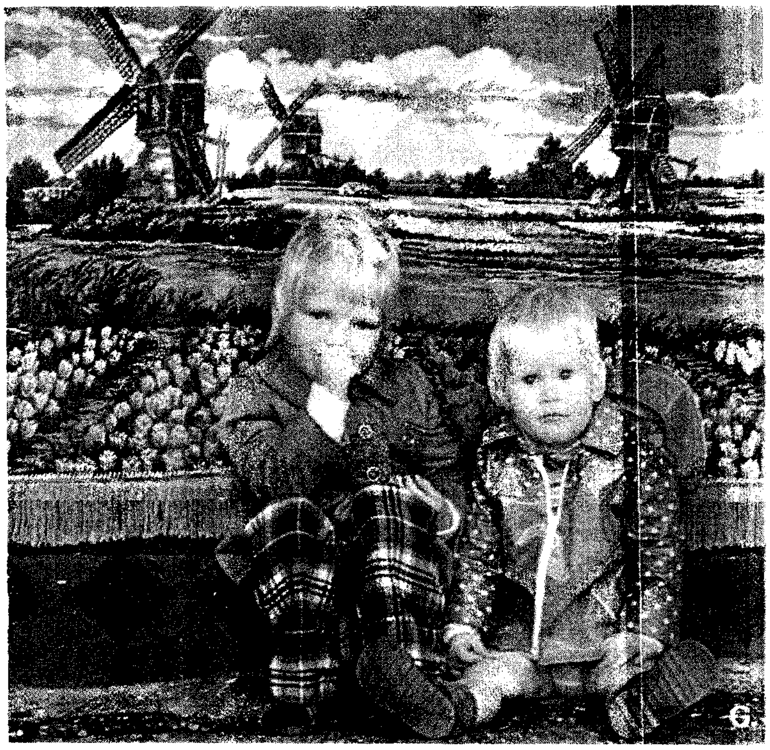
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# CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA

## EXAMPLE: IMPALA'S COMFORT MAKES A LOT OF SENSE FOR A LOT OF PEOPLE.

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For the last 14 years in a row, Impala has been America's favorite car. Number one... hands down. One big reason Impala's so popular new is because it's so popular old. Impala traditionally has had a higher resale value than its nearest competitor. That's why we call Impala "The Great American Value."

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Chevrolet

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

acter, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. (10/15/73) (In French at the Embassy 72nd St.; at the Quad Cinema and Thalia, through April 9; and at the St. Marks Cinema, starting April 10. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Regency; through April 9.)

**The Day of the Dolphin**—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (Ziegfeld; through April 7. . . . ¶ Baronet; starting April 5.)

**Death in Venice** (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Quad Cinema; through April 9.)

**The Decameron** (1971)—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Elgin; April 3.)

**The Devils** (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 10.)

**The Effect of Gamma Rays** (1972)—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (12/23/72) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 9.)

**The Exorcist**—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema I, and Paris.)

**Fat City** (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty; we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California). Huston is back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. (7/29/72) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 5-7.)

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**Foxy Brown**—With Pam Grier and Peter Brown, directed by Jack Hill. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting April 5.)

**The Friends of Eddie Coyle**—Ineffective movie based on the George V. Higgins book—which should have been first-rate movie material. Robert Mitchum, looking appropriately square-headed, tries hard, but nothing really meshes in this movie. The actor who comes across best is Richard Jordan, as the smart, treacherous cop. The director, Peter Yates, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story, and he certainly doesn't know the Boston Irish locale. With Peter Boyle. (23rd St. Cinema; through April 4.)

**The Garden of the Finzi-Continis** (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 9-10.)

**The Golden Voyage of Sinbad**—With John Phillip Law, directed by Gordon Hessler. (East 50th Street II; starting April 5. . . . ¶ 23rd St. Cinema; April 5-7 and 10-11.)

**The Gospel According to St. Matthew** (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features a rigid Jesus who demands obedience, as well as the rocky settings of southern Italy and an eclectic score. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Elgin; April 3.)

**Greaser's Palace** (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. None of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Elgin; April 7-8.)

**The Great Gatsby**—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow, with a voice that whispers like a bird on the lawn in the Fitzgerald Long Island summer. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very fine, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Paramount. Sundays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Reserved performances—not seats—only.)

**The Great Ziegfeld** (1936)—The movie is a long way from great. William Powell plays Ziegfeld, Myrna Loy is Mrs. Ziegfeld, and Luise Rainer is Anna Held. Fanny Brice is herself, but she isn't on screen enough to vitalize this lavish, tedious, and ludicrously false musical biography Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 7-9.)

**Happy New Year**—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Thalia; starting April 10.)

**Harold and Maude** (1971)—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Elgin; April 4-6.)

**The Last Detail**—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. The movie is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Coronet; through April 6. . . . ¶ Columbia II, and Festival; starting April 7.)

**The Last of Sheila**—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac played by James Coburn. His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation that is probably paradoxically accessible to anyone who has ever switched on a TV talk show. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (6/23/73) (Regency; through April 9.)

**The Laughing Policeman**—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey one-upmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (1/21/74) (23rd St. Cinema; through April 4.)

**Libeled Lady** (1936)—Jack Conway directed this entertaining M-G-M newspaper comedy-melodrama, with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel by Myrna Loy. Jean Harlow has some great wisecracking lines, and William Powell has a fly-fishing scene that Howard Hawks must have liked, because in 1964 he did his version of it in "Man's Favorite Sport?" With Walter Connolly. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 10.)

**Limelight** (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (New Yorker; starting April 11.)

**Love Affair** (1968)—Yugoslav, not half bad, about an affair between—we swear—a switchboard operator and a rat exterminator. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 8.)

**Love Happy** (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (Quad Cinema; April 7-9.)

**Lucia**—A Cuban film, directed by Humberto Solas. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (First Avenue Screening Room; through April 10. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 10, tentative.)

**Mame**—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Music Hall.)

**A Man and a Woman** (1966)—Claude Lelouch's

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popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 3.)

**Mean Streets**—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (72nd Street East; through April 7.)

**Modern Times** (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (New Yorker; through April 7.)

**Monsieur Verdoux** (1947)—Chaplin as a deft, fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies: this private entrepreneur of murder feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as turgid. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work of movie art, but it's so special a film that maybe it deserves to be called a classic. (New Yorker; April 3-7 and 11.)

**The Mother and the Whore**—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-five-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (3/4/74) (Little Carnegie.)

**Murmur of the Heart** (1971)—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy. In French. (Thalia; through April 9.)

**A Night in Casablanca** (1946)—In this comedy, the Marx Brothers dismantle the international-intrigue thriller; the Warner Brothers, producers of the movie "Casablanca," were indignant and tried to stop the production. Though it is not as famous as the Marx Brothers' films of the thirties, it's better than all but a handful of their earlier ones. Groucho manages the hotel in Casablanca where all the spies hang out, and Chico runs a fleet of camel taxis. Directed by Archie Mayo. (Quad Cinema; through April 9.)

**Night Must Fall** (1937)—Robert Montgomery, the foremost romantic light comedian of the early talkies, startled movie audiences when he took this role as a baby-faced killer—a Cockney psychopath carrying a sinister hatbox. Adapted (just barely) by John Van Druten from the Emlyn Williams play, this shocker, set in an isolated cottage, is stage-bound but very scary. Intelligent, repressed Rosalind Russell is drawn to the smiling, thick-lipped Montgomery but becomes frightened when she sees him wheedling his way into the affections of a silly, spoiled old lady (Dame May Whitty). The direction, by Richard Thorpe, is somewhat ponderous (in the M-G-M manner), but the penny-dreadful theatrics are gruesomely effective. This is one of the rare movies in which the viewer loathes the potential victim (Whitty) and still doesn't want to see her get it. (A later version, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Albert Finney, was insistently cinematic, and a mess.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 6.)

**O Lucky Man!**—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camera work is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If....," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (6/16/73) (Elgin; starting April 11.)

**On the Waterfront** (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 4.)

**Our Time**—With Pamela Sue Martin, Betsy Slade, Parker Stevenson, and George O'Hanlon, Jr., directed by Peter Hyams. (Sutton; starting April 10.)

**Paper Moon**—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Ciné Malibu, and Loews 83rd St.; through April 7.)

**Papillon**—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (5th Ave. Cinema.)

**The Pedestrian**—Directed by Maximilian Schell. In German. (Fine Arts.)

**Performance** (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Elgin; starting April 11.)

**Pierrot le Fou** (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 11.)

**Pound** (1970)—Robert Downey's satire—plotless, as satire now has to be—about people who are represented as dogs, presumably standing for the bestial pass that we have come to. Sometimes (not always) you feel that Downey's idea of satire is to knock over a cripple in the street and crack up about it. But one grows fond of a gentle character played by Harry Rigby who asks what he's doing here since he's a penguin, meanwhile trotting off to white-tie parties. (Elgin; April 7-8.)

**Putney Swope** (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (Elgin; April 4-6.)

**The Ragman's Daughter**—From Alan Sillitoe's novel, with Simon Rouse, directed by Harold Becker. (Festival; through April 6.)

**Ride the Pink Horse** (1947)—One of a kind; no one in his right mind would imitate it. Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer concocted this baroque folly about gangsters in the Southwest. Some of the characters speak standard-Hollywood broken English in order to convey the information that they're Mexican; the hero, Robert Montgomery (who also directed), speaks in a tough-guy lingo that isn't just broken—it's smashed. He says of a woman he doesn't like, "She has a dead fish where her heart ought to be." This doesn't quite satisfy him, and he expands the idea. "A dead fish," he goes on, "with a bit of perfume on it." That may be cruel to the woman, but it's a fair summary of the picture. Wanda Hendrix, in dark makeup, gets a ride on a merry-go-round, thus giving the film its inappropriate title. But nothing else would have been appropriate either. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 6.)

**Save the Tiger** (1973)—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (2/17/73) (Cinema Village.)

**Senso** (1955)—Visconti on the Risorgimento. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film in very fine. In Italian. (Elgin; April 10.)

**Serpico**—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Waverly. No performances April 8-9. . . . ¶ Baronet; through April 4.)

**Sleeper**—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Cinema Studio.)

**The Sting**—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, and Symphony. . . . ¶ U. A. East. No performances April 8-9.)

**The Sugarland Express**—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) gets off a bus in Texas, and her bouncy, determined walk spells trouble. She could have a sign engraved on her forehead: "I want it now." Whatever it is, Lou Jean can't wait for it. The film is about the foul-up she causes when she and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet it has eagerness and flash and talent. The director, Steven Spielberg, is twenty-six and a wizard at action sequences; in terms of the pleasure that technical assurance gives an audience, this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (3/18/74) (Cinema II.)

**Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams**—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness, unfulfillment, and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (12/10/73) (East 59th Street II; through April 4. . . . ¶ Columbia II; through April 6. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Greenwich, through April 7. . . . ¶ East 59th Street I, and Olympia; through April 9.)

**The Super Cops**—With Ron Leibman and David Selby, directed by Gordon Parks. (34th St. East, and 86th St. East.)

**The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe**—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (Quad Cinema; through April 9. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting April 10.)

**Ten from Your Show of Shows** (1973)—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (3/3/73) (Quad Cinema; through April 9.)

**La Terra Trema** (1947)—Visconti's neo-realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty it achieves a true epic vision. In Sicilian dialect. (Elgin; April 10.)

**They Shoot Horses, Don't They?** (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 5-7.)

**Thieves Like Us**—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Thomasine & Bushrod**—With Vonetta McGee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting April 10.)

**The Three Musketeers**—With Oliver Reed, Charlton Heston, Faye Dunaway, and Richard Chamberlain, directed by Richard Lester. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Columbia I, and Beacon. . . . ¶ Art, and Juliet 2. No performances April 8-9. . . . ¶ Guild. No eight-o'clock performances April 8-10.)

**A Touch of Class**—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Ciné Malibu, and Loews 83rd St.; through April 7.)

**The Umbrellas of Cherbourg** (1964)—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 3.)

**Walking Tall**—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser; there *is* a Buford Pusser and he's out promoting the movie, but it's a tall tale—a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Cinema Village.)

**The Way We Were**—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the black-listing troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (10/15/73) (East 59th Street II; through April 4. . . . ¶ Columbia II; through April 6. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Greenwich; through April 7. . . . ¶ East 59th Street I, and Olympia; through April 9.)

**The Wild One** (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his soft-eyed youth, when his talent magnetized audiences—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 4.)

**A Woman Is a Woman** (1961)—A parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that Godard, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 11.)

**WR—Mysteries of the Organism** (1971)—A Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 8.)

**Zardoz**—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitist commune of the future, dominated by hyper-intellectual immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With ideas skimmed off the top of various systems of thought, "Zardoz" is a glittering cultural trash pile, and probably the most gloriously fatuous movie since "The Oscar"—though the passages between laughs droop. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race. (2/18/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 9.)

**Zoo in Budapest** (1933)—A lovely, romantic fantasy, with the radiant Loretta Young as a girl who runs away from an orphanage, spends the night in a zoo, and meets a handsome, nonconformist zoo attendant (Gene Raymond). The entire, beautifully produced movie takes place during that night in the zoo. Rowland V. Lee directed, and Lee Garmes did the memorable cinematography—tranquil visions of swans and herons on a moonlit lake, and, at the end, when the police arrive and the whole zoo has gone mad, a glimpse of the porcupines in a panic. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 10.)

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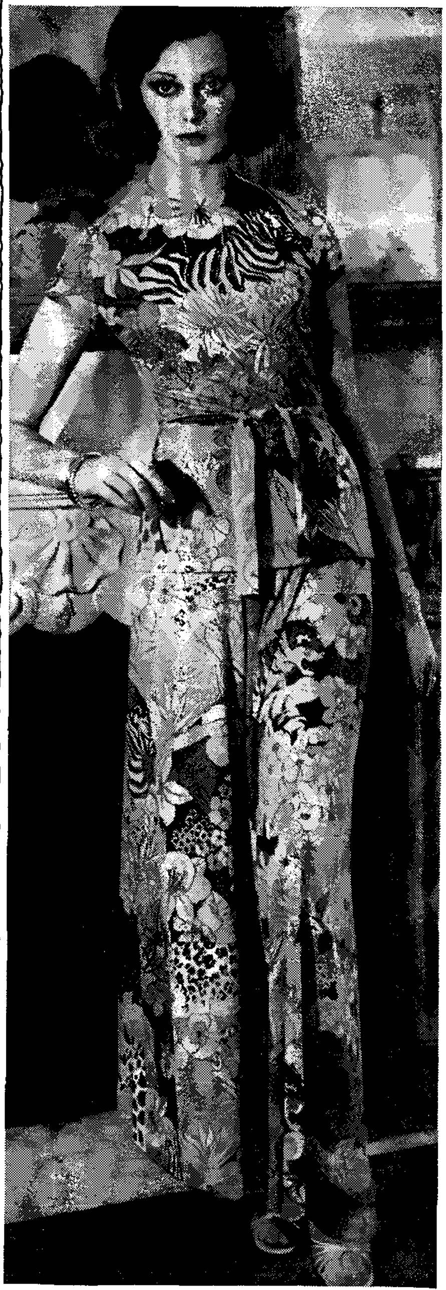

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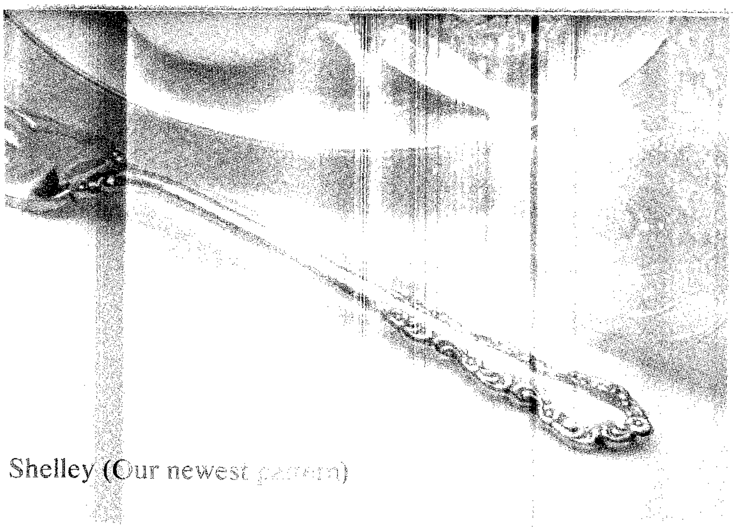
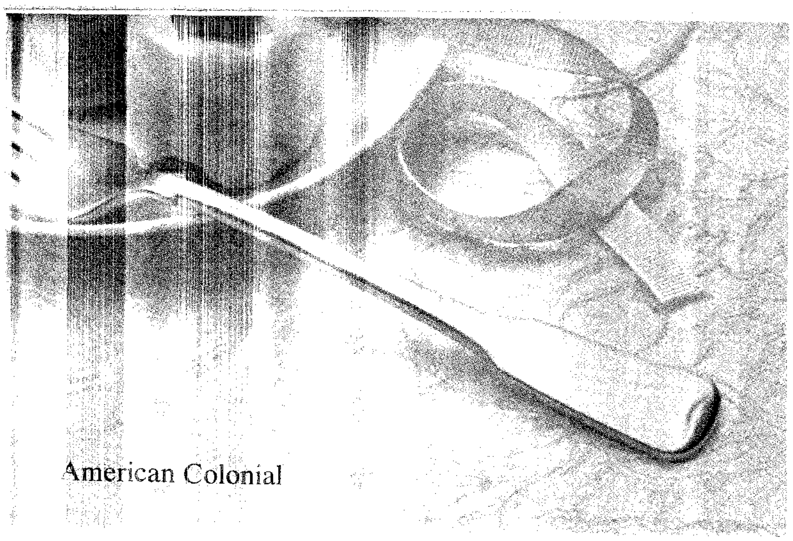
And because your Oneida service is going to be around for a long time, it's nice to know you can obtain additional pieces from open stock.

So when it's time for you to choose your stainless, ask to see our stainless.

Oneida Heirloom Stainless. Available at fine jewelry and department stores everywhere.


Shelley (Our newest pattern)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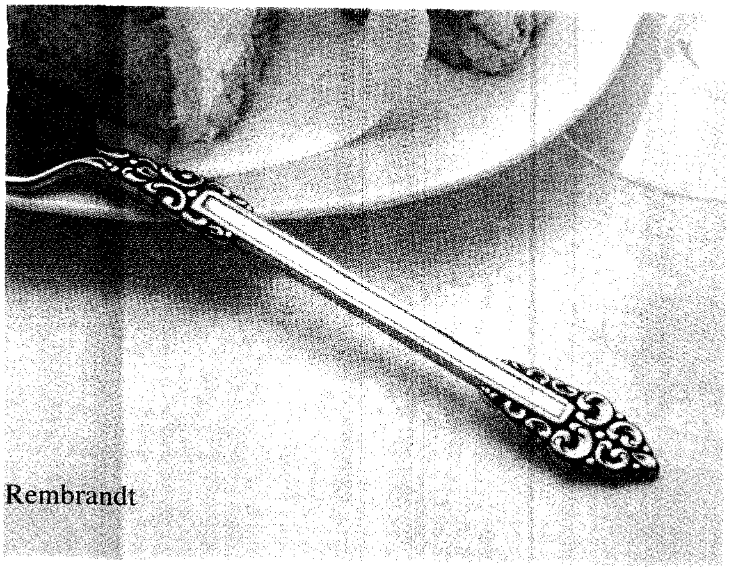
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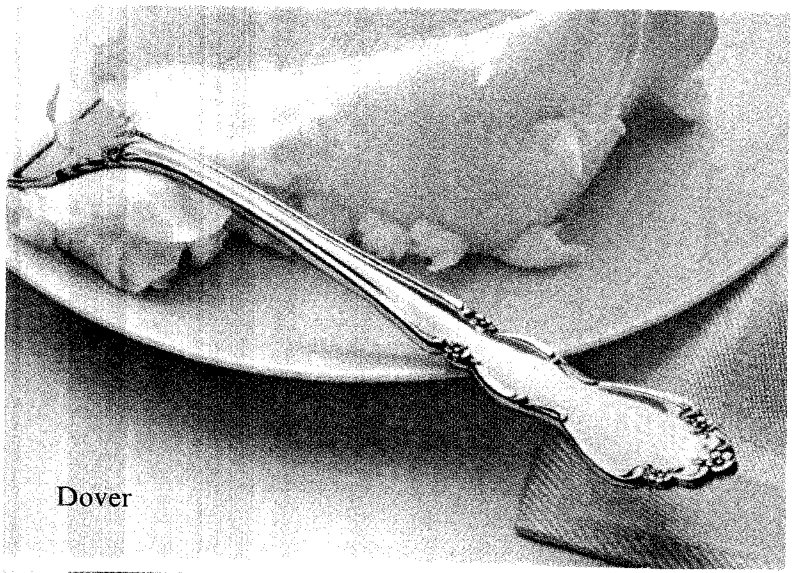
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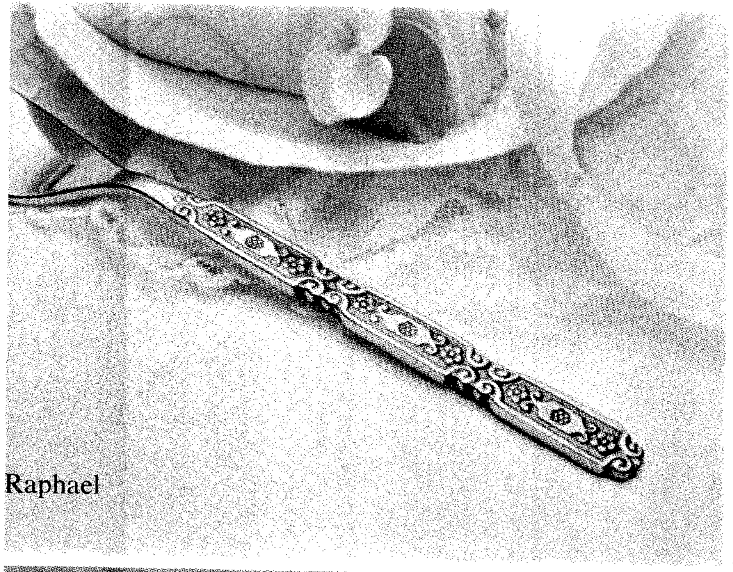
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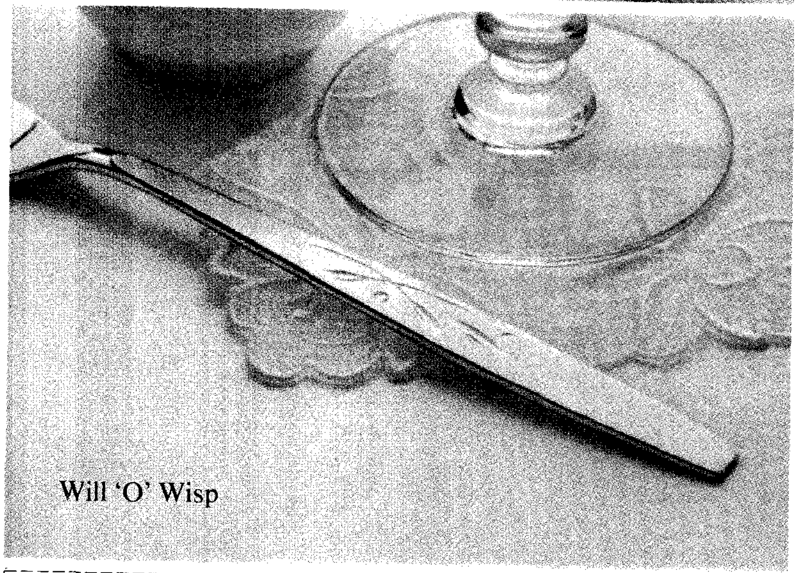
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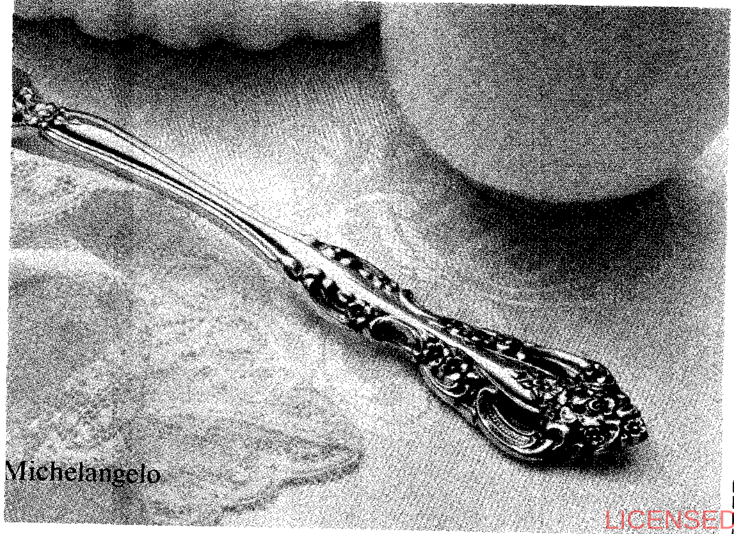
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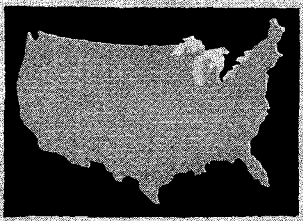

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# Here, at a glance, is why the Mercedes-Benz 450SE Sedan gets up to 25% better mileage than its domestic counterparts.

Combine an efficient power plant with reasonable size and weight and a low-drag shape and the result is good mileage.

That's the fuel economy story about the Mercedes-Benz 450SE Sedan. And those are precisely the reasons why, in the tough Federal Environmental Protection Agency tests, the 450SE gets up to twenty-five percent better gas mileage than its domestic counterparts.

## The essence of fuel economy

The 450SE Sedan was engineered to overcome the penalties of heavy West German taxation designed to limit engine size. It was also engineered to meet the high cost of European gasoline.

So the 450SE Sedan, like every Mercedes-Benz, embodies the very essence of efficiency. By necessity.

Like domestic luxury sedans, the 450SE has a V-8 engine. Yet it can deliver better mileage. Why?

*Its engine is unique.* It is the only single overhead camshaft V-8 engine that employs a computerized fuel injection system to measure out the right amount of gasoline for the speed required.

*The car weighs nearly half a ton less* than comparable American cars with no sacrifice in strength. There is big-car room and luxury for five people. The weight saved contributes to its better mileage.

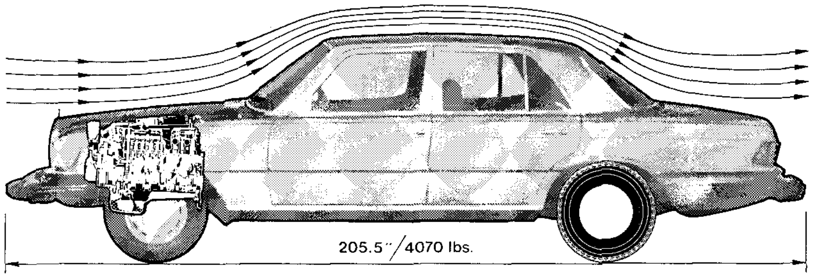
*Radial tires are standard equipment.* Radials produce better mileage than other tires because they have lower rolling resistance.

*The 450SE's aerodynamically designed configuration was created in a wind tunnel.* As it cruises, its shape slices through the air with low drag. That means less fuel waste.

All things considered, perhaps it's time *you* discovered the unique advantages of Mercedes-Benz.

**Mercedes-Benz**

**450SE Sedan:** Aerodynamic shape, sensible size and weight, radial tires and fuel-injected overhead cam V-8 engine



### Two fuel economy tests: Why the mileage claim confusion.

The welter of conflicting fuel economy figures you're seeing these days stems from one fact: To date, there is no objective, authoritative and repeatable method of determining fuel consumption that will cover every case every time.

Without a common standard, manufacturers can only report on a variety of tests. Here are two sets of results on the Mercedes-Benz 450SE Sedan. Among them you may find figures which should approximate *your* individual driving experience with the 450SE.

**1. The Environmental Protection Agency Report, Nov. 5, 1973.**
Method: Laboratory test. Simulates 7.5 miles of urban driving. Consists of cold-engine start and vehicle operation on a chassis dynamometer through a computerized driving schedule.
Results: Federal 450SE Sedan average — 10.1 mpg. (256.5-mile cruising radius.) Comparable domestic sedan results range from 7.9 mpg to 8.9 mpg.

**2. The Motor Trend Magazine Mileage Test, January, 1974.**
Method: On-the-road test over 73 miles of urban, suburban and freeway driving, with starts, stops and all legal speeds from 0 to 55 mph. Average speed: 37 mph.
Results: 450SE Sedan average — 16.4 mpg. (416.5-mile cruising radius.) Comparable domestic sedan results not available.

**NOTE:** Test results only for the V-8 powered 450SE. Other Mercedes-Benz models with four- or six-cylinder gasoline and 4-cylinder Diesel engines show markedly better results.

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Pan Am's World

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

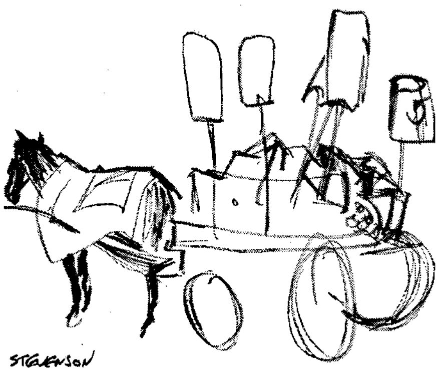
A COUPLE of months ago, when we read that four leaders of the radical movement of the nineteen-sixties—Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, Tom Hayden, and Rennie Davis—were going to be interviewed on the "Dick Cavett Show," we tuned in at the appointed hour. We had been watching a lot of television lately—particularly anything to do with the impeachment proceedings in Washington. Much of what we had been seeing was bewildering to us. Sometimes the events in Washington seemed like the rites of an alien civilization. By our reckoning, for example, a leader whose Administration is in disgrace might be showing some public signs of regret or contrition, whereas others in the public realm might be showing some signs of anger and disgust. But just the opposite was happening. The President and his men were in a towering rage at their investigators in the Congress, and the congressmen, by comparison, were meek and silent. We wondered what Cavett's radical—or ex-radical, for all we knew—guests might be thinking about it all. We settled into our chair. The show was announced. Then came the familiar theme song. Then the list of Cavett's guests: Sally Struthers, Anthony Quinn, Ike and Tina Turner. Cavett came on. No word from him about what had happened to the radicals. Soon, an out-of-date reference made us realize that we were watching canned material. Cavett couldn't explain anything, because at the moment he was speaking there was nothing to explain. We felt annoyed, puzzled, and a little frightened. What was more disturbing than the fact that we weren't being allowed to see the show was the fact that it had disappeared without any explanation. We tried calling A.B.C., but the line was busy for several hours. Somebody, somewhere, didn't want us to see that show, and we had no way of finding out who it was.

Later, we read that the management at A.B.C. had decided that the show wasn't "balanced" enough for its viewers. Our thoughts went back to a memo that came out during the Watergate investigation and that had to do with "balance" on television programs. We got hold of a copy and read it with new interest. Charles W. Colson had been reporting to H. R. Haldeman on a meeting he had had in September of 1970 with the top executives of all three of the big networks. At the time, of course, the public had no idea that network executives were having meetings with political advisers to the President. Colson had been pleased with the meeting. He wrote, "They were startled by how thoroughly we were doing our homework—both from the standpoint of knowledge of the law, as I discussed it, but, more importantly, from the way in which we have so thoroughly monitored their coverage and our analysis of it. . . . They are terribly concerned with being able to work out their own policies with respect to balanced coverage and not to have policies imposed on them by either the Commission [the Federal Communications Commission] or the Congress. . . . In short, they are very much afraid of us and are trying hard to prove they are 'good guys.' "

Not long after our unpleasant experience with A.B.C., we picked up an issue of *TV Guide* and got another jolt. There, in the pages of that previously unpolitical publication, was an article by Patrick Buchanan attacking television news. Later, we learned that *TV Guide* had just hired five regular contributors to comment on the news in a column called "News Watch." One is Buchanan, who is one of the President's chief speech-writers, and who was one of the drafters of ex-Vice-President Agnew's attacks on the press in 1969. We had seen Buchanan on TV recently, too. He had been interviewed by Bill Moyers on the Public Broadcasting Service, and we had been surprised to hear him say that even if the President were guilty of "a technical obstruction of justice," he should be allowed to remain as President, because of his achievements in foreign policy. Did we want to throw out a great President merely because he might have "sat on it [the evidence] too long," he asked. Buchanan had been on during what had turned out to be a wild period in our television-watching. The President had recently been in Nashville playing with a yo-yo, and shortly afterward, in another public appearance, he had said, "I am suggesting that the House follow the Constitution. If they do, I will." It was the first time we had ever heard a President paraphrase his oath of office on a conditional basis. And since he had already said that the House Judiciary Committee had gone outside the bounds of the Constitution in asking for too much evidence, he seemed, in fact, to be making a declaration of independence from the Constitution. His audience, as it happened, was made up partly of the owners of the television stations on which the networks depend for their survival. The audience applauded the President's remarks.

Another of the columnists that *TV Guide* had just hired is John D. Lofton, Jr., the former editor of *Monday*, which is a propaganda organ published by the Republican National Committee. Lofton had worked with Buchanan in bringing the Administration line to the public. In a memo to Haldeman, Buchanan had recommended Lofton as a member of a committee that would work on the "Assault Strategy" against McGovern during the election. Another of the columnists is Edith Efron, the author of "The News Twisters," which attacks network news from a right-wing point of view. In "The News Twisters," Miss Efron adds up the number of words she considers anti-Nixon in a given news program and then adds up the words she considers pro-Nixon, and compares the results. Usually, she arrives at the conclusion that there were more anti-Nixon words. Another of the columnists is Kevin P. Phillips, the author of "The Emerging Republican Majority" and a onetime aide to former Attorney General Mitchell. Phillips is now getting out a publication called *Media Report*, which purports to have discovered the "beginnings of public interest in breaking up the television networks." The fifth of the *TV Guide* columnists is John P. Roche, a Democrat who describes himself as a liberal but whom some liberals describe as a conservative. He had been added, the editors of *TV Guide* said, to provide "balance." This lineup of columnists recalled to our mind another memo we heard about a few months ago—a memo from Mr. Buchanan to the President. In it Mr. Buchanan had proposed setting up a foundation that would seem to be independent but would actually be run by and for the Administration. Describing the foundation as "a countervailing power outside the federal government," Buchanan suggested that one of its aims would be to "bring together experts—on the networks, for example—to discuss and produce a book of papers on their lack of objectivity and need for reform." Of how it would be run, Buchanan wrote, "We would have to lock it into the White House with probably two individuals at the top level—who had the ear of the President at all times. . . . The board of directors would run from right to center of the political spectrum; no kooks but unquestioned pro-Nixon people would have to have a complete lock on it, we would have to have people there who knew what was up and agreed to it; and then let the handpicked staff run the thing." *TV Guide* happens to be owned by Triangle Publications, the president of which is Walter H. Annenberg, President Nixon's Ambassador to England. *TV Guide* has the largest circulation of any weekly in the country and reaches a third of the adult population of the United States each week.

A couple of weeks ago, A.B.C. decided to let us see the four radical leaders after all, but in a changed format. After their hour-and-a-half show, two conservatives would come on for half an hour, presumably to right the "balance" of any minds that had been tipped too far to the left during the first part of the show. We tuned in again, interested now to see what it was we had been protected against on the first occasion. Jerry Rubin said that he and many others were getting in touch with their bodies. There was a "revolution" of getting in touch with one's body, he said. When enough people got in touch with their bodies, capitalism would collapse. Asked what it meant to be out of touch with your body, Rubin said that President Nixon was a good example of someone who was out of touch with his body. Abbie Hoffman said that he had been doing "quiet things" recently. Hayden said that he had been lobbying in Congress against continued American support for the South Vietnamese government. Rennie Davis displayed the nonstop, glowing smile and the glazed eyes of one who is "blissed out." He is now a follower of Guru Maharaj Ji, the sixteen-year-old spiritual leader from India, and he described his belief that the Guru was God. (This was enough "balance" for us.) Toward the end of the show, Cavett asked what any of them would do if someone came up to them and announced his intention of throwing a bomb at a munitions plant. Hayden dodged the question, and said it was more important now to "blow up what's in people's heads." Hoffman suggested that it might be more productive now to bomb an oil-refinery office than a munitions plant, but we were not allowed to hear this. (We learned it later.) His voice was momentarily silenced, and we were allowed only to see his lips move. Suddenly, we lost our appetite for the show, and we turned it off. It seemed to us that the screen was radiating fear into our living room and into other living rooms across the country. The show had become a public display of fear: of the networks' fear of the government, of the government's fear of the left wing, and of the fear all of us now seem to have—the *embarrassment* we feel—when *any* political views are expressed without inhibition by anyone but the President. We remembered the staggering power that, Watergate or no Watergate, lies coiled in the White House—power that is veiled for the moment but can be used any day by the incumbent or by a successor to lash out at those who he decides are his foes. Our thoughts went back to the men in Washington—the leaders of the Judiciary Committee (Representative Peter Rodino and Representative Edward Hutchinson); their counsel (John Doar and Albert Jenner); Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski; and their colleagues on the Judiciary Committee and in the Special Prosecutor's office—who are approaching, in their gingerly way, the wrathful presence in the White House, and we wished them whatever strength and courage they can find for the time of danger that lies ahead.



## *Lindsay am Arlberg*

JUST after spring began, we were standing in line one afternoon at the foot of a chair lift at Zürs am Arlberg, a skiing village in the Austrian Alps, when a tall man a few feet ahead of us turned around. Who should it be but John Vliet Lindsay! The former Mayor, three months along on an eight-month decompression junket he is taking with his wife, Mary, and thirteen-year-old John, Jr., invited us to ride up alongside him. "We're spending a month in Austria at the expense of the Austrian government," Mr. Lindsay said as our chair got under way. "New York is the host city for so many foreigners, of course, and I got quite well acquainted with the Austrian Consul General and some of his compatriots. They were kind enough to ask us to stop by. Mary and Johnny and I started off our month at Igls, outside Innsbruck. Igls is a fabulous place, with a population of about thirteen hundred, and no automobiles permitted between ten and four every day the year round. I had lunch with the mayor of Innsbruck, and we had a very interesting time talking about garbage disposal. I meet mayors just about wherever I go. I had dinner one night not long ago with the mayor of Kitzbühel, who speaks English as well as German, and the mayor of Rome, who speaks French as well as Italian. Since my French is fairly good, I was happy to be able to serve as interpreter. When I see all these mayors, I always ask them one question: 'What's your biggest problem?' I didn't ask the mayor of Rome, because he was on holiday, too, but the mayor of Innsbruck said what I should have known he'd say—'Preparing for the 1976 Winter Olympics.' I told him what Governor Tom McCall has been trying to do out in Oregon—persuade tourists to go somewhere else—but I'm afraid that in

Austria the idea of discouraging tourism is incomprehensible. We stayed in Lech, down the road from Zürs, just before we came here, and Johnny, who after eight years in Gracie Mansion we felt had simply got to get out from under, told me, 'This is one place on earth where, when it snows, they *thank* the mayor.' They've got beautiful snow in Lech but also some traffic problems that they're going to have to come to grips with before much longer. Look at the snow! I can't wait to get out on it again. I'm not a bad skier. I can manage just about anything. Mary doesn't really like skiing much, but I take her out with me sometimes to encourage her. This morning was an unbelievable thing for me, skiing in the Zürs valley. You have to go up to the very tip-top in a Sno-Cat, and then you run down in the morning sun to Stuben. You're *flying*. It's a real *trip*. I saw a huge bird this morning on the slopes which looked like a seal, and I thought, My God, how did this seal and I ever get lucky enough to be on this mountain!"

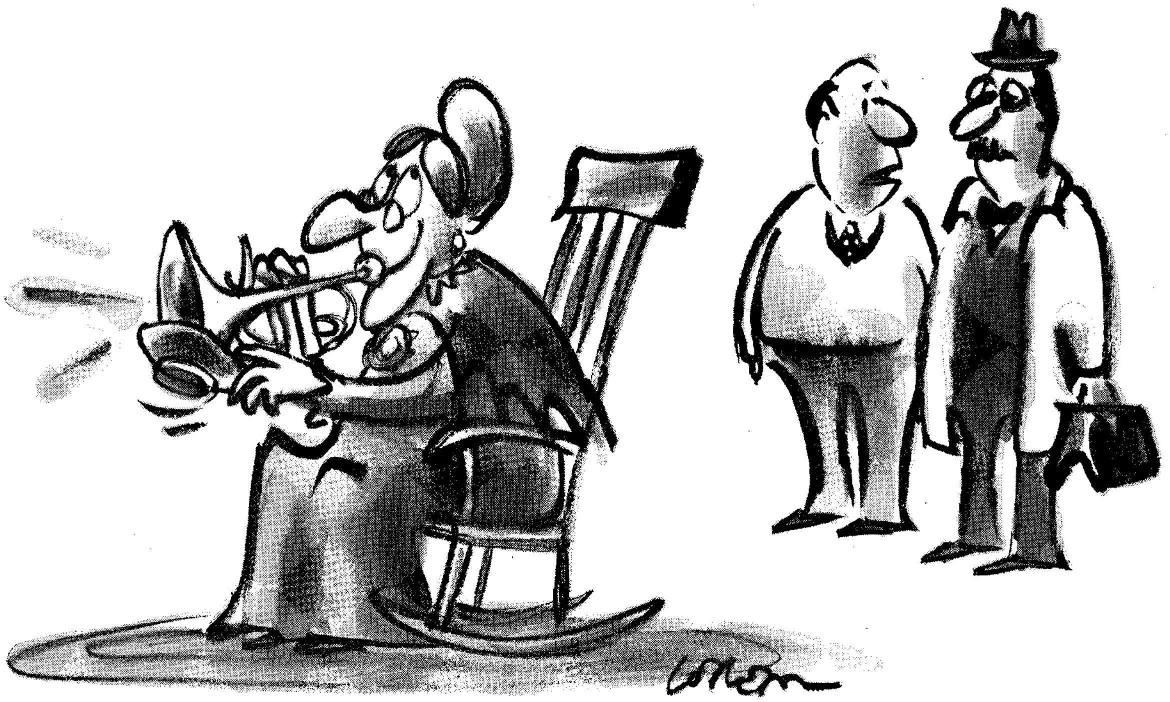
We asked Mr. Lindsay where else he had been since the start of the year.

"I went to Abe Beame's swearing-in at City Hall on New Year's Day," he said, "and then we headed straight for the airport, stopping off only at P. J. Clarke's for two Bloody Marys and a bottle of champagne on the house. Two nights later, Mary and Johnny and a nephew of ours and a Peruvian woman who'd been our housekeeper and I were aboard a forty-foot sloop we'd chartered for a four-week cruise through the Grenadines, just north of South America. I've been a pretty good sailor all my life, but I wasn't prepared for thirty-knot winds every day. The mainsail blew out and we snapped two halyards, and I was so preoccupied with mere survival that I didn't have time to think about missing the action in New York. Then we had two weeks on land in the Bahamas, trying to recover from the boat. When we got to the islands, we had to fill out the usual immigration forms, and for my occupation I put down 'Unemployed.' Mary said, 'Why did you have to say that? Couldn't you have said "Self-employed"?' We returned to New York, supposedly for a week or so, but after three days the pressures began building up, and I knew I had to get out again. So we went to Paris. Paris was glorious. I had a long talk with the traffic commissioner."

While Mr. Lindsay was deftly lighting a cigar in the wind—"Austrian, but Cuban tobacco," he said—we asked if he had been much bothered by phone calls during his peregrinations. "I've had only one call from New York since we got to Austria," he said. "That was from Tom Morgan, my former press secretary, protecting my rear end. He wanted to let me know that people might be trying to reach me, because the *Times* had had a story about my possibly becoming a Distinguished Professor at Hunter. But that's all I've heard about that. I really haven't been keeping much in touch with home. You know, if I were still in Congress and still a Republican, I'd be the ranking minority member of the Rodino committee. I hope the snow won't be too sticky this afternoon. We've only got a few more days here, and then it's on to Salzburg for one day and next Vienna, where I'm supposed to meet both the mayor and the chancellor, and, for my sins, to make a speech. Following that, Zurich, and another week skiing, at Zermatt. Then London, where I'll look up a lot of old friends, not to mention my brother Rod, who's head of the Morgan Guaranty branch there. After that, a week in a wine château half an hour outside Bordeaux, a spell in Majorca, and then there's a blank on our schedule. Perhaps we'll motor around the Dalmatian coast. Then maybe Africa. I was thinking of Ethiopia, but after their recent difficulties I don't know. We might go to Kenya instead. If we do, that'll put us well into July, and we'll just have time for a week in Ireland before we return, in August, to an apartment we've bought in the Hotel des Artistes. Poor Mary! She's got to squeeze the contents of a twenty-room house into a seven-room co-op. By that time, I hope I'll have figured out what I'll do with my life. I've been doing a little writing along the way, on a portable typewriter. You know, I haven't done any of my own typing for some seventeen years, but I taught myself the touch system a long time ago, and it comes back naturally, like swimming. Writing is a wholesome thing for me. It's a good discipline. I wish I were better at it."

Swinging tranquilly above the receding timberline, we asked Mr. Lindsay if he had done much previous skiing in Europe. "This is my first time on the record, so to speak," he said. "When I was in the House, I used to come to Europe a lot, as rapporteur for a NATO committee of

Mobil
Hertz
Chas Addams



*"She claims to be getting it note for note from the ghost of Henry Busse."*

parliamentarians. One time soon after Congress convened in January, there was a meeting of this group in London and, just before it, one of those Ford Foundation think-tank affairs outside Oxford. President Kennedy was all fired up about balancing the payments and not sending dollars abroad, but my trip was being paid for in pounds, and I thought, As long as no taxpayer dollars are going into any of this, why don't I treat myself to a couple of days' skiing at Davos? I don't know why I picked Davos. I'd simply heard of the place somewhere. So after the two meetings I sneak off there, not particularly wishing my constituents to hear about it. After all, Congress is in session, even though, as everybody knows, Congress never accomplishes anything in January. The fog is terrible in Davos, and some French people suggest that I ski through the Alps toward Zurich and pick up a train; they'll send the rest of my gear along. I schuss twelve kilometres to a railroad station, grab a train to Zurich, and go straight to the airport, still in my ski clothes. I learn that the only good connection I can make to Paris is on Air France. A foreign carrier, for a congressman, while all this balance-of-payments business is going on! But I figure nobody has to know about it. So I book a seat at Zurich, and—whango!—I'm surrounded by television cameras, and a guy grabs my hand and says, 'Monsieur! Congratulations! You are the one-millionth person to fly on the Air France Caravelle!' 'Why did you have to pick on a congressman?' I ask. 'You are an historic statistic,' they say. The cameras grind away mercilessly and somebody presents me with a model of a Caravelle, and when we reach Orly there are more cameras and champagne and still another plane model, and by now I figure the whole world is on to me and I'm absolutely dead politically. Nobody made much of it, actually. I never really counted that episode as skiing in Europe. My dream came true last week, when we got to Lech and I rode up in the yellow gondola there and skied over here to Zürs. I'd never experienced anything like that. I've seen everything now. I don't have to live any longer."

We had reached the top of the chair lift. Mr. Lindsay tidily buried his cigar in the snow, adjusted his goggles, and schussed long-leggedly away. "Say hello to New York for me when you get back!" he cried over his shoulder.

## *This Way to the Egress*

EACH spring for about a century now, shillabers in the pay of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows, Inc., and predecessor circuses have been putting journalists on elephants and letting them ride around. The resulting avalanche of publicity is, without variation, giddily favorable. We bit last week, and we're like the rest. As far as we're concerned, an elephant ride through the streets of the city is not only perhaps the Oldest but also the Greatest Publicity Stunt on Earth.

Our elephant was named Jewel. We met her in the Penn Central yards at Twelfth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, between the Hudson and the towers of midtown. The circus train—thirty-six stately white cars emblazoned in red and blue—had just arrived, and quite a crowd was on hand. Besides Jewel and seventeen fellow-members of her species, there were camels, horses, ponies, television reporters, clowns, loafers, and a score of alert young couples with small, awestruck children.

Jewel had a soft, intelligent brown-gold eye the size of a golf ball, with two-inch lashes. By way of saying hello, we gave her a loaf of French bread. With the bread sticking out of one corner of her mouth, Jewel looked like Sydney Greenstreet smoking a joint. She knelt, her trainer helped us aboard, and the odd procession began undulating toward the street. The elephants walked two abreast. The last elephant had a white llama and a white pony tied to her tail, like the bows on a kite.

Elephants are ridden bareback and piggyback. Since an elephant's shoulders are slightly higher than her head, we briefly wondered if we were going to slide right over Jewel's head and down her bannister of a trunk to the pavement far below. We didn't, however. Jewel's shoulder blades rose and fell under us like the shifting of continents. She was very big. Our knees were tucked under her ears, and the sides of her head were soft. We relaxed, and let ourself adjust to her slow, emphatic rhythm. Riding her was like riding a life raft on a choppy sea. Jewel was younger than most of the other elephants, and more curious. She kept trying to taste parked cars with her trunk. At the corner of Eleventh Avenue and Thirty-third Street, she picked up a piece of trampled cardboard and walked on contentedly carrying it. We studied the top of Jewel's head. Her skin was thick and wrinkled, but cool and smooth to the touch. She had a sprinkling of coarse hairs, jet black and a hand-span long. The top of her head consisted of two bumps, each the size of a beach ball, with a pound or two of straw in the gully between them.

Little knots of children and hard-hats stood and watched. They looked happy. We began to feel sublime and triumphant. When we passed the Post Office, with its vast colonnade, we realized why Hannibal wanted to conquer Rome. What a way to enter a city! For sheer power and dignity, the only mode of urban transport we know of that can compare to the back of an elephant is the top of a double-decker bus. At Madison Square Garden, where a small crowd was smiling indulgently, Jewel knelt again, and we dismounted. It was like sliding off a hill—nothing to it. We gave her an apple and headed for the subway, grinning foolishly.

## *Flavors & Fragrances*

DURING the course of a long synthetic brunch we were having at 521 West Fifty-seventh Street, Dr. Simpey Kuramoto, a microbiologist and food technologist, told us that he had just about reached the end of his patience with people who seem to believe that nature cannot be artificially reproduced. "It gets you right here," he said. "The consumer thinks anything artificial is bad. The consumer says, 'Don't monkey with Mother Nature.' The consumer has been brainwashed. How do you like your soup?"

In color, texture, body, and flavor, it was not just tomato soup—it was extremely good tomato soup. And yet it was utterly untomatoed, completely artificial.

Even his daughter had been brainwashed, Dr. Kuramoto went on to say. And that had got him most of all, right there. His daughter had "learned" in school that natural vitamins are better than artificial vitamins. Absurd! All natural edibles are made up of chemicals and all artificial edibles are made up of chemicals. The molecules are the same. In good conscience, any health-food store could go totally artificial if it wanted to. How about that cheese?

The "cheese" tasted like Parmesan and had the same nubbly appearance. It had never been closer to Parma than West Fifty-seventh Street, and it contained no cheese.

A synthetic food could actually be an improvement on its natural counterpart, Dr. Kuramoto said. There was, for example, "a great opportunity" for improvement of the lemon. He just could not understand why people went on clinging to the myth of the superiority of nature. If anything, synthetic products were better than natural ones, because natural foods contained, in addition to their basic components, all sorts of little things that should be fed only to laboratory mice. Modern synthetic-food technology, while imitating the flavors of traditional foods with an exactitude not possible until recent times, was also "eliminating the contaminants from the natural product."

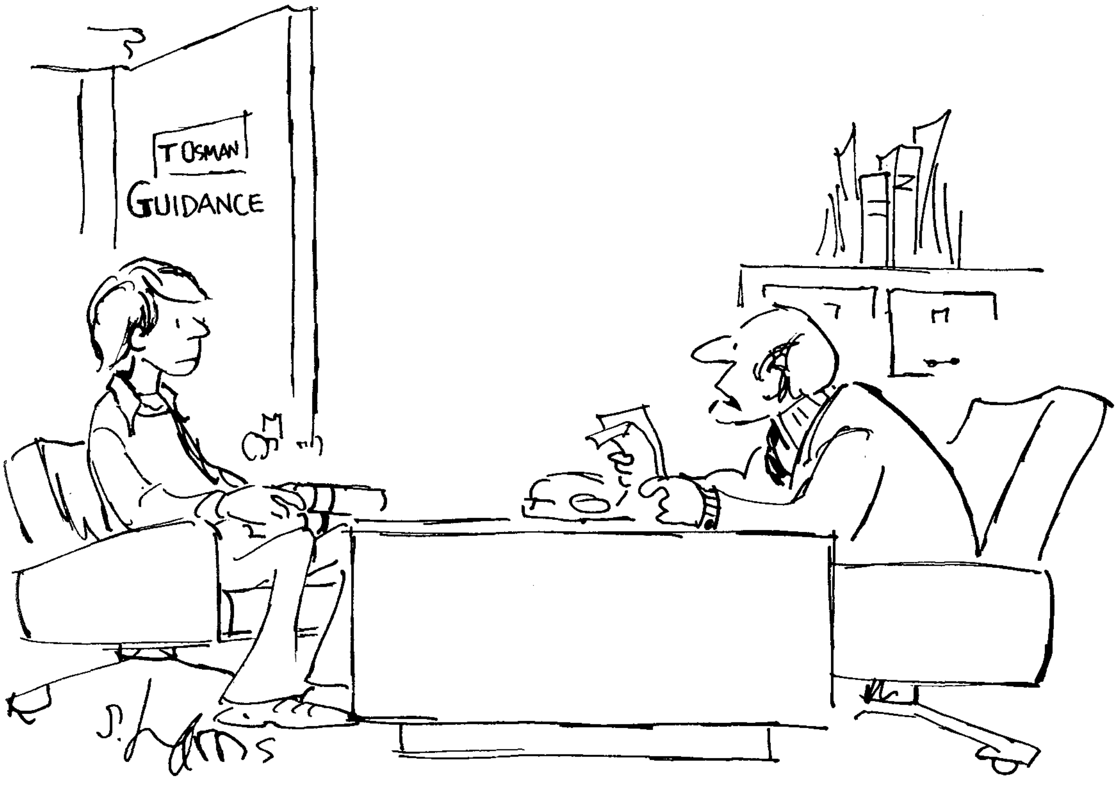
The company Dr. Kuramoto works for is called International Flavors & Fragrances. It is traded on the big board, had sales last year amounting to a hundred and seventy-four million dollars, and tries to keep everything else about its activities if not secret at least discreet, for its principal business is the ghosting of the "inventions" of its clients. When a major soapmaker or confectioner or soft-drink bottler or world-class cosmestic house "creates" a new and exotic fragrance or flavor, the odds are good that the new creation was in fact developed in a laboratory on West Fifty-seventh Street. I.F.F. likes to call itself "a hidden supplier."

Given appropriate incentive, the company will attempt to reproduce any taste or aroma known on the earth. Once, during a famine in India, a mountain of butter was rushed over from the United States to help save lives, but the Indians were suspicious of the butter's unfamiliar flavor and would not touch it. I.F.F. was consulted, and its flavor-and-aroma chemists decided to reproduce the taste and scent of Indian ghee, which, in loose definition, is rancid-smelling water-buffalo butter. Soon artificial essence of ghee was flown to India and sprayed on the American cow butter, ton after ton of which quickly went down the Indian gullet.

A restaurateur in California once came to I.F.F. with the complaint that his restaurant did not smell particularly enticing, because it lacked, in this age of microwaves, suffusive kitchen aromas. I.F.F. responded with a synthetic scent of baked ham, in aerosol cans, and, complementarily, a spray of chemically fabricated Dutch apple.

A marine museum in Florida, although situated close to the sea, felt that its interior lacked the inspiring smell of brine, kelp, and decaying porgies that is known as "salt air." I.F.F. perfumers synthesized the smell and put it into cans labelled "The Ocean."

Certain new and fast-growing rices, agronomically miraculous, were in some instances ignored by peoples of Southeast Asia because the taste was



*"What you want is a multiversity or perhaps a polyversity, but I don't think you'll be happy at a megaversity."*

different from the taste of their old, slow-growing rice. I.F.F. broke down the flavor of the old rice, analyzed it, synthesized it, and sent the synthetic flavor off to be mixed with the new kind of rice, making its taste acceptable.

Such feats are assisted by technological devices that did not exist a relatively short time ago. The computer has helped greatly, giving quick readings and quick analyses, but even more notable are the gas-liquid chromatograph and an instrument that determines nuclear-magnetic resonances. Dr. Kuramoto, who is director of technical support of I.F.F.'s United States Flavor Division, calls these devices, agglomerately, "the machine." In various combinations, ground-up foods or the smokes and vapors from cooking can be sent through the machine, which "blips out peaks" on a small screen. Each peak represents a pure chemical. The analysis and the art of synthetic combination then begin.

Naturally, our own brunch—in I.F.F.'s Flavor Conference Room—had begun with synthetic orange juice. Dr. Kuramoto and his staff had been grinding up oranges and running them through the machine in an attempt to create artificially what the makers of frozen concentrates have never so much as approached with their wholly natural components: the taste of fresh orange juice. He was full of cautionary prefaces, to the effect that the juice was still developmental. "We still have things to learn," he said. "We can't reproduce—yet—the flavor of a freshly squeezed Valencia. It is frustrating. If we can send a man to the moon and back, my God, we can re-create an orange." Joan Koesterer, a flavor chemist in a white coat, handed us a cup of orange fluid. We gave it a shake to bring out the nose. Dr. Kuramoto looked expectant. His sleeves were rolled up. He seemed on the verge of getting up and going to feed the machine another Valencia. A Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota, he had behind him a long stint at General Mills, where he had helped develop meat "analogues" (ham, chicken, bacon—fabricated from machine-processed soybeans), and now he was going to capture citrus alive or know why not.

We upended our cup and confessed to Dr. Kuramoto that we had once written fifty thousand words about orange juice as a result of a compulsive orange-juice binge that went on for several months and thousands of miles of questing the subtropics. Nowhere had we tasted anything that came nearly as close to the flavor of freshly squeezed orange juice as the fluid there in his lab. Moments before, it had been a powdered mixture of laboratory chemicals.

With the soup course, we drank a form of "strawberry yogurt" that was a laboratory try not only to improve the flavor of a natural strawberry but also to invent a thinned (and artificial) yogurt. Together, they might become a novel beverage. It was a little too novel for us. We then had some terrific devilled ham that consisted wholly of textured soy protein, flavored with chemicals. We ate, as well, tuna and hamburgers that had been doubled in volume with I.F.F.-flavored soya, and washed them down with some "Coca-Cola" that might have caused a riot in Atlanta. "You have heard of the 'secret formula' of Coca-Cola and how it is kept locked away and is known only to a few people?" Dr. Kuramoto said. "Well, have a drink of this."

We drank the "Coke." It was flavor plagiarism, all right—we couldn't tell it from the real thing. Dr. Kuramoto said, "That one was not particularly difficult. We could as easily do Pepsi, too."

Dessert included a so-so milk chocolate, an excellent artificial-chocolate ice milk, and a clear beverage, brown and carbonated, that had the precise aroma of a richly concocted chocolate malted milk but looked like root beer. It had a fine, accurate chocolate-malt taste and contained neither chocolate nor malt. It was, Dr. Kuramoto explained, I.F.F.'s tilt at the windmill of chocolate soda pop—one of the few fields of potentiality in which chocolate has never caught on.

We were offered a cigarette. It was a Bentoel—Indonesian—and bore a powerful scent of clove. Indonesians long ago developed what has amounted to a national affection for clove-scented cigarettes—a habit that went smoothly until the unfortunate day when someone introduced Zanzibarian cloves to the Indonesian smoking palate. Zanzibarian cloves proved superior to Indonesian cloves in six or eight smoky respects. When Indonesians had become thoroughly addicted, Zanzibar began raising the price of cloves until the economy of Indonesia was in danger of going up in smoke. Now I.F.F. is attempting to rescue Indonesia by synthesizing on Fifty-seventh Street the essence of the Zanzibar clove.

American cigarettes are all flavored, too, Dr. Kuramoto told us—with cocoa, for example, and anise and vanilla and lemon, real or artificial. The practice is known as saucing, and is older than Old Gold. Meanwhile, the nagging of the Surgeon General has created still another market for I.F.F., for when nicotine and tar are removed from cigarettes, a lot of the flavor of the tobacco is lost, too. I.F.F. fabricates the lost flavor, so American cigarettes can taste like themselves.

Thanking Dr. Kuramoto, we left him in lingering clove smoke and went off to the office of Van Vechten Sayre, the firm's public-relations expert, who had collected some seventeen artificial fragrances intended to put a finishing sniff to the day. "What's that?" he said, spraying baked ham in our face. "And that?"

"Dutch apple."

"That?"

"The ocean."

"That?"

"Norway spruce, balsam fir."

The spruce-balsam smell had been made for the American Museum of Natural History, where—in the Hall of the North American Forests—machines that contain timing devices press down periodically on the valves of aerosol cans full of instant wilderness. Other I.F.F. cans spray hay into the Hall of South Asiatic Mammals, grass into the Hall of Man in Africa, and a scent called South Pacific (a combination of frangipani and ocean air) into the Margaret Mead wing (Hall of Peoples of the Pacific). Mr. Sayre sprayed us with these things, too. We liked the hay and the grass, but South Pacific overpowered us, and would have overpowered Sadie Thompson.

Next, Sayre brought out a collection of small bottles and a packet of perfumers' blotters, long and thin, and he dipped a blotter into a bottle, then waved it in the air. Eggnog. Another blotter: Mince pie. Another: Apple.

Caramel. Tea. Fresh paint. Cedar. Butter pecan. Irish coffee. Each was as distinct as it was synthetic.

"What's this?" he said now.

"Don't know," we said. "It smells like an entire floral shop."

"It *is* a floral shop," he said. "Now try this one. Think carefully. Where are you?"

We sniffed. We had an instant reaction—a wild, insane thought—and tried to put it aside. For who would want such a thing? Who would think of it, anyway, and how could chemists conceivably get it into a bottle, even if they did think of it? The lichen was there, though, and the moss, the drip, the dank, the chalky scent of the stalagmite, the faint essence of slumbering bear.

"Cave!" we burst out. "A cave!"

He handed us the bottle. The label said "Cave."

# LET'S HEAR IT FOR A BEAUTIFUL GUY

Sammy Davis is trying to get a few months off for a complete rest.—*Earl Wilson, February 7, 1974.*

I HAVE been trying to get a few months off for a complete rest, too, but I think it's more important that Sammy Davis get one. I feel that I can scrape along and manage somehow, but Sammy Davis always looks so strained and tired. The pressure on the guy must be enormous. It must have been a terrific blow to him when he switched his allegiance to Agnew and Nixon, only to have the whole thing blow up in his face. I was angry at him, incidentally, along with a lot of other fans of his, all of us feeling he had sold us down the river. But after I had thought it over and let my temper cool a bit, I changed my mind and actually found myself standing up for him, saying I would bet anything that Agnew and Nixon had made some secret promises to Sammy about easing the situation of blacks—ones that the public still doesn't know about. Otherwise, there was no way he would have thrown in his lot with that crowd. In any case, I would forgive the guy just about anything. How can I feel any other way when I think of the pleasure he's given me over the years, dancing and clowning around and wrenching those songs out of that wiry little body? Always giving his all, no matter what the composition of the audience. Those years of struggle with the Will Mastin Trio, and then finally making it, only to find marital strife staring him in the face. None of us will ever be able to calculate what it took out of him each time he had a falling-out with Frank. Is there any doubt who Dean and Joey sided with on those occasions? You can be sure Peter Lawford didn't run over to offer Sammy any solace. And does anyone ever stop to consider the spiritual torment he must have suffered when he made the switch to Judaism? I don't even want to talk about the eye. So, if anyone in the world does, he certainly deserves a few months off for a complete rest.

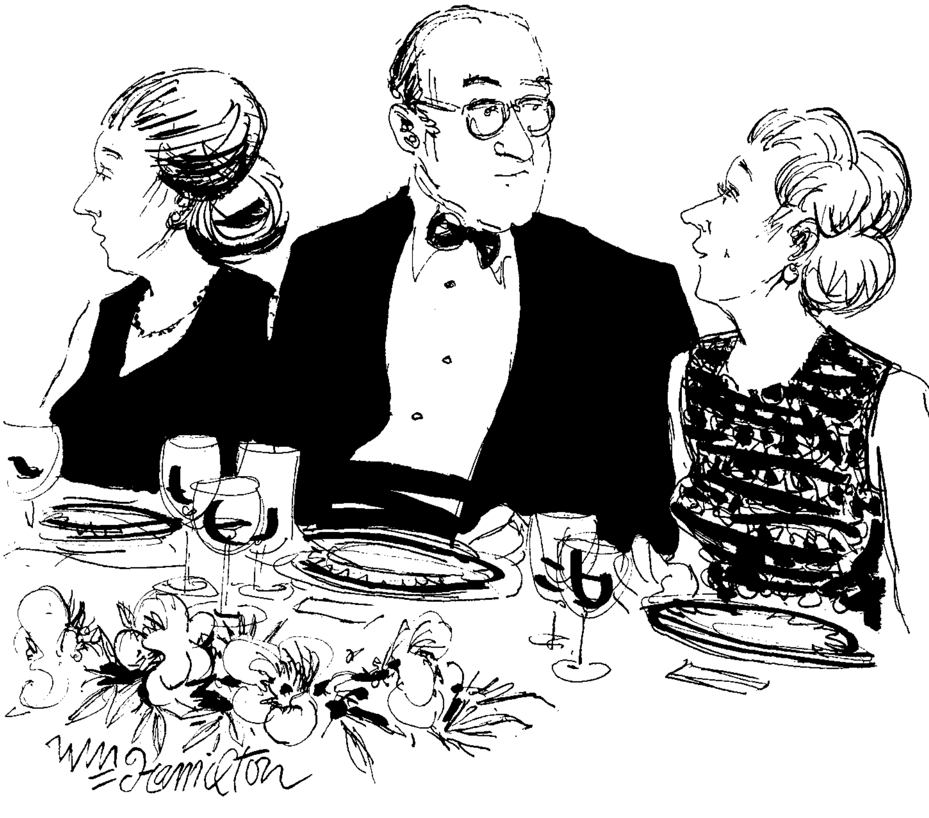
Somehow, I have the feeling that if I met Sammy, I could break through his agents and that entourage of his and convince him he ought to take off with me and get the complete rest he deserves. I don't want any ten per cent, I don't want any glory; I just feel I owe it to him. Sure he's got commitments, but once and for all he's got to stop and consider that it's one time around, and no one can keep up that pace of his forever.

The first thing I would do is get him out of Vegas. There is absolutely no way he can get a few months' rest in that sanatorium. I would get him away from Vegas, and I would certainly steer clear of Palm Springs. Imagine him riding down Bob Hope Drive and checking into a hotel in the Springs! For a rest? The second he walked into the lobby, it would all start. The chambermaids would ask him to do a chorus of "What Kind of Fool Am I," right in the lobby, and, knowing Sammy and his big heart, he would probably oblige. I think I would take him to my place in New York, a studio. We would have to eat in, because if I ever showed up with Sammy Davis at the Carlton Delicatessen, where I have my breakfast, the roof would fall in. The owner would ask him for an autographed picture to hang up next to Dustin Hoffman's, and those rich young East Side girls would go to town on him. If they ever saw me walk in with Sammy Davis, that would be the end of his complete rest. They would attack him like vultures, and Sammy would be hard put to turn his back on them, because they're not broads.

We would probably wind up ordering some delicatessen from the Stage, although I'm not so sure that's a good idea; the delivery boy would recognize him, and the next thing you know, Sammy would give him a C note, and word would get back to Alan King that Sammy had ducked into town. How would it look if he didn't drop over to the Stage and show himself? Next thing you know, the news would reach Jilly's, and if Frank was in town—well, you can imagine how much rest Sammy would get. I don't know if they're feuding these days, but you know perfectly well that, at minimum, Frank would send over a purebred Afghan. Even if they were feuding.

I think what we would probably do is lay low and order a lot of Chinese food. I have a hunch that Sammy can eat Chinese takeout food every night of the week. I know I can, and the Chinese takeout delivery guys are very discreet. So we would stay at my place. I'd give him the sleeping loft, and I'd throw some sheets on the couch downstairs for me. I would do that for Sammy to pay him back for all the joy he's given me down through the years. And I would resist the temptation to ask him to sing, even though I would flip out if he so much as started humming. Can you imagine him humming "The Candy Man"? *In my apartment*? Let's not even discuss it.

Another reason I would give him the sleeping loft is that there is no phone up there. I would try like the devil to keep him away from the phone, because I know the second he saw one he would start thinking about his commitments,



*"Refresh my memory. Are you an official source or an unofficial source?"*

and it would be impossible for the guy not to make at least one call to the Coast. So I'd just try to keep him comfortable for as long as possible, although pretty soon my friends would begin wondering what ever happened to me, and it would take all the willpower in the world not to let on that I had Sammy Davis in my loft and was giving him a complete rest.

I DON'T kid myself that I could keep Sammy Davis happy in my loft for a full couple of months. He would be lying on the bed, his frail muscular body looking lost in a pair of boxer shorts, and before long I would hear those fingers snapping, and I would know that the wiry little great entertainer was feeling penned up, and it would be inhuman to expect him to stay there any longer. I think that when I sensed that Sammy was straining at the leash, I would rent a car—a Ford LTD (that would be a switch for him, riding in a Middle American car)—and we would ride out to my sister and brother-in-law's place in Jersey. He would probably huddle down in the seat, but somehow I have the feeling that people in passing cars would spot *him*. We'd be lucky if they didn't crash into telephone poles. And if I know Sammy, whenever someone recognized him he wouldn't be able to resist taking off his shades and graciously blowing them a kiss.

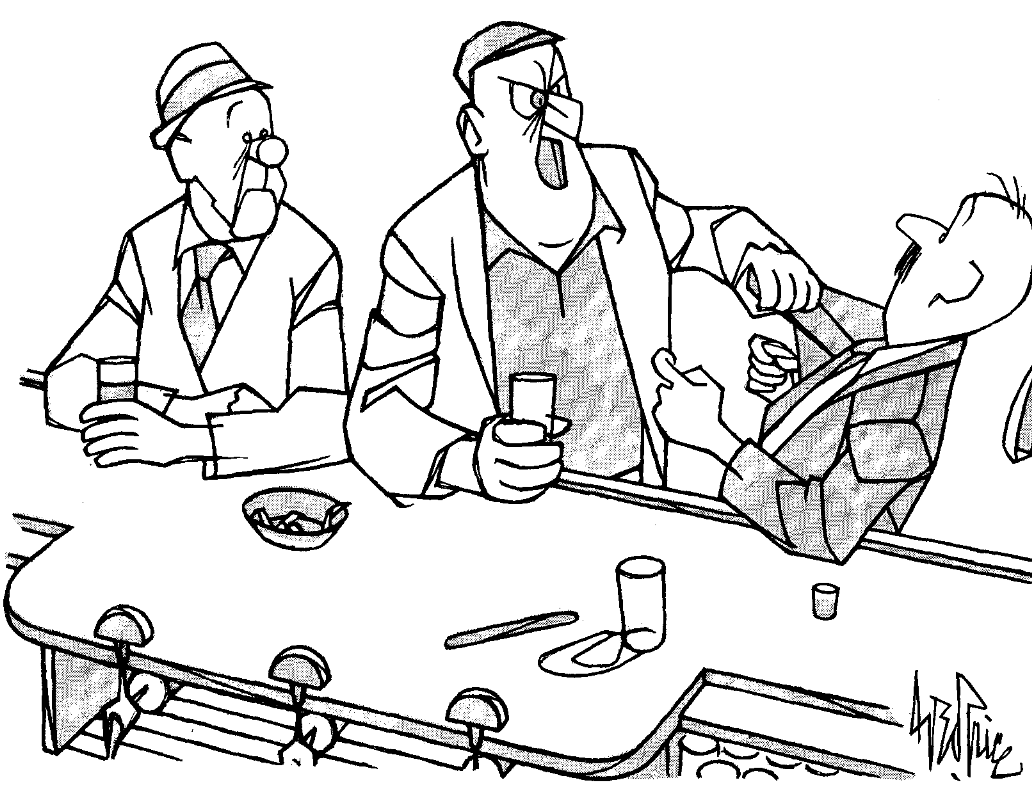
The reason I would take Sammy to my sister and brother-in-law's house is not only that it's out of the way but also because they're simple people and would not hassle him—especially my brother-in-law. My sister would stand there with her hands on her hips, and when she saw me get out of the Ford with Sammy, she would cluck her tongue and say, "There goes my crazy brother again," but she would appear calm on the surface, even though she would be fainting dead away on the inside. She would say something like "Oh, my God, I didn't even clean the floors," but then Sammy would give her a big hug and a kiss, and I'm sure that he would make a call, and a few weeks later she would have a complete new dining-room set, the Baby Grand she always wanted, and a puppy.

She would put Sammy up in her son's room (he's away at graduate school), saying she wished she had something better, but he would say, "Honey, this is just perfect." And he would mean it, too, in a way, my nephew's bedroom being an interesting change from those $1,000-a-day suites at the Tropicana. My brother-in-law has a nice easygoing style and would be relaxing company for Sammy, except that Al does work in television and there would be a temptation on his part to talk about the time he did the "Don Rickles Show" and how different and sweet a guy Don is when you get him offstage. If I know Sammy, he would place a call to C.B.S.—with no urging from any of us—and see to it that Al got to work on his next special. If the network couldn't do a little thing like that for him, the hell with them, he would get himself another network. Sammy's that kind of guy.

One danger is that my sister, by this time, would be going out of her mind and wouldn't be able to resist asking Sammy if she could have a few neighbors over on a Saturday night. Let's face it, it would be the thrill of a lifetime for her. I would intercede right there, because it wouldn't be fair to the guy, but if I know Sammy he would tell her, "Honey, you go right ahead." She would have a mixed group over—Italians, an Irish couple, some Jews, about twelve people tops—and she would wind up having the evening catered, which of course would lead to a commotion when she tried to pay for the stuff. No way Sammy would let her do that. He would buy out the whole delicatessen, give the delivery guy a C note, and probably throw in an autographed glossy without being asked.

Everyone at the party would pretend to be casual, as if Sammy Davis wasn't there, but before long the Irish space salesman's wife (my sister's crazy friend, and what a flirt *she* is) would somehow manage to ask him to sing, and imagine Sammy saying no in a situation like that. Everyone would say just one song, but that bighearted son of a gun would wind up doing his entire repertoire, probably putting out every bit as much as he does when he opens at the Sands. He would do it all—"The Candy Man," "What Kind of Fool Am I," tap-dance, play the drums with chopsticks on an end table, do some riffs on my nephew's old trumpet, and work himself into exhaustion. The sweat would be pouring out of him, and he would top the whole thing off with "This Is My Life" ("and I don't give a damn"). Of course, his agents on the Coast would pass out cold if they ever got wind of the way he was putting out for twelve nobodies in Jersey. But as for Sammy, he never did know anything about halfway measures. He either works or he doesn't, and he would use every ounce of energy in that courageous little show-biz body of his to see to it that my sister's friends—that mixed group of Italians, Irish, and Jews—had a night they'd never forget as long as they lived.

OF course, that would blow the two months of complete rest, and I would have to get him out of Jersey fast. By that time, frankly, I would



*"Your right to say it, however, does not preclude my right to take exception."*

• •

be running out of options. Once in a while, I pop down to Puerto Rico for a three- or four-day holiday, but, let's face it, if I showed up in San Juan with Sammy, first thing you know, we would be hounded by broads, catching the show at the Flamboyan, and Dick Shawn would be asking Sammy to hop up onstage and do a medley from "Mr. Wonderful." (He was really something in that show, battling Jack Carter tooth and nail, but too gracious to use his bigger name to advantage.)

Another possibility would be to take Sammy out to see a professor friend of mine who teaches modern lit. at San Francisco State and would be only too happy to take us in. That would represent a complete change for Sammy, a college campus, but as soon as the school got wind he was around, I'll bet you ten to one they would ask him to speak either to a film class or the drama department or even a political-science group. And he would wind up shocking them with his expertise on the Founding Fathers and the philosophy behind the Bill of Rights. The guy reads, and I'm not talking about "The Bette Davis Story." Anyone who sells Sammy Davis short as an intellectual is taking his life in his hands.

In the end, Sammy and I would probably end up in Vermont, where a financial-consultant friend of mine has a cabin that he never uses. He always says to me, "It's there, for God's sakes—use it." So I would take Sammy up there, away from it all, but I wouldn't tell the financial consultant who I was taking, because the second he heard it was Sammy Davis he would want to come along. Sammy and I would start out by going into town for a week's worth of supplies at the general store, and then we would hole up in the cabin. I'm not too good at mechanical things, but we would be sort of roughing it, and there wouldn't be much to do except chop some firewood, which I would take care of while Sammy was getting his complete rest.

I don't know how long we would last in Vermont. Frankly, I would worry after a while about being able to keep him entertained, even though he would be there for a complete rest. We could talk a little about Judaism, but, frankly, I would be skating on thin ice in that area, since I don't have the formal training he has or any real knowledge of theology. The Vermont woods would probably start us batting around theories about the mystery of existence, but to tell the truth, I'd be a little bit out of my depth in that department, too. He's had so much experience on panel shows, and I would just as soon not go one-on-one with him on that topic.

Let's not kid around, I would get tense after a while, and Sammy would feel it. He would be too good a guy to let on that he was bored, but pretty soon he would start snapping those fingers and batting out tunes on the back of an old *Saturday Evening Post* or something, and I think I would crack after a while and say, "Sammy, I tried my best to supply you with a couple of months of complete rest, but I'm running out of gas." He would tap me on the shoulder and say, "Don't worry about it, babe," and then, so as not to hurt my feelings, he would say he wanted to go into town to get some toothpaste. So he would drive in, with the eye and all, and I know damned well the first thing he would do is call his agents on the Coast and ask them to read him the "N.Y. to L.A." column of a few *Varieties*. Next thing you know, I would be driving him to the airport, knowing in my heart that I hadn't really succeeded. He would tell me that any time I got to the Coast or Vegas or the Springs, and I wanted anything, *anything*, just make sure to give him a ring. And the following week, I would receive a freezer and a videotape machine and a puppy.

So I think I'm just not the man to get Sammy Davis the complete rest he needs so desperately. However, I certainly think someone should. How long can he keep driving that tortured little frame of his, pouring every ounce of his strength into the entertainment of Americans? I know, I know—there's Cambodia and Watergate, and, believe me, I haven't forgotten our own disadvantaged citizens. I know all that. But when you think of all the joy that man has spread through his night-club appearances, his albums, his autobiography, his video specials, and even his movies, which did not gross too well but were a lot better than people realized, and the things he's done not only for his friends but for a lot of causes the public doesn't know about—when you think of all that courageous little entertainer has given to this land of ours, and then you read that he's trying, repeat *trying*, to get a few months off for a complete rest and he can't, well, then, all I can say is that there's something basically rotten in the system.

—BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

# LOST IN TRANSLATION

(For Richard Howard)

Diese Tage, die leer dir scheinen
und wertlos für das All,
haben Wurzeln zwischen den Steinen
und trinken dort überall.

A card table in the library stands ready
To receive the puzzle which keeps never coming.
Daylight shines in or lamplight down
Upon the tense oasis of green felt.
Full of unfulfillment, life goes on,
Mirage arisen from time's trickling sands
Or fallen piecemeal into place:
German lesson, picnic, see-saw, walk
With the collie who "did everything but talk"—
Sour windfalls of the orchard back of us.
A summer without parents is the puzzle,
Or should be. But the boy, day after day,
Writes in his Line-a-Day *No puzzle.*

He's in love, at least. His French Mademoiselle,
In real life a widow since Verdun,
Is stout, plain, carrot-haired, devout.
She prays for him, as does a curé in Alsace,
Sews costumes for his marionettes,
Helps him to keep behind the scene
Whose sidelit goosegirl, speaking with his voice,
Plays Guinevere as well as Gunmoll Jean.
Or else at bedtime in his tight embrace
Tells him her own French hopes, her German fears,
Her—but what more is there to tell?
Having known grief and hardship, Mademoiselle
Knows little more. Her languages. Her place.
Noon coffee. Mail. The watch that also waited
Pinned to her heart, poor gold, throws up its hands—
No puzzle! Steaming bitterness
Her sugars draw pops back into his mouth, translated:
"Patience, chéri. Geduld, mein Schatz."
(Thus, reading Valéry the other evening
And seeming to recall a Rilke version of "Palme,"
That sunlit paradigm whereby the tree
Taps a sweet wellspring of authority,
The hour came back. Patience dans l'azur.
Geduld im . . . Himmelblau? Mademoiselle.)

Out of the blue, as promised, of a New York
Puzzle-rental shop the puzzle comes—
A superior one, containing a thousand hand-sawn,
Sandal-scented pieces. Many take
Shapes known already—the craftsman's repertoire
Nice in its limitation—from other puzzles:
Witch on broomstick, ostrich, hourglass,
Even (surely not just in retrospect)
An inchling, innocently branching palm.
These can be put aside, made stories of
While Mademoiselle spreads out the rest face-up,
Herself excited as a child; or questioned
Like incoherent faces in a crowd,
Each with its scrap of highly colored
Evidence the Law must piece together.
Sky-blue ostrich? Likely story.
Mauve of the witch's cloak white, severed fingers
Pluck? Detain her. The plot thickens
As all at once two pieces interlock.

Mademoiselle does borders— (Not so fast.
A London dusk, December last.
Chatter silenced in the library
This grown man reenters, wearing gray.
A medium. All except him have seen
Panel slid back, recess explored,
An object at once unique and common
Displayed, planted in a plain tole
Casket the subject now considers
Through shut eyes, saying in effect:
"Even as voices reach me vaguely
A dry saw-shriek drowns them out,
Some loud machinery—a lumber mill?
Far uphill in the fir forest
Trees tower, tense with shock,
Groaning and cracking as they crash groundward.
But hidden here is a freak fragment
Of a pattern complex in appearance only.
What it seems to show is superficial
Next to that long-term lamination
Of hazard and craft, the karma that has
Made it matter in the first place.
Plywood. Piece of a puzzle." Applause
Acknowledged by an opening of lids
Upon the thing itself. A sudden dread—
But to go back. All this lay years ahead.)

Mademoiselle does borders. Straight-edge pieces
Align themselves with earth or sky
In twos and threes, naive cosmogonists
Whose views clash. Nomad inlanders meanwhile
Begin to cluster where the totem
Of a certain vibrant egg-yolk yellow
Or pelt of what emerging animal
Acts on the straggler like a trumpet call
To form a more sophisticated unit.
By suppertime two ragged wooden clouds
Have formed. In one, a Sheik with beard
And flashing sword hilt (he is all but finished)
Steps forward on a tiger skin. A piece
Snaps shut, and fangs gnash out at us!
In the second cloud—they gaze from cloud to cloud
With marked if undecipherable feeling—
Most of a dark-eyed woman veiled in mauve
Is being helped down from her camel (kneeling)
By a small backward-looking slave or page-boy
(Her son, thinks Mademoiselle mistakenly)
Whose feet have not been found. But lucky finds
In the last minutes before bed
Anchor both factions to the scene's limits
And, by so doing, orient

Them eye to eye across the green abyss.
The yellow promises, oh bliss,
To be in time a sumptuous tent.

*Puzzle begun* I write in the day's space,
Then, while she bathes, peek at Mademoiselle's
Page to the curé: ". . . cette innocente mère,
Ce pauvre enfant, que deviendront-ils?"
Her azure script is curlicued like pieces
Of the puzzle she will be telling him about.
(Fearful incuriosity of childhood!
"Tu as l'accent allemand," said Dominique.
Indeed. Mademoiselle was only French by marriage.
Child of an English mother, a remote
Descendant of the great explorer Speke,
And Prussian father. No one knew. I heard it
Long afterwards from her nephew, a UN
Interpreter. His matter-of-fact account
Touched old strings. My poor Mademoiselle,
With 1939 about to shake
This world where "each was the enemy, each the friend"
To its foundations, kept, though signed in blood,
Her peace a shameful secret to the end.)
"Schlaf wohl, chéri." Her kiss. Her thumb
Crossing my brow against the dreams to come.

This World that shifts like sand, its unforeseen
Consolidations and elate routine,
Whose Potentate had lacked a retinue?
Lo! it assembles on the shrinking Green.

Gunmetal-skinned or pale, all plumes and scars,
Of Vassalage the noblest avatars—
The very coffee-bearer in his vair
Vest is a swart Highness, next to ours.

Kef easing Boredom, and iced syrups, thirst,
In guessed-at glooms old wives who know the worst
Outsweat that virile fiction of the New:
"Insh'Allah, he will tire—" "—or kill her first!"

(Hardly a proper subject for the Home,
Work of—dear Richard, I shall let *you* comb
Archives and learned journals for his name—
A minor lion attending on Gérôme.)

While, thick as Thebes whose presently complete
Gates close behind them, Houri and Afreet
Both claim the Page. He wonders whom to serve,
And what his duties are, and where his feet,

And if we'll find, as some before us did,
That piece of Distance deep in which lies hid
Your tiny apex sugary with sun,
Eternal Triangle, Great Pyramid!

Then sky alone is left, a hundred blue
Fragments in revolution, with no clue
To where a Niche will open. Quite a task,
Putting together Heaven, yet we do.

It's done. Here under the table all along
Were those missing feet. It's done.

The dog's tail thumping. Mademoiselle sketching
Costumes for a coming harem drama
To star the goosegirl. All too soon the swift
Dismantling. Lifted by two corners,
The puzzle hung together—and did not.
Irresistibly a populace,
Unstitched of its attachments, rattled down.
Power went to pieces as the witch
Slithered easily from Virtue's gown.
The blue held out for time, but crumbled, too.
The city had long fallen, and the tent,
A separating sauce mousseline,
Been swept away. Remained the green
On which the grown-ups gambled. A green dusk.
First lightning bugs. Last glow of west
Green in the false eyes of (coincidence)
*Our* mangy tiger safe on his bared hearth.

Before the puzzle was boxed and readdressed
To the puzzle shop in the mid-Sixties,
Something tells me that one piece contrived
To stay in the boy's pocket. How do I know?
I know because so many later puzzles
Had missing pieces—Maggie Teyte's high notes
Gone at the war's end, end of the vogue for collies,
A house torn down; and hadn't Mademoiselle
Kept back her pitiful bit of truth as well?
I've spent the last days, furthermore,
Ransacking Athens for that translation of "Palme."
Neither the Goethehaus nor the National Library
Seems able to unearth it. Yet I can't
Just be imagining. I've seen it. Know
How much of the sun-ripe original
Felicity Rilke made himself forego
(Who loved French words—verger, mûr, parfumer)
In order to render its underlying sense.
Know already in that tongue of his
What Pains, what monolithic Truths
Shadow stanza to stanza's symmetrical
Rhyme-rutted pavement. Know that ground plan left
Sublime and barren, where the warm Romance
Stone by stone faded, cooled; the fluted nouns
Made taller, lonelier than life
By leaf-carved capitals in the afterglow.
The owlet umlaut peeps and hoots
Above the open vowel. And after rain
A deep reverberation fills with stars.

Lost, is it, buried? One more missing piece?

But nothing's lost. Or else: all is translation
And every bit of us is lost in it
(Or found—I wander through the ruin of S
Now and then, wondering at the peacefulness)
And in that loss a self-effacing tree,
Color of context, imperceptibly
Rustling with its angel, turns the waste
To shade and fiber, milk and memory.

—James Merrill

# A PLATONIC RELATIONSHIP

WHEN Ellen was told that she would be hired as a music teacher at the high school, she decided that it did not mean that she would have to look like the other people on the faculty. She would tuck her hair neatly behind her ears, instead of letting it fall free, schoolgirlishly. She had met some of the teachers when she went for her interview, and they all seemed to look like what she was trying to get away from—suburbanites at a shopping center. Casual and airy, the fashion magazines would call it. At least, that's what they would have called it back when she still read them, when she lived in Chevy Chase and wore her hair long, falling free, the way it had fallen in her high-school-graduation picture. "Your lovely face," her mother used to say, "and all covered by hair." Her graduation picture was still on display in her parents' house, next to a picture of her on her first birthday.

It didn't matter how Ellen looked now; the students laughed at her behind her back. They laughed behind all the teachers' backs. They don't like me, Ellen thought, and she didn't want to go to school. She forced herself to go, because she needed the job. She had worked hard to get away from her lawyer husband and almost-paid-for house. She had doggedly taken night classes at Georgetown University for two years, leaving the dishes after dinner and always expecting a fight. Her husband loaded them into the dishwasher—no fight. Finally, when she was ready to leave, she had to start the fight herself. There is a better world, she told him. "Teaching at the high school?" he asked. In the end, though, he had helped her find a place to live—an older house, on a side street off Florida Avenue, with splintery floors that had to be covered with rugs and walls that needed to be repapered but that she never repapered. He hadn't made trouble for her. Instead, he made her look silly. He made her say that teaching high school was a better world. She saw the foolishness of her statement, however, and after she left him she began to read great numbers of newspapers and magazines, and then more and more radical newspapers and magazines. She had dinner with her husband several months after she had left him, at their old house. During dinner, she stated several ideas of importance, without citing her source. He listened carefully, crossing his knees and nodding attentively—the pose he always assumed with his clients. The only time during the evening she had thought he might start a fight was when she told him she was living with a man—a student, twelve years younger than she. An odd expression came across his face. In retrospect, she realized that he must have been truly puzzled. She quickly told him that the relationship was platonic.

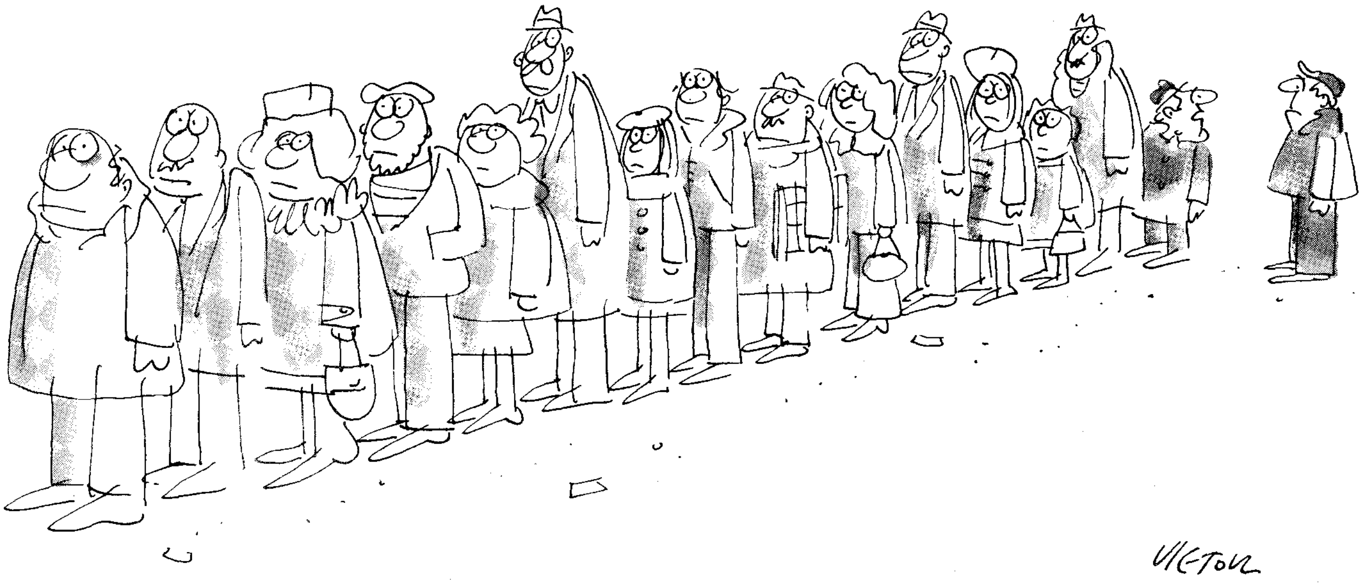
Dana Fradon

*"And let us remember—that which we render unto God is deductible from that which we render unto Caesar."*

What Ellen told him was the truth. The man, Sam, was a junior at George Washington University. He had been rooming with her sister and brother-in-law, but friction had developed between the two men. Her sister must have expected it. Her sister's husband was very athletic, a pro-football fan who wore a Redskins T-shirt to bed instead of a pajama top, and who had a football autographed by Billy Kilmer on their mantel. Sam was not frail, but one sensed at once that he would always be gentle. He had long brown hair and brown eyes—nothing that would set him apart from a lot of other people. It was his calmness that did that. She invited him to move in after her sister explained the situation; he could help a bit with her rent. Also, although she did not want her husband to know it, she had discovered that she was a little afraid of being alone at night.

When Sam moved in in September, she almost sympathized with her brother-in-law. Sam wasn't obnoxious, but he was strange. She had to pay attention to him, whether she wanted to or not. He was so quiet that she was always conscious of his presence; he never went out, so she felt obliged to offer him coffee or dinner, although he almost always refused. He was also eccentric. Her husband had been eccentric. Often in the evenings he had polished the brass snaps of his briefcase, rubbing them to a high shine, then triumphantly opening and closing them, and then rubbing a little more to remove his thumbprints. Then he would drop the filthy cloth on the sofa, which was upholstered with pale French linen that he himself had selected.

Sam's strange ways were different. Once, he got up in the night to investigate a noise, and Ellen, lying in her room, suddenly realized that he was walking all over the house in the dark, without turning on any lights. It was just mice, he finally announced outside her door, saying it so matter-of-factly that she wasn't even upset by the news. He kept cases of beer in his room. He bought more cases than he drank—more than most people would ever consider drinking over quite a long period. When he did have a beer, he



*"No, this isn't the line for prosperity, happiness, and universal peace. This is the line for fortitude, sobriety, and a resigned acceptance of things as they are."*

• •

would take one bottle from the case and put it in the refrigerator and wait for it to get cold, and then drink it. If he wanted more, he would go and get another bottle, put it in the refrigerator, wait another hour, and then drink that. One night, Sam asked her if she would like a beer. To be polite, she said yes. He went to his room and took out a bottle and put it in the refrigerator. "It will be cold in a while," he said quietly. Then he sat in a chair across from her and drank his beer and read a magazine. She felt obliged to wait there in the living room until the beer was cold.

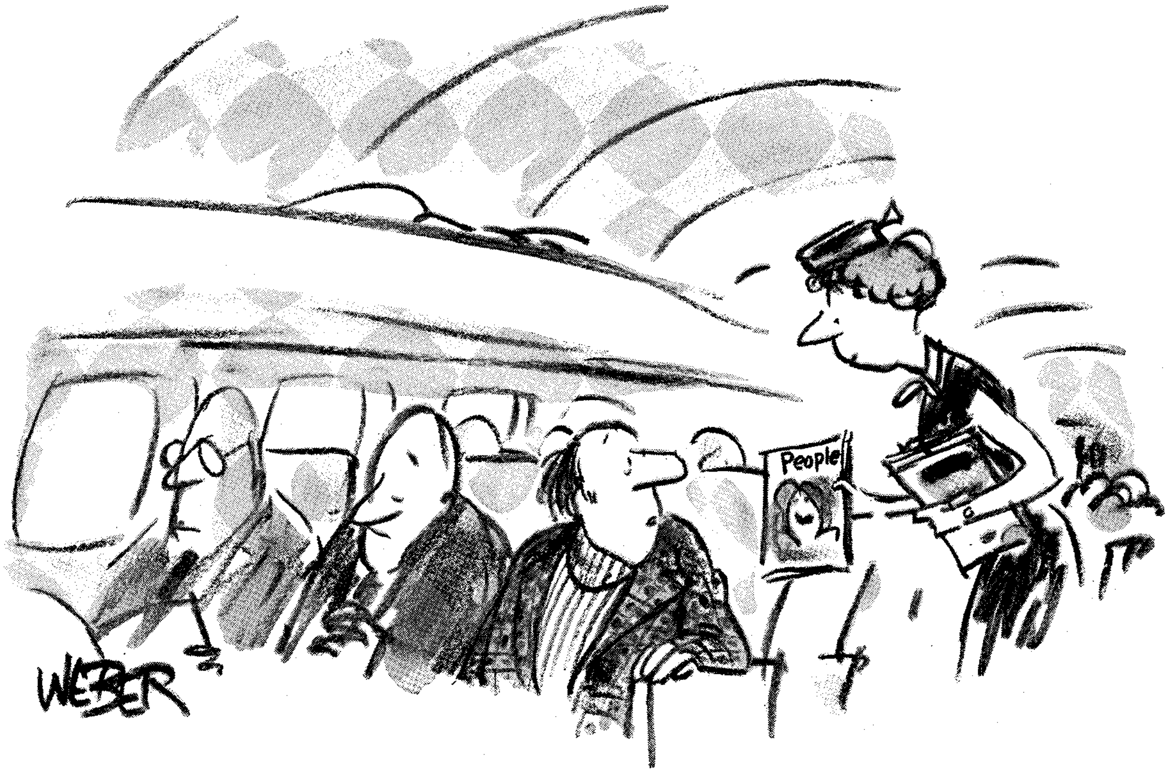
One night, her husband came to the house to talk about their divorce—or so he said. Sam was there, and offered him a beer. "It will be cold in a while," he said as he put it in the refrigerator. Sam made no move to leave the living room. Her husband seemed incapacitated by Sam's silent presence. Sam acted as if they were his guests, as if he owned the house. He wasn't authoritarian—in fact, he usually didn't speak unless he was spoken to—but he was more comfortable than they were, and that night his offer of cigarettes and beer seemed calculated to put them at ease. As soon as her husband found out that Sam planned to become a lawyer, he seemed to take an interest in him. She liked Sam because she had convinced herself that his ways were more tolerable than her husband's. It became a pleasant evening. Sam brought cashews from his room to go with the beer. They discussed politics. She and her husband told Sam that they were going to get divorced. Sam nodded. Her husband had her to dinner once more before the divorce was final, and he invited Sam, too. Sam came along. They had a pleasant evening.

THINGS began to go smoothly at her house because of Sam. By Christmas, they were good friends. Sometimes she thought back to the early days of her marriage and remembered how disillusioned she had felt. Her husband had thrown his socks on the bedroom floor at night, and left his pajamas on the bathroom floor in the morning. Sam was like that sometimes. She found clothes scattered on the floor when she cleaned his room—socks and shirts, usually. She noticed that he did not sleep in pajamas. Things bother you less as you get older, she thought.

Ellen cleaned Sam's room because she knew he was studying hard to get into law school; he didn't have time to be fussy. She hadn't intended to pick up after a man again, but it was different this time. Sam was very appreciative when she cleaned. The first time she did it, he brought her flowers the next day, and he thanked her several times, saying that she didn't have to do it. That was it—she knew she didn't have to. But when he thanked her she became more enthusiastic about it, and after a while she began to wax his room as well as dust it; she Windexed the windows, and picked up the little pieces of lint the vacuum had missed. And, in spite of being so busy, Sam did nice things for her. On her birthday, he surprised her with a blue bathrobe. When she was depressed, he cheered her up by saying that any student would like a teacher as pretty as she. She was flattered that he thought her pretty. She began to lighten her hair a little.

He helped her organize her school programs. He had a good ear and he seemed to care about music. Before the Christmas concert for the parents, he suggested that the Hallelujah Chorus be followed by Dunstable's "Sancta Maria." The Christmas program was a triumph; Sam was there, third row center, and he applauded loudly. He believed she could do anything. After the concert, there was a picture in the newspaper of her conducting the singers. She was wearing a long dress that Sam had told her was particularly becoming to her. Sam cut out the picture and tucked it in his mirror. She carefully removed it whenever she cleaned the glass, and then replaced it in the same spot.

As time went on, Sam began to put a six-pack of beer in the refrigerator instead of a bottle at a time. They stayed up late at night on the weekends, talking. He wore the pajamas she had given him; she wore her blue bathrobe. He told her that her hair looked more becoming around her face; she should let it fall free. She protested; she was too old. "How old are you?" he asked, and she told him she was thirty-two. He laughed. Thirty-two wasn't old—and she didn't look thirty-two. She rearranged her hair. She bought him a sweater-vest to keep him warm. But the colors were too wild, he said, laughing, when he opened the box. No, she insisted—he looked good in bright colors, and anyway the predominant color



*"No, thanks. I'm a misanthrope."*

• •

was navy blue. He wore the sweater-vest so long that finally she had to remind him that it needed to be dry-cleaned. She took it with her one morning when she dropped off her clothes.

Then they began talking almost every night, until very late. She got up in the mornings without enough rest, and rubbed one finger across the dark, puffy circles under her eyes. She asked him how his studies were coming; she was worried that he was not paying enough attention to his schoolwork. He told her everything was all right. "I'm way ahead of the game," he said. But she knew something was wrong. She offered to have his professor to dinner—the one who would write him a recommendation to law school—but Sam refused. It wouldn't be any trouble, she told him. No, he didn't want to impose on her. When she said again that she wanted to do it, he told her to forget it; he didn't care about law school any more. That night, they stayed up even later. The next day, when she tried to lead the Junior Chorus, she could hardly get out more than a few phrases of "The Impossible Dream" without yawning. The class laughed, and because she hadn't had enough sleep she became angry with them. That night, she told Sam how embarrassed she was about losing her temper, and he reassured her. They drank several beers. She expected Sam to go into his room and get another six-pack, but he didn't rise. "I'm not happy," Sam said to her. She said that he had been working too hard. He waved the thought away. Then perhaps the textbooks were at fault, or his professors weren't communicating their enthusiasm to the class. He shook his head. He told her he hadn't looked at a book for weeks. She became upset. Didn't he want to become a lawyer? Didn't he want to help people? He reminded her that most of the newspapers and magazines she subscribed to pointed out that the country was so messed up that no one could help. They were right, he said. It was useless. The important thing was to know when to give up.

Ellen was restless that night, and slept very little. When she left in the morning, she saw that his door was closed. He was not even going through the pretense of going to classes. She would have to do something to help him. He should stay in school. Why should he quit now? Ellen had trouble concentrating that day. Everything the students did irritated her—even the usual requests for pop favorites. She kept control of herself, though. It was not right to yell at them. She let one of the students in Junior Chorus—a girl named Alison, who was taking piano lessons—play the piano, while she sat on her stool, looking out over the blur of faces, joining without enthusiasm in the singing of "Swanee River." Teaching had become meaningless to her. Let her husband vacuum those pastel rugs in their old house; let someone else teach these students. She knew that "Swanee River" was a trivial, silly song, and she wanted three o'clock to come as badly as the students did. When the bell finally rang, she left at once. She bought pastry at a delicatessen, selecting cherry tarts and éclairs. She planned to have a good dinner, and then a discussion in which she would be firm with Sam. She must make him care again. But when she got home Sam wasn't there. He didn't come home until ten o'clock, after she had eaten. She was very relieved when he came in.

"I was at your husband's," he said.

Was this a joke?

"No. He called when you were teaching. He wanted to ask you about some paper. We started talking about law school. He was disappointed that I'd decided not to go. He asked me to come over."

Had he been talked into going to law school?

"No. But your husband is a very nice man. He offered to write me a recommendation."

"Take it!" she said.

"No, it's not worth the hassle. It's not worth all those years of study, competing with punks. What for?"

What was there better to do?

"See the country."

"See the country!" she repeated.

"Get a motorcycle. Go out to the Coast. It's warm there. I'm sick of the cold."

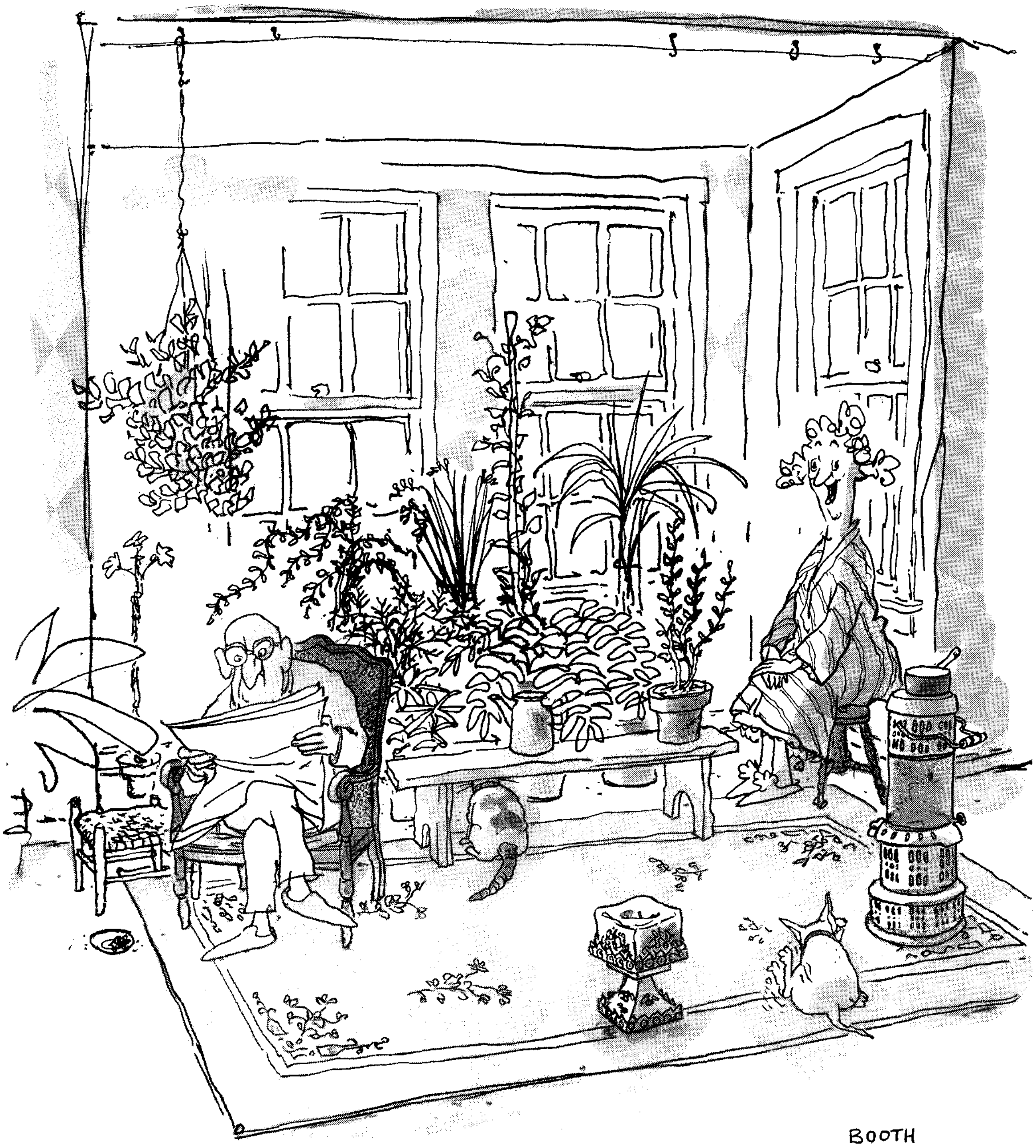
There was nothing she could say. She decided that she was like a mother whose son has just told her he wants to design clothes. Couldn't he do something *serious*? Couldn't he be an architect? But she couldn't say this to him. If he had to go West, couldn't he at least buy a car? He told her it had to be a motorcycle. He wanted to feel the handlebars get warm as he went farther West. She went into the kitchen and got the box of pastries. On the way back to the living room, she clicked the thermostat up two degrees. They drank coffee and ate the éclairs and little tarts. It was a celebration; he was going to do what he was going to do. She said she would go with him on the weekend to look for a motorcycle.

ON Monday he left. Just like that, he was gone. He left all his things in his room. After a few days, she realized that it would be practical to store his things in the attic and use his room for a study, but she couldn't touch anything. She continued to take care of the room, but not every day. Sometimes when she felt lonely, she would go in there and look at all his books in the bookcase. Other times, she would clean the house thoroughly at night, with a burst of energy, as if to make ready for his return. One night after she cleaned, she took some bottles of beer to put in the refrigerator, so they would be cool when she came home from work. She did not lose her temper any more, but her programs were no longer innovative. Alison's piano playing guided the Junior Chorus through the world, sad and weary, through the winter and into the spring.

One night, her husband called (he was her ex-husband now). He was still trying to track down the safe-deposit box where his mother had placed her jewelry. Quite a lot of old pieces were there; there were a few diamonds and some good jade. His mother was old; he didn't want to disturb her, or make her think of dying, and he was embarrassed to let her know he'd misplaced her instructions. She said she would look for the paper and call him back, and he asked if he could come and look with her. She said that would be all right. He came that night, and she offered him a beer. They looked through her file and found nothing. "The paper has to be somewhere," he said, full of professional assurance. "It has to be somewhere." She gestured hopelessly at the rooms of the house; it wasn't in the bathroom or the kitchen or the living room, and it certainly wasn't in Sam's room. He asked how Sam was doing, and she told him she hadn't heard from him. Every day she expected some word from him, but none had come. She didn't tell him that—just that she hadn't heard. She drank several beers, as she did every night. They sat together in the living room, drinking beer. She asked if he would like something to eat, and fixed sandwiches. He said he would go, so she could get up in the morning. She gestured at the rooms of the house. He stayed, and slept in her bed.

In the morning, Ellen called the school and said she had a cold. "Everybody is sick," the switchboard operator told her. "It's the change in the weather." She and her husband took a drive and went to a nice restaurant for lunch. After lunch, they went to his house and hunted for the paper. They couldn't find it. He fixed her dinner, and she stayed at his house that night. In the morning, he dropped her off at school on his way to work.

A girl in Junior Chorus came up to talk to her after class. Shyly, the girl told her she played the piano. Could she also play the piano for the chorus sometime? Alison played very well, the girl said quickly; she didn't want Alison to stop playing, but could she



*"Guess what, everybody. Mrs. Fancher is going to visit her daughter in Florida, and her Cissus rhombifolia is coming to stay with us for a few weeks."*

try sometime, too? She could read music well, and she knew some classics and some Gilbert and Sullivan and a lot of popular songs, too. She mentioned some of them. Ellen watched the girl leave, blushing with nervousness at having spoken to the teacher and proud that she would be allowed to play the piano at the next meeting. She was a tall girl, with brown hair that had been cut too short; her glasses, which were harlequin-shape, looked more like something the girl's mother would wear. Ellen wondered if Sam had a girl friend. If the girl friend had brown hair, did it get tangled in the wind on the motorcycle? Sam would have been proud of her—the way she put the new pianist at ease, feigning interest in the girl's talent, thanking her for volunteering. The next afternoon, she thought of Sam again. He would have found it funny that the brown-haired girl also chose to play "Swanee River."

Her husband came to her house after work, and they had dinner. She had a postcard from Sam. She showed it to him—a picture of the Santa Monica Freeway, clogged with cars. The message read, "The small speck between the red and the yellow car is me, doing 110. Love, Sam." There were no specks between cars, which were themselves only specks in the picture, but Ellen looked and smiled anyway.

The next week there was another postcard—a scowling Indian—which had been mailed to her husband. Sam thanked him for the talk they had before he left. He closed with some advice: "Come west. It's warm and it's beautiful. How do you know until you try? Peace, Sam."

Later that week, while they were on their way to buy groceries, a couple on a motorcycle came out of nowhere and swerved in front of their car, going much too fast.

"Crazy son of a bitch!" her husband said, hitting the brakes.

The girl on the motorcycle looked back, probably to assure herself that they really had got through safely. The girl was smiling. Actually, the girl was too far away for Ellen to see her expression clearly, but she was certain she saw a smile.

"Crazy son of a bitch," her husband was saying. Ellen closed her eyes and remembered being in the motorcycle shop with Sam, looking at the machines.

"I want one that will do a hundred with no sweat," Sam had said to the salesman.

"All of these will do a hundred easy," the salesman said, smiling at them.

"This one, then," Sam told him, tapping the handlebars of the one he stood by.

He paid for most of it with cash. She hadn't taken any rent money from him for a long time, so he had a lot of cash. He wrote a check to cover the rest of it. The salesman was surprised, counting the bills.

"Do you have streamers?" Sam had asked.

"Streamers?"

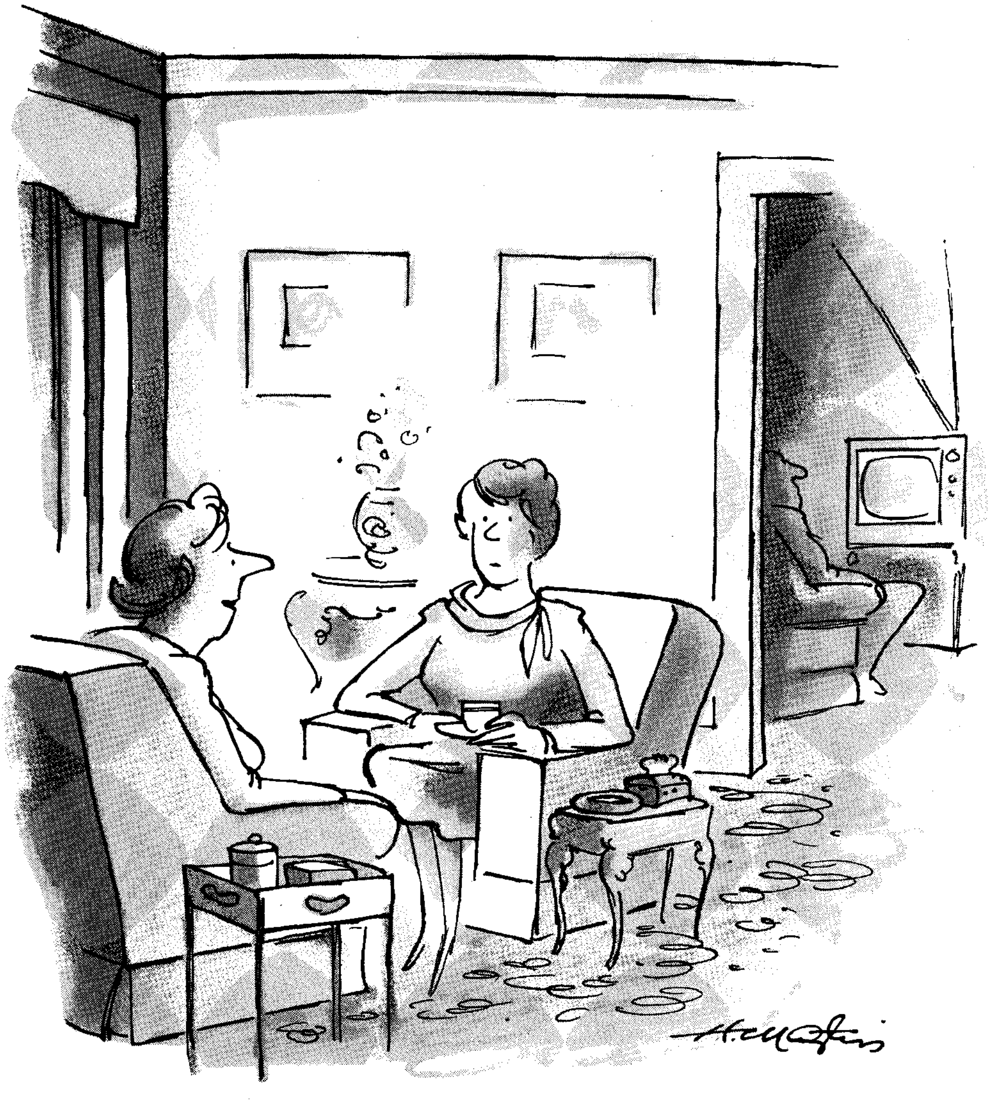
"Isn't that what they're called? The things kids have on their bikes?"

The salesman smiled. "We don't carry them. Guess you'd have to go to a bicycle shop."

"I guess I will," Sam said. "I've got to go in style."

Ellen looked at her husband. How can I be so unsympathetic to him, she wondered. She was angry. She should have asked Sam why she felt that way toward her husband sometimes. He would have explained it all to her, patiently, in a late-night talk. There had been no return address on the postcards. Some day, he would send his address, and she could still ask him. She could tell him about the new girl who could have played anything she wanted and who selected "Swanee River." In the car, with her eyes closed, she smiled, and ahead of them—miles ahead of them now—so did the girl on the motorcycle.

—ANN BEATTIE



*"Harry got into television through Masterpiece Theatre. Now he watches anything."*

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Two former Springfieldians have been named to managerial posts with Air Express International in its St. Louis market area.

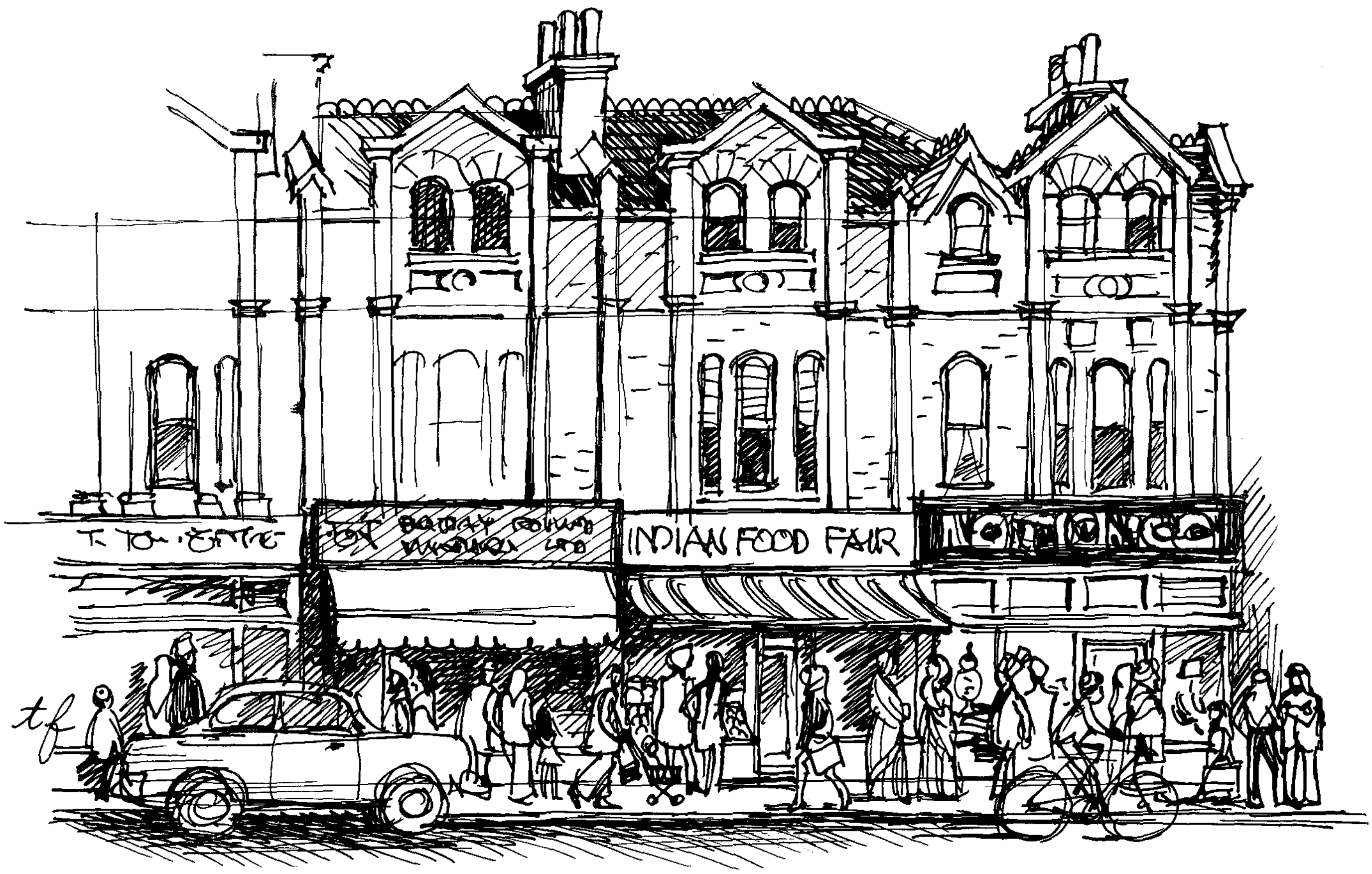
They are James M. Scott, a Springfield native who attended the University of Georgia, and Alan Arbeitman, a graduate of Drury College. Scott will be district manager and Arbeitman sales manager.

Collectively, the two have been in the air freight business more than 190 years. They formerly were with Santa Fe Air Freight.—*Springfield (Mo.) News & Leader.*

And on the Santa Fe Trail before that.

# PROFILES

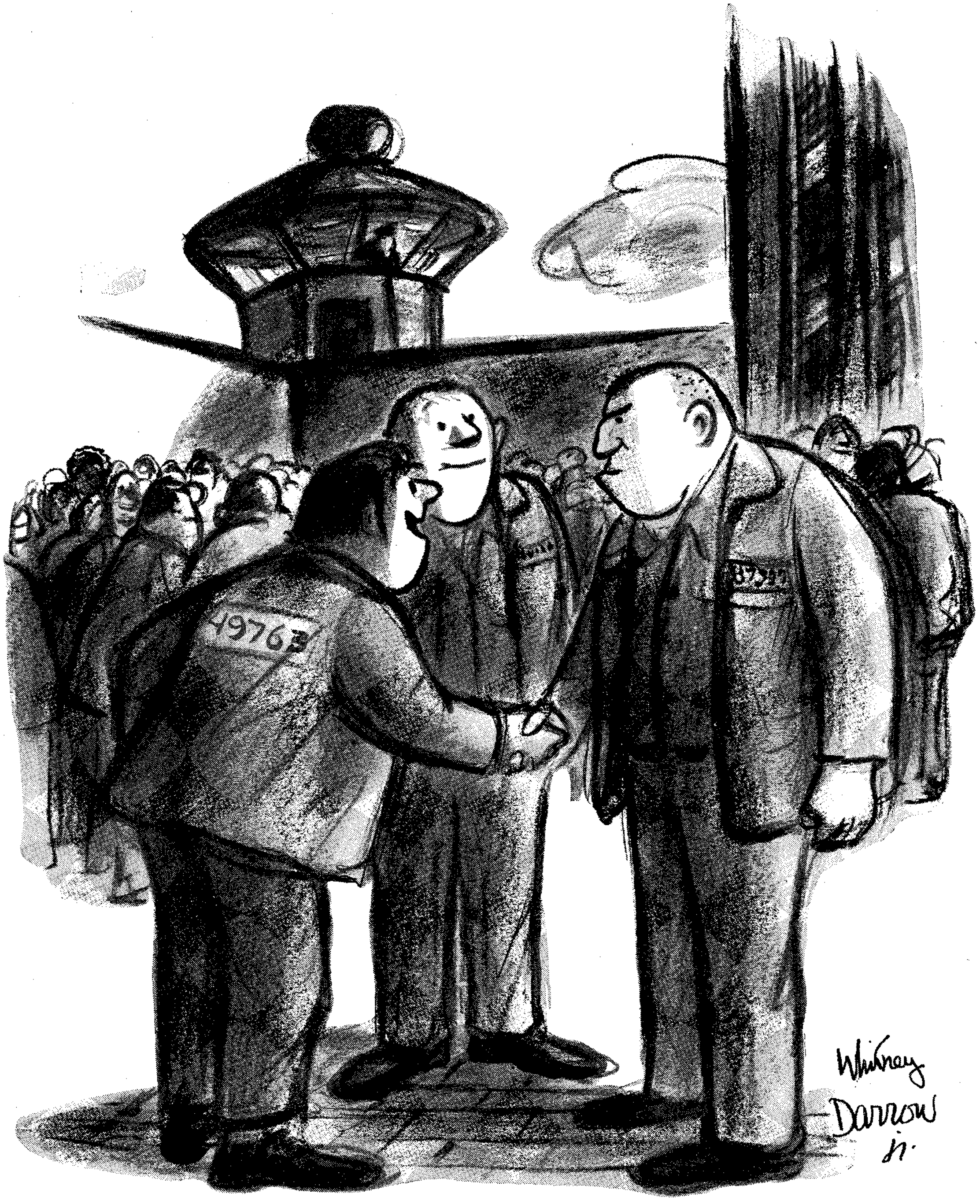
## THE UGANDA ASIANS



BACK home, in a small village of Asian families in the Uganda bush, Akbar Hassan's neighbors called him a big capitalist man. The finest shop in the village belonged to Akbar. He had built two large houses for himself, and he collected rent on two others and on an assortment of shacks and storage huts that he had picked up in the district. Three thousand Africans from the local tribe brought their produce to his food "coöperative." He had a license to transport wheat through his district to Ruanda, maize to the Congo, and coffee beans to the big processing factory in Kampala. And in all these projects he enjoyed the protection, and the referrals, of an important government minister—that is, until General Idi Amin Dada took over the country, in January of 1971, and the unfortunate minister was hacked to death and his head deposited on a post across the road from Akbar's front door. But what really made Akbar a big capitalist man were the five elegant Mercedes trucks he used for transport. Akbar loved his Mercedes trucks. He kept them parked in the family compound, guarded at night by two huge dogs and a Banyankole tribesman with a murderous past. He polished them himself and tuned their engines. Over the years, he even started to entrust his other business to assistants so that he would always be free to drive off in his favorite on safari.

When Akbar came to England, in the fall of 1972, along with some twenty-seven thousand other Uganda Asian settlers who had been given three months to leave their country, he walked into the biggest Mercedes-Benz garage that he could find in London and asked the manager for a mechanic's job. "I am calling on Mercedes people, and I am saying, 'You know, Mr. Manager, I am seventeen years your customer,' " Akbar recalls. Akbar speaks three Indian languages and three African languages, but his English is terrible. Most of the people he comes across in London think that there is something not quite respectful about the way he talks to them. "And the manager is saying thank you, but I am having to take test in changing plugs. Well, I start to laughing. 'Changing plugs?' I telling him. 'I no need to changing plugs. I know too much, too much Mercedes. In Uganda, I am called the father of Mercedes. In Uganda, when I fix Mercedes, I am changing whole engine in five minutes. In Uganda, I am having servant with me just to open doors and hand me tools.' " Akbar is certain that the manager didn't understand him. He waited a week, and then went back to the garage. He had practiced his English, and this time he tried harder to make the manager understand. He told the manager that every year, in Uganda, he had traded in his old trucks for the latest models. He told him that there were a hundred Asians in the towns of Masaka and Kampala who had bought Mercedes cars and lorries on his advice. He told him that now, when he had lost everything, it was only right that the finest Mercedes-Benz garage in London should offer him a job. When the manager showed him out, Akbar became despondent. He had thought till then that Allah would not forsake such a big capitalist man, the elected president of three hundred and seventy-one Muslim cousins from the Gulf of Kutch whose fathers and grandfathers had settled in Uganda. But now he told his wife, Rabia, that his life was over. He said that Allah gave only one chance to a man in life and that General Amin Dada must have taken his, and used it up, in Africa.

Rabia says that for a long time nothing cheered Akbar or changed his mind or gave him hope. They were living then in a run-down four-room house in the outlying London village of Southall, along with their six children, Akbar's parents, and nineteen of his relatives, and on the door there was a health-department warning that some of the family would have to move or everyone would be evicted. But even after Akbar found a furnished house, on a tidy street, just for his wife and children and himself, he would not believe Rabia when she said that Allah might be giving him a second chance. Akbar brooded through his first, long London winter. He put Rabia in purdah. He slept alone, on the plastic couch in their new sitting room. The children began to avoid him, because he got violent when they made noise. Then, one morning in early spring, Akbar woke up looking relatively happy. For the first time since he had come to London, he took his tea and chapatty with his five sons. He left the house, asking politely if Abdullah, the oldest, would like to join him. And he appeared that evening, with Abdullah beside him, at the wheel of a dilapidated gray 1957 Mercedes-Benz sedan. Rabia has never discovered where Akbar got the money to buy the car—it cost a hundred pounds—but she often tells him that he should have used that money for the family. He brings home no more than twenty-seven or twenty-eight pounds a week, working double shifts, six and sometimes seven days, at a service station in Hammersmith. The rent on his house is eighteen pounds, which leaves him only ten, at most, for feeding Rabia and the children, paying the electric bill, and running the gas heater in the sitting room. Even Abdullah, who loves the Mercedes, told him that morning to buy a small car, a Fiat or a Mini, because a big Mercedes would use up too much gasoline. But Akbar says he *needed* a Mercedes. He still cannot afford the gasoline for it. The Mercedes sits, unused, on the road outside the house—there is a fine view of it from the sitting-room window—but it comforts Akbar just by being there. “You know, in Uganda I am leaving everything, but I not want to be leaving Mercedes,” Akbar says sometimes, at the window. “No, I must to see Mercedes. For me, to see Mercedes is to think that I am not losing everything.”



*“Wilson? Not the Wilson of U.S. versus Wilson!”*

THE English still call them Asians, using the old imperial rhetoric that did not distinguish among any people east of Europe. They came, in fact, from what are now India and Pakistan. Some of them are Hindu, some, like Akbar, are Muslim, some Sikh, Ismaili, or even Christian. And there are still a million of them living in the countries of East and South Africa that once were under British rule. They started coming to East Africa centuries before the British. A thousand years ago, Indian merchants lived in Zanzibar, and traders from Karachi and Bombay were sailing regularly to Madagascar. In time, they crossed from Zanzibar to Bagamoyo, on the mainland, and eventually to hundreds of trading centers up and down the coast. By 1860, six thousand Asians had settled in the ports of East Africa, and by 1900 they controlled the wholesale trade along a two-thousand-mile stretch of coastline. But by then the British, in claiming India, had also claimed the services of Indians in Africa. Britain sent them inland, toward Uganda, in the eighteen-nineties—first as a regiment to subdue the area, and then as coolie labor to lay a railroad from the

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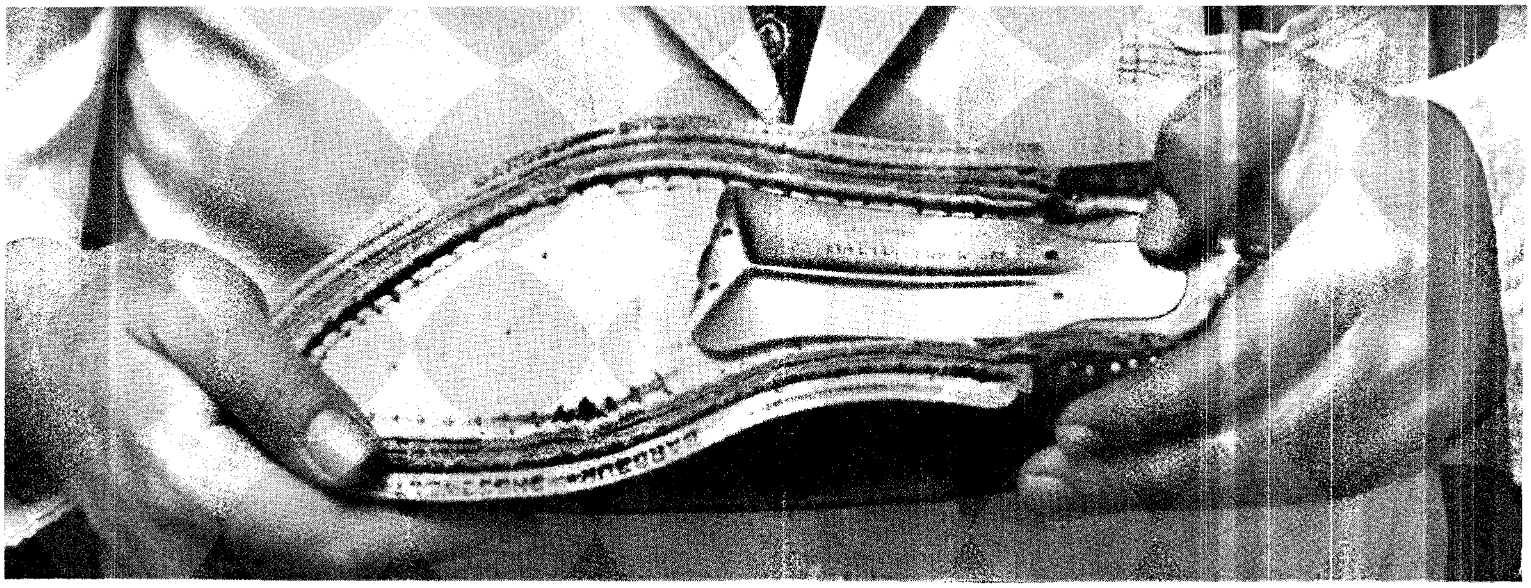

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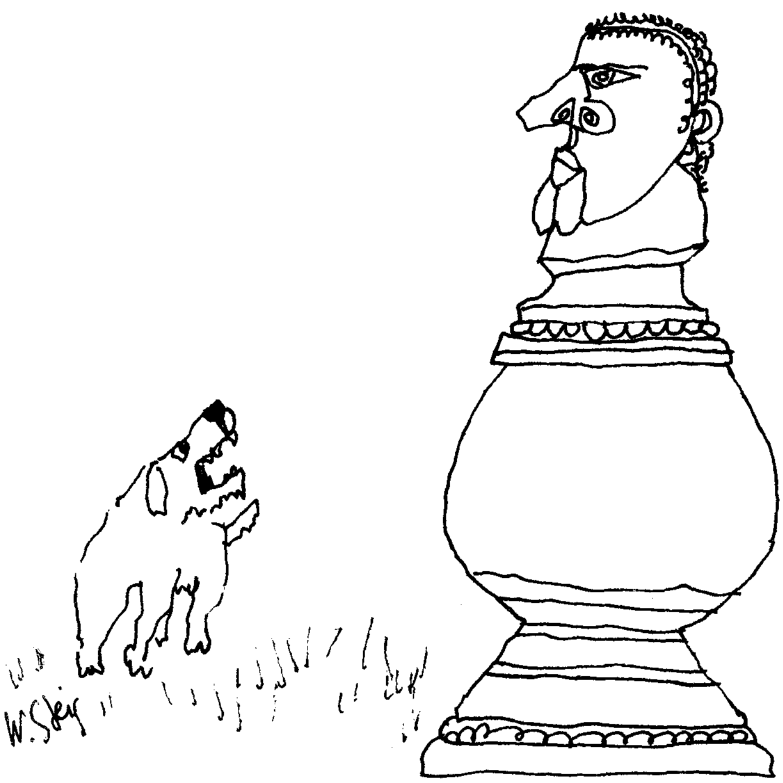
port of Mombasa to the shores of Lake Victoria. English settlers were already staking claims to farms in what is now Kenya, with its great, cool plateaus and rich plantation soil, but none of them would venture up into the land that has become Uganda. It was known then as the White Man's Grave. Europeans who went there and managed to avoid the lions usually ended up dying of malaria. But the British were determined, nonetheless, to build themselves a railroad, to secure their new territory and extend their trade. They assumed at first that Africans would build the railroad for them. They discovered instead that the coastal Africans they tried to hire found the thought of such hard work revolting—the Railroad Commission, in its reports, liked to complain about the extraordinary unresponsiveness of the African to inducements of money—and so Asians got the job. Asians, it was reasoned, were dark and could be considered a people born to hardship. Asians could put up with the lions and the fevers that had given the English so much trouble. Asians could be shipped cheaply and conveniently across the Arabian Sea to Mombasa. Asians worked hard, and poverty had made them tractable. And Asians could be got for far less money than almost anybody else.

Recruitment began in the Punjab as soon as a Colonial Office law against the exploitation of coolie labor overseas was temporarily abolished. Some of the Asians went willingly; some were coerced by native officials who got paid off according to the number of coolies they produced; some of the younger men were peddled by their starving fathers. All told, thirty-two thousand Punjabi coolies sailed for Mombasa, and many of them died in the seven years it took to build the Uganda Railway. But they had succeeded in opening up the bush for thousands of other Asians, who soon followed them to Africa in the remote hope of a better life. These Asians came from Karachi and from towns and villages down the west coast of India, through Kutch and Gujarat, to Bombay—poor artisans and merchants crammed into schooners and indentured to the railroad or to rich Asian traders in Mombasa and Nairobi who were planning to send them inland to open *dukas*, or shops, as outlets for the merchants' goods. Akbar's father, who had been driving a horse cart in a Kutch village, came to Africa at thirteen, in the early days of the Uganda Protectorate, to work for a Kutchi trader. He stayed in Mombasa for a few years, at one of the trader's shops, and then he was sent off to Uganda, with three hundred shillings in his pocket and instructions to open his own *duka* in a clearing some sixty miles by foot from the nearest town. When he got there, five months later, four other Kutchi merchants were already building *dukas* in the clearing, and a Seventh-Day Adventist missionary from Des Moines, Iowa, had settled down to edify the local tribe. Akbar's father spent the next half century in the clearing. Over the years, he saw the missionary send to Iowa for assistants, and each of the merchants send to Kutch for a wife, who then produced a huge family. Their settlement became a thriving village. But no Africans except the household servants ever lived there. Out in the bush, the Asians kept the "color bar." They worked desperately at making money, and, in their isolation, they became narrow. The British, who managed to exploit them and ignore them at the same time, despised the Asians. The Africans despised them, because they stayed in their shops all day instead of enjoying themselves and letting their women do the work for them. Actually, the Asians shaped Uganda. They spread their *dukas* across a thousand-mile wilderness. They connected the tribes with the towns, the farmers with the new factories, the remote chieftains with the British in Kampala. They were the labor, and then the skilled labor, and then the businessmen and the contractors. They did the digging, the building, the putting together and patching up for the whole country. Their sons were the clerks and accountants in the banks and offices and the civil service. The sons of the Ismailis, who had "Westernized" themselves on the Aga Khan's orders, became the country's doctors, lawyers, and engineers.

A few of the Asians got rich. People who were able to buy property before laws were passed reserving the land for Africans developed plantations for coffee, sugar, and tobacco. The men in two Hindu families got to be multimillionaires, with plantation land and factories all over East Africa. Akbar's father, who started out with a two-room sheet-metal hut in the clearing, ended up with a twelve-room family compound, which may have lacked plumbing, electricity, and even water, but boasted a sitting room so vast that for a time it doubled as the village mosque. The majority of Uganda Asians, though, were rich by no one's standards except the standards of the Africans around them and of the starving families they had left behind in Kutch and Gujarat. They were the government bookkeepers, making forty pounds a month, and the thousands of *dukawallahs* with inventories stocked on credit and worth a couple of hundred pounds at most. To the Africans, however, they were the strangers who had taken the country. They did, in one sense, take Uganda. There were never more than a few thousand British in the country—people who had come mainly to administer the government and run the Army—but by the time of Uganda's independence, in 1962, there were over sixty thousand Asian settlers. Asians employed some five hundred thousand of the country's ten million Africans. Asians controlled the daily commerce of the country. They managed the working capi-



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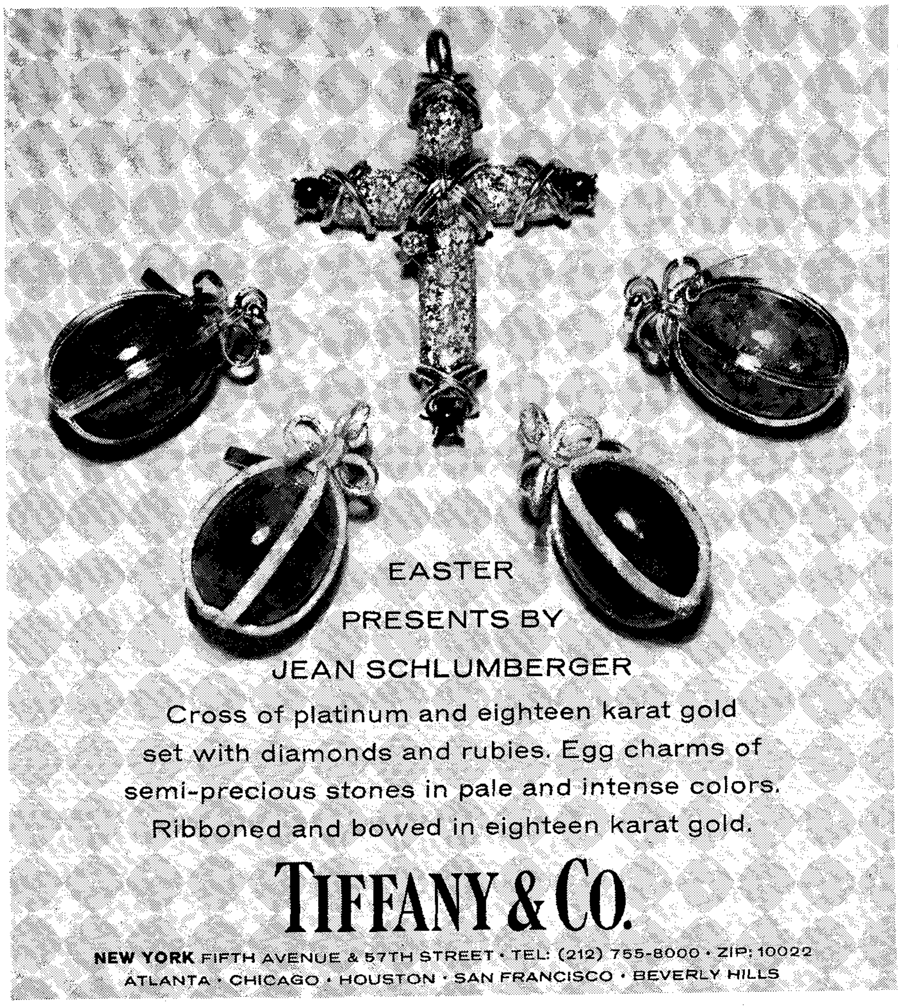

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tal. And they kept the towns and cities for themselves.

Still, it was the British who really owned Uganda. Three British banks controlled Uganda's commercial-bank assets. The big insurance companies, with their finance capital, were British. And the important wholesale trade in raw materials, machinery, and goods for heavy industry was in the hands of businessmen in London. The British kept most of their economic power after independence, though few Africans outside Kampala saw many Englishmen once the old district commissioners went home, and in any event British capital and international-trade arrangements had always been a little remote, as concepts, for a Baganda or a Lango tribesman to understand or contrast with his own poverty. The *bwana*—the boss—he was likely to see each day was Asian, an Asian with his shop, his driver, his native servants, his furtive women, his pruderies, and his peculiar food. Asians were easy to blame for native poverty. They were clannish and insecure. They paid their workers badly, as they themselves had been underpaid by British bosses. They drove their servants with hard work and long hours, made them pay for their own meals, and claimed that Africans were too dirty to touch the family food. Most of them refused to share their skills—and their opportunities, when they had opportunities—with anyone but other Asians, and preferably with Asians in their own families. Their politics began and ended in their pockets. They liked Julius Nyerere, in Tanzania, because he left Tanzanian Asians alone to go about their business of making money, and they liked Ian Smith, in Rhodesia, because he left Asians alone, too. In fact, most of them liked Amin when he seized power, because Amin changed a new nationalization law that would have compelled Asian businesses to turn back sixty per cent of their profits to the government. "I not understanding. I am thinking this Amin is very good for Asians," Akbar still says. Amin, on one of his district tours, had stopped at Akbar's house, demanding dinner, and Akbar, who not only fed him very well but also presented him with a gold ring that he had just bought for himself from the best goldsmith in the town of Masaka, had assumed his future was secure until Amin was overthrown or murdered and the next ruler came along. He says now that Amin must have gone crazy when he decided to expel the Asians. Akbar has never unpacked the plaid suitcase that holds the family documents, and he admits, sometimes, that he likes to keep the documents in order on the chance that Amin recovers and calls the Asians back.

Most Asians still believe that they will be going home someday. They find it much harder to believe that they are surviving the English climate than to believe that they will not see Africa again. Some of them even refused to believe Amin's expulsion order. The flights from Entebbe were almost empty for the first six weeks of the twelve-week deadline, and most of the people on them were unmarried girls or women with young children. Akbar sent Rabia and the children to England at the end of August. He stayed on with his father and left the country on the last day of the decree. He arrived at Heathrow Airport with fifty pounds in his wallet—fifty pounds was the total exit allowance for an Asian family—and a notarized statement of his seized and abandoned assets, which came to fifty-one thousand pounds. He was carrying the plaid suitcase and a bundle of eleven Japanese transistor radios he had just picked up at a clearance sale in Kampala and had managed to take with him by making the soldier who searched him at departure a present of his last Mercedes truck.

NO one in England, and especially no one in London, wanted the Uganda Asians. When the Asians came, there were already a million and a half New Commonwealth—"New Commonwealth" is the official British way of saying "colored"—immigrants in England, and half of them were living in London, where jobs are scarce and thousands of people in every residential borough are on waiting lists for council homes. Enoch Powell had been busy making racism politically respectable—though Powell himself had encouraged West Indian immigration in the early sixties, when he was Minister of Health, and hospitals in London were recruiting West Indian nurses and paramedics to ease their staff shortages. And the National Front, England's neo-Nazi party, was polling good percentages of the vote in local urban elections, soothing the English worker with visions of a pure-white island from which all his troubles had departed with the unwelcome immigrants. There had been race fighting in some of the workers' boroughs, and firebombings of Asian shops and houses. Asians already living in London were afraid to walk alone at night because of the white gangs who called themselves Paki-Bashers and spent their time stalking Pakistani immigrants.

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Law Lords, in the House of Lords, sat that January on the case of an Asian whose application for membership in his local Conservative club had been rejected, and ruled, in effect, that private clubs were legally entitled to bar members on ethnic grounds. And while liberals in the country claimed to be scandalized by the decision, most white Britons considered it their first victory in years. The arrival of the Uganda Asians, coming when it did, fostered a kind of panic politics. Only the National Front could pretend that some thirty thousand refugees were a threat to the security of English labor. But in the rest of East Africa there were still over a hundred thousand Asians holding United Kingdom passports, everyone knew their days were numbered, and people reasoned that once England had taken in the Uganda refugees so quickly, Kenya and Tanzania would start sending their Asians up to England, too. The English, in fact, had been trying for years to curtail Asian immigration from East Africa. The Commonwealth Immigrants Act of 1968, written by Harold Wilson's first Labour Government, restricted the entry rights of citizens whose parents or grandparents were not United Kingdom subjects—which meant, in effect, black or Asian citizens—to a worldwide yearly quota of fifteen hundred families. The Conservatives, in 1971, had to expand the quota to three thousand families, because the various "Africanization" schemes in East Africa were leaving so many of the British Asian settlers destitute. But at the same time the government negotiated a yearly grant of eleven and a half million pounds to Kenya—fifty-five thousand Asians with British nationality live in Kenya—which was supposed to assist the transfer and distribution of white plantation land to Kenyan farmers but was also apparently contingent on a pledge from Jomo Kenyatta, Kenya's President, that as long as the money kept coming Asians in Kenya would be allowed to stay.

The English, of course, suspected that in a crisis they would have no option but to accept their own passport holders. So did Amin, who was running out of money for his Army and had decided to solve his problem simply by appropriating all the Asian capital. Within a few weeks of the expulsion order—Amin announced it, after a prophetic dream, on August 4, 1972—Prime Minister Edward Heath said that in the case of British citizens from Uganda he would waive the New Commonwealth quota for the year. At the time, no one in England could estimate how many Asians would be coming, or even how many Asians qualified. There were over twenty thousand bona-fide British Asians in Uganda, but there were also thousands of Asians who had applied late for Ugandan nationality and were still, practically speaking, waiting to be told what country, if any, they belonged to. The newspapers in England assumed the worst. They started quoting a figure of sixty thousand, and the Uganda Resettlement Board, hastily put together by the Home Office as a sort of clearing house for refugee problems, started getting official memorandums from the big cities claiming that *they* had no room for any immigrants. Local councils in the Midlands, where there was already a history of racial tension, met to resolve that no public housing would be made available to Uganda Asians. The city of Leicester, which already had a sizable Asian population, went so far as to place ads in the *Uganda Argus* warning the immigrants to stay away. Finally, a kind of admonitory map of Great Britain was produced for the Resettlement Board officers and volunteers. It was a map with red zones and green zones—red for crowded cities with big immigrant communities and racial troubles, and green for what were described as gracious, welcoming regions where an Asian could easily settle down to a quiet and successful life. The Asians were warned, for their safety, to stay away from the red zones, and urged, for their future happiness, to try the green—which meant that the first question put to Akbar by a Resettlement Board officer who met his plane at Heathrow was whether he had ever considered the Outer Hebrides as a place to live.

AKBAR chose London; that is, by the time he joined his family he was too exhausted from his troubles for another change. Akbar is only forty, but he has been working hard for over thirty years—since the day he turned seven and his father stood him on a box behind the counter at the *duka* in the clearing and taught him about trading thread and salt and kerosene lamps to the local tribesmen for their skins and crops. He thinks of himself, by now, as an old man. His hair is gray, and over the years he has got paunchy. Until he left Africa, he suffered a great deal from malaria, but he is still strong, and he is taller than most of his people, with a large, round face and gleaming teeth. In Uganda, he says, everyone re-

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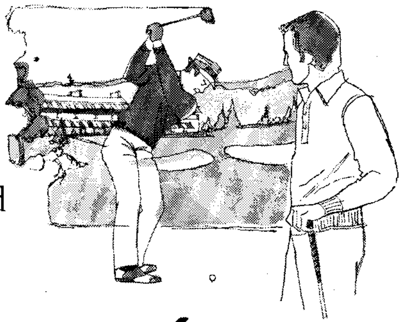

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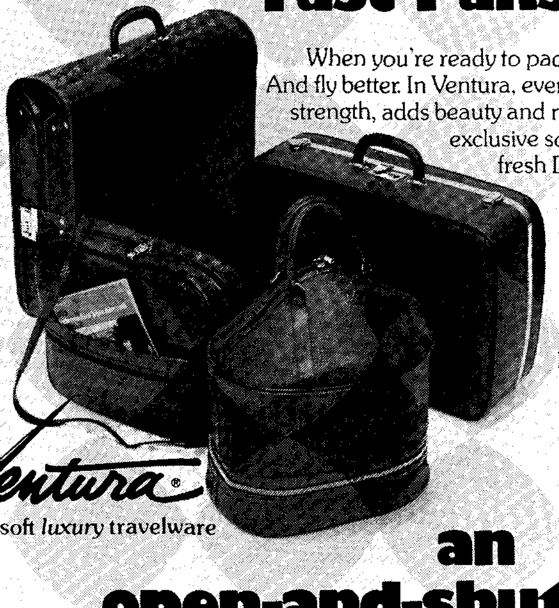

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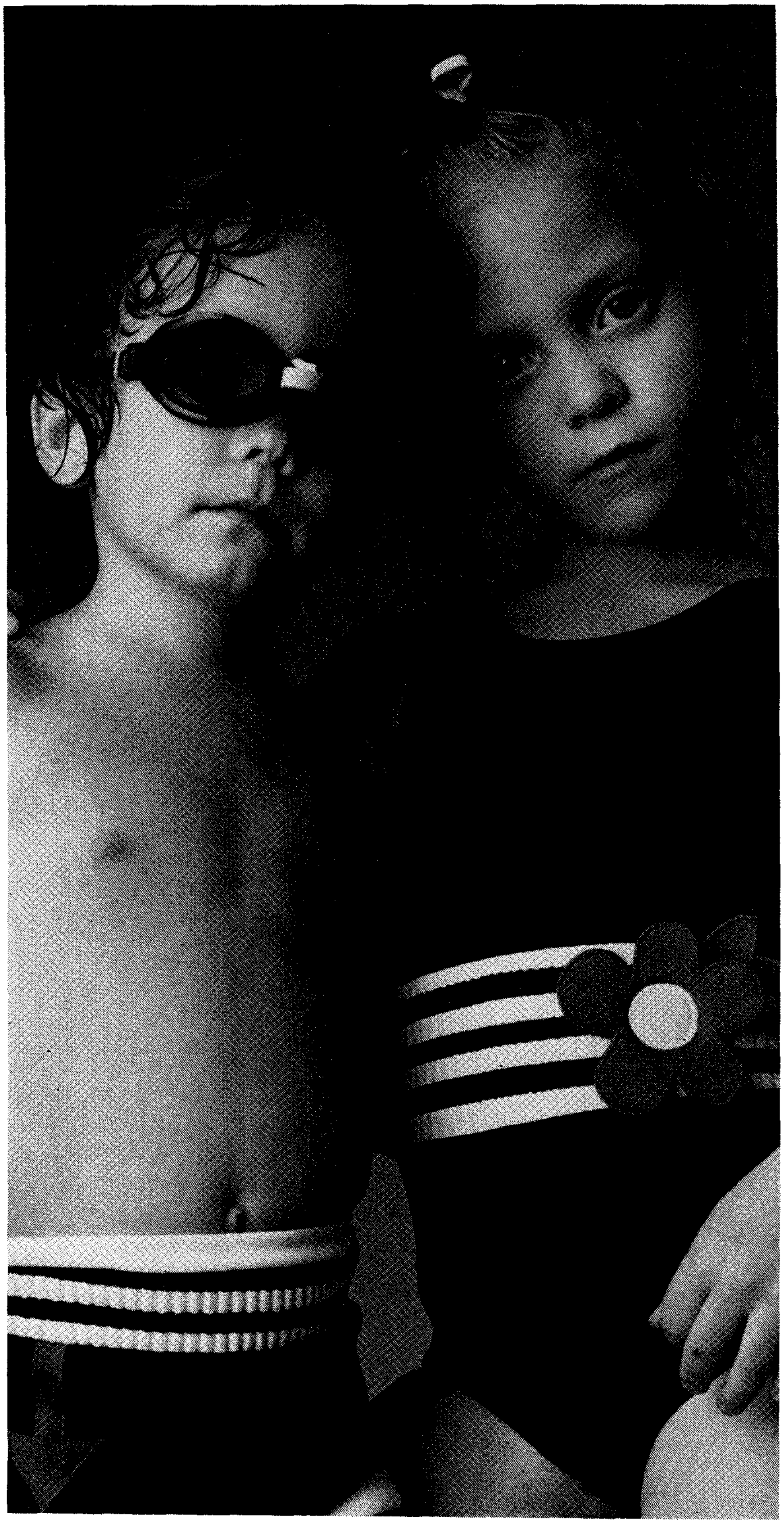
spected him, because he had "the English confidence," by which he means that he had a kind of white man's confidence and that it made him generous and easygoing, not furtive and self-seeking, like the Asians he knows who do not happen to be his brothers or his close cousins. It was the English confidence, he says, that made him cheerful and masterly with Africans. It was this confidence that impressed President Milton Obote and then Amin, and made them tell every important visitor to the district to be sure to stop for a meal with Akbar. It was the same confidence that made the three thousand farmers in his food coöperative come to him one by one, weeping, a year ago last November, and beg him not to go.

Akbar still worships the English confidence. He was born a colonial, and his own history has taught him the lesson that white men are the best possible people, black men the worst, and Asians destined to struggle somewhere in between. He cannot imagine a white man helpless, thrown out of his own country, plundered and humiliated, and forced to abandon everything to a bad African. That is why, he says, he was so ashamed when he arrived in England. He had very nearly lost the confidence. He did not want to face his younger brothers and his children until he had found work and bought a winter coat for everybody and could offer his family a decent place to live. He says now that he did not know how to explain to his sons why he had come to England empty-handed, why he had not been able to salvage anything of their old life. The children had left Uganda just before the Army started coming through their district. Two days after they arrived in London, soldiers were in the village, holding rifles to their grandfather's head while Akbar handed over the keys to his two cars and the four Mercedes trucks that happened to be parked in the family compound. The soldiers had seized Akbar's shop and his storage houses, and finally they had quartered in the compound. He had to abandon his interest in the food coöperative, signing a paper that said he would never claim anything from the company "regarding rights or loan monies." He lost his second house—he had built it, a few years earlier, in the town of Masaka, so that the children could go to town schools—when the same soldiers decided that it would make a nice home for their colonel. And by November he was a refugee in Kampala, living with his father in a tiny furnished room above the *duka* of a friend. It was impossible, he says, to meet his family so discouraged. At Heathrow, he put his father in a cab to Southall, and then he chose a long green overcoat from a pile of winter clothes that a vicar's widow from the Women's Royal Voluntary Service was distributing, and got on a bus for the nearest Resettlement Board refugee camp. He says that as the bus pulled out he heard a Punjabi airport worker calling in Hindi, over a loudspeaker, "Welcome to England, my lucky brothers. The Queen has saved your lives and wants me to tell you that you will all be happy here."

Two weeks later, Akbar showed up in Southall. He had been X-rayed and examined and given shots for his malaria. He had filled out daily questionnaires about his situation in Uganda. He had been interviewed by politicians about "the Asian problem" and interviewed by reporters about how it felt to be a big capitalist man sharing the unused barracks of an American Air Force base with eight hundred other refugees. He had been advised by one government employment agent at the camp that Newcastle was the most congenial town in England, and then told by another that he should consider emigrating to the Brazilian jungle, where the climate would be just like home. He had not managed to find a job, warm clothes for the children, or the promise of a place to live. The retired colonial officers who helped run the camp had been gracious and despotic. The ladies who were volunteers there had been irritable and confused, and blamed the government because the immigrants they encountered were indistinguishable, to them, from the thousands of shabby Indian and Pakistani workers already in the country, and in no way resembled the group of gifted and genteel professionals that the Home Office, hoping to avoid a racial crisis, had led the English to expect. Nobody at the camp had seemed to want to help Akbar. The most that anyone had offered was a job at the airport, cleaning runways.

Still, Akbar says, he would have stayed at the camp longer if there had been no problem with the cafeteria. He says that some of the Asians left as soon as they saw the cafeteria. And the ones who stayed, with all their other troubles, complained constantly about it, because Asians consider it shameful to stand in line with trays, asking for their food. Akbar says that among Asians only beggars will stand in a line with their plates out, and that even beggars, hungry as they are, will think of nothing but the disgrace. "I



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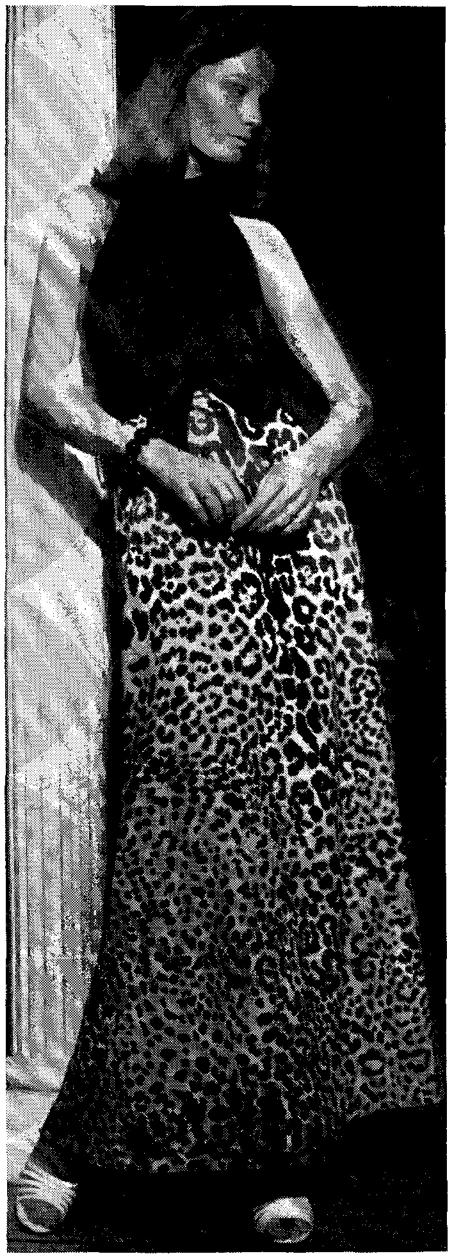

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am not thinking, in all my life, to see myself to ask for food," Akbar says whenever he talks about the cafeteria. "By my last day, I feel too much, too much shame. You see, I am big capitalist man, and I am thinking that in Uganda, at big hotels, there is always much waiters to serve me. I think, Oh, Lord, I never see this day for Akbar Hassan. I not taking any more food here. It is better to be leaving before I lose my last confidence."

HALF the Uganda Asians who came to England live in London, like Akbar, despite the red-zone map and all the warnings about jobs and housing. Most of them figured that in a city already crowded enough with Indians and Pakistanis to merit such strong warnings they would find, if not distant relatives with big houses, at least the security of curry shops and Muslim butchers, mosques and khanas and Hindu temples, and people to talk with in their own languages. Then, too, Southall is in London, and every Uganda Asian who knew anything about England knew about Southall. The village of Southall lies at the end of the Greater London borough of Ealing—one of those outlying workers' boroughs whose only real connection with the central city seems to be the fact of a train to Paddington—and it has perhaps the greatest concentration of Asians of any neighborhood in the country. About sixty thousand people live in Southall. By now, more than half the population is Asian, and if the English and the Irish who are still there continue to move on to other suburbs the entire population may be Asian in a few years. It is already difficult to find an English face on Lady Margaret Road or on the other shopping streets of Southall. The Asians have colonized the village. They have taken over most of the shops and filled them with Indian spices and sari cloth and advertisements for package tours to Delhi, and the English who live there now prefer to take a bus to Ealing center rather than shop at Asian stores. A couple of pubs are all that remain of the old Southall. They survive because the Sikhs in the village like drinking; the rest of downtown Southall looks like a little Delhi, and that is what the Asians call it. They can eat dinner at the Maharaja or the Sunny Restaurant, which supposedly belongs to a Suni Muslim whose spelling got confused when he was ordering signs for the window. They buy their linoleum at Mecca Flooring and their clothes at Banwait Brothers. Their vegetables come from Kashmir's Music House; their whiskey, if they are Sikhs, comes from Mr. Singh's liquor shop; and their meat, if they are Muslims, comes from the butchers at Moon Rose Fine Foods. They go to the Liberty Cinema and sit through long, torrid Indian epics, sung in Hindi. They fill the streets the way their fathers filled the streets of Delhi, Bombay, and Karachi—leisurely and vivid, keeping close together, bickering, gesturing, bargaining, and watching everything. There are few places left in Southall to see an English movie or to buy a pork pie or a framed photograph of the Royal Family. But anyone of a mind to can advertise for a wife of the proper caste, dowry, and "qualifications," go to a hammam for ablutions, and live in London for a lifetime without having to speak a word of English to anyone.

South Hall was the name of a great Elizabethan manor house, and the village surrounding it was once a lazy little hamlet with an inn, a vicar, and a few merchants to supply the farmers working for the South Hall squire. For centuries, the only notice the city of London took of Southall involved the Wednesday Morning Horse Market—a glorious horse swap that still takes place in a field along the Uxbridge Road, not far from Akbar's house. It was the Great West Railway, out of Paddington, and the Grand Union Canal, passing through Southall on its way to Birmingham, that finally tied the village to the city. The railroaders and the canal workers built cottages in Southall, and in the nineteen-thirties, when the road to Uxbridge made it cheap and accessible for suburban living, workers from central London bought those cottages from the families of the old railroad and canal men. The first Asians did not arrive in Southall till 1947—ten Sikh families who had fled the war over the India-Pakistan partition—and they were the only Asians in the village for the next ten years. It was an Englishman, in fact, who turned Southall into an Asian village. The story goes that he commanded a Sikh regiment during the Second World War, went home to run his rubber business, which had a factory in Southall, and in 1960, faced with a labor shortage at the factory, thought of the Sikhs and decided to recruit Sikh labor, starting with soldiers from his old regiment. His success inspired companies all over England. Within a few years, factories in the Midlands and the North were filled with Indians and Pakistanis, working all-night shifts for below-minimum wages, and having no lan-

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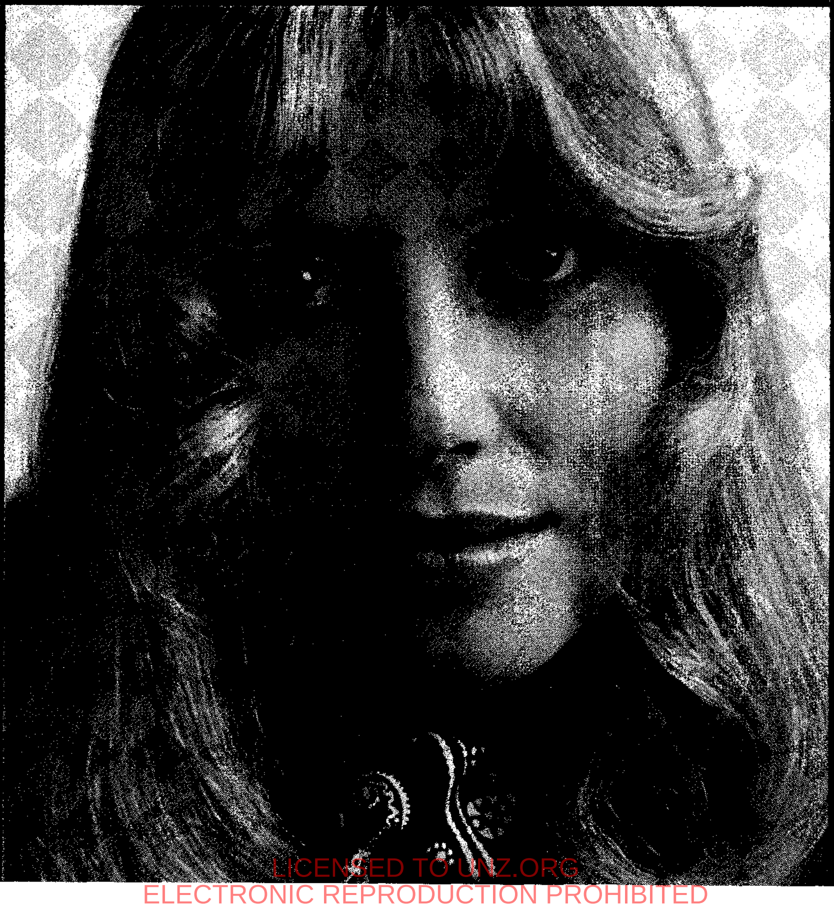

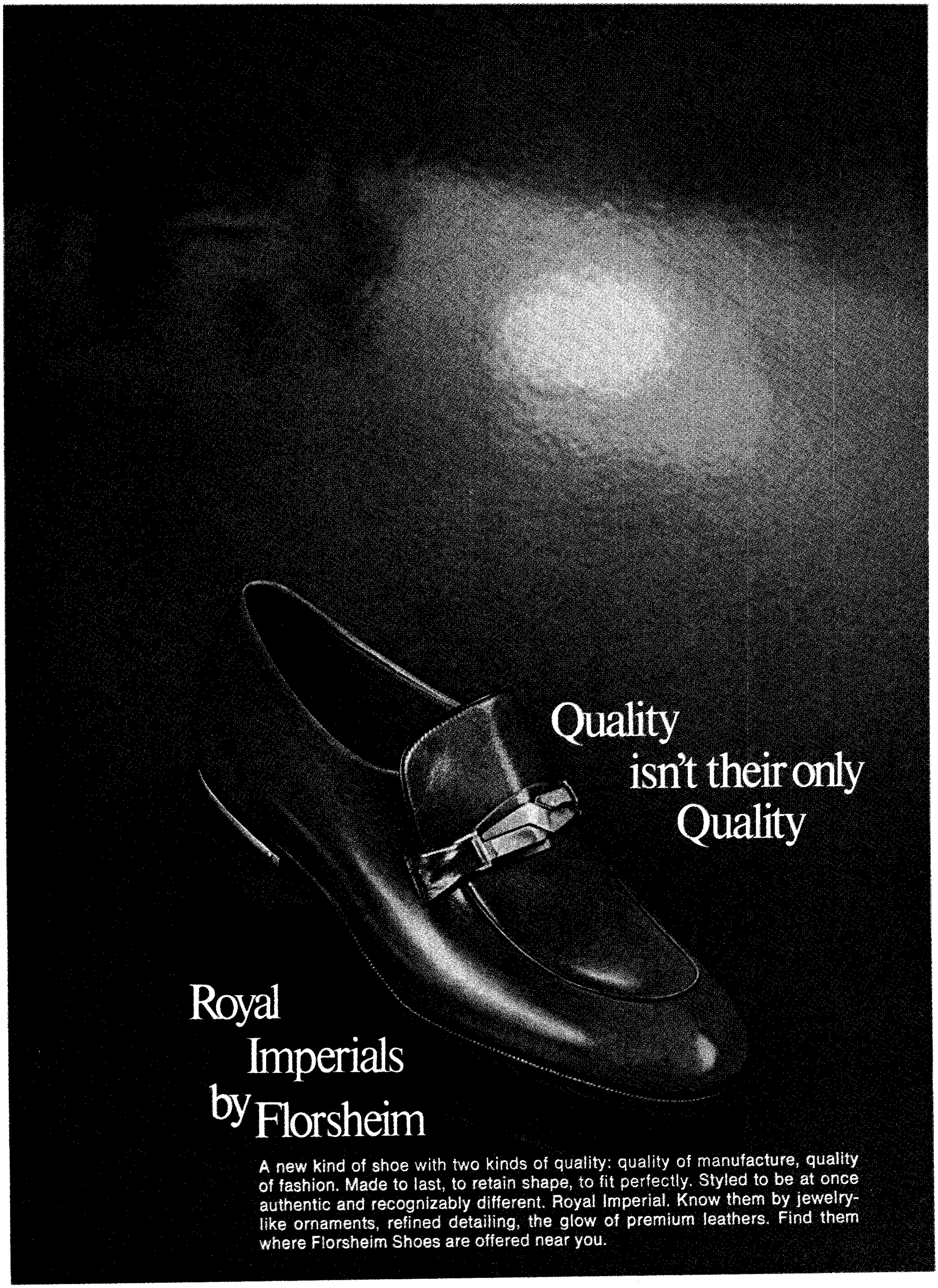
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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 60606 • A DIVISION OF INTERCO INCORPORATED guage to complain in and no one to complain for them, because at first the English unions refused to let them join. Oddly, among the first Asians to revolt were the Sikhs at the commander's rubber factory. They organized their own union, and the company, which refused to recognize it, was forced to shut down and relocate in the countryside. But by then a dozen small factories in and around Southall were also employing Asian labor. Asians were stuffing sausages, packaging oatmeal, freezing ice cream, and stitching together the print dresses that rural Englishwomen wear in summer. Asians are still in the factories—friends and relatives of the Sikhs who came in 1960, worked for a while to save some money, and started buying shops and property, along with the Hindus and the Pakistani Muslims who followed them to Southall.

When the Uganda Asians came, they took over the factory jobs that none of the other Asians wanted. Three of Akbar's sisters make seven pounds a week working full time at an underwear factory in the neighborhood. Most of the other Asian women at the factory earn more money, but they are not interested in speaking up for the sisters. They consider the refugees from Uganda backward and unworldly—especially the Kutchis, who are so traditional and pious. Moreover, they suspect that, as refugees, the Uganda Asians are enjoying a fortune from the government. The sisters, for their part, know that the Sikhs in Southall are drunken, devious, and greedy. They know that the Punjabi Hindus are effeminate and superstitious, the few Ismailis snobbish and intolerant, and the Pakistanis noisy, brutal, and unwashed. Their father has told them so, and Akbar, their oldest brother, has confirmed it. They would be shocked to learn that there are Englishmen who do not distinguish among the incredible variety of Asian immigrants. Their own hatreds are as old as poverty in India. They inhabit, in a way, their history, and they read their own loss in the advantages of Asians who arrived before them.

Akbar, surrounded by Asians, is isolated in Southall. There are fifteen hundred Uganda Asians in the borough now, but not many of them are Kutchi, and if Akbar sees anyone, it is likely to be someone from his family, with whom he feels safe. His father, Hamid, refuses to leave *his* house at all except to go to the local mosque, where he suffers keenly from the presence of so many Pakistanis. Neither of them knows much about London. They are

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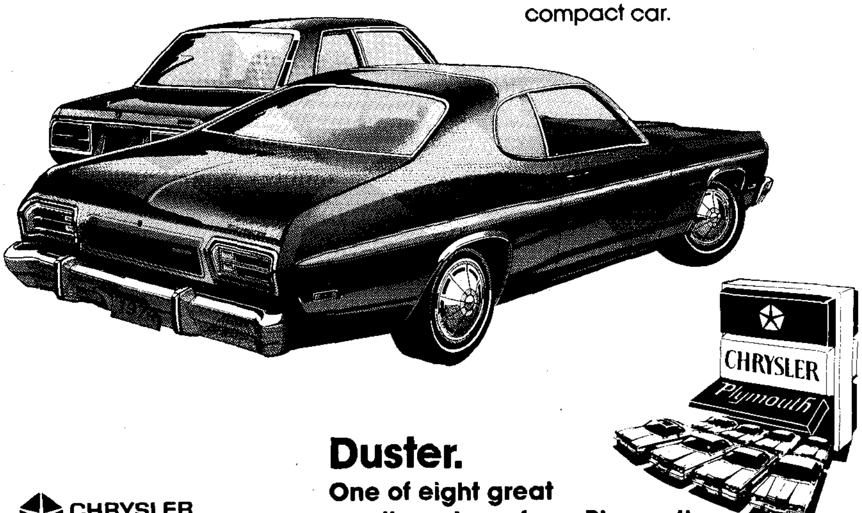

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not interested. Akbar says that it would be useless to get interested in London. He will spend the rest of his life there, if he has to, but he knows that he can never turn London into a proper place to live. He remembers sleeping, as a child, on the floor of his father's sheet-metal hut, with meat and onions hanging above his mat and rats scurrying across his pillow. He can talk about that, and about the snakes and the sicknesses and the tribal fighting, and even about the lion that mangled his mother's youngest brother, with better humor than he can talk about his life in London. He says that he would happily trade all of London for his old village, because by the time he left the village there was no one living in it (except the Seventh-Day Adventists) who was not, in one way or another, a Hassan relative.

RABIA HASSAN thought of Southall when her plane landed, because it was only three miles from Heathrow, and she knew that an old Koranic scholar from Masaka had moved there in 1970 to open a travel agency specializing in tours to Mecca and excursion holidays on the Devon coast. Rabia did not think she had the money to get much farther anyway. She had tried to leave Uganda with two hundred pounds sewn into the hem of a length of sari cloth, but the guards at Entebbe Airport found the money when they went through her suitcase. All she had managed to save was a ten-pound note, which was hidden in her chignon—and which the guards had overlooked because her daughter, Zhora, fainted when they were both stripped forcibly and searched. *That* money went to a London taxi-driver, who intercepted Rabia and the children at Heathrow and demanded ten pounds in advance to take them to the scholar's house.

Rabia still cannot believe that an Englishman would charge ten pounds for a trip that ordinarily costs less than one. She is a timid woman, with wide brown eyes that always seem to be asking why her life has been so disappointing, but she refuses to be disappointed by the British. When she learned from her friend the scholar that she had been swindled, she told him that the taxi was new and beautiful and that the driver must have needed the extra money to meet his payments on it at the bank. When her next-door neighbors—the Hassans now live on the fringe of Southall that is still mainly a neighborhood of white families—did not invite her in on the night she rang their doorbell with a gift of her special mincemeat curry, she asked Akbar if something about her manner could have offended them. When the manager of a local bank, whom she saw secretly about a part-time job that was advertised in the bank window, told her to get out and not come back, she decided that the man must have been exhausted by his important work. It was only after eight months, when Akbar allowed her to take a half-day trip to central London, that Rabia finally complained about the British. She had been looking forward to her day in London. She had imagined London as something like Salisbury, Rhodesia, where she was born and brought up, only bigger, shinier, and even more splendid, but now, on her first free day in a year, she saw nothing but old houses. It was shameful, she said afterward, that the British cared so little for their capital that they did not bother to tear down those drab old houses and put up some modern buildings "in the Rhodesian style."

Rabia still misses Rhodesia, although she left it at sixteen, when she was married, and returned there only once, for her first confinement. She says that sometimes, when Akbar complains that life ended for him at the Mercedes-Benz garage in London, she will think of how her own life ended the day she left Salisbury, as a bride, in a truck caravan of her husband's relatives, for the fifteen-hundred-mile journey to the Uganda bush. Rabia says she was brought up "free" in Salisbury, by which she means that she went to school, joined the Girl Guides, played field hockey, took walks through town, wore a short, fitted tunic over her serwal, spent Saturday afternoons at the movies, and had her hair washed every other Thursday by a hairdresser. Her father was an eccentric Kutchi merchant, who outlived three wives and sired fifteen children—among them nine daughters, whom he decided to "free" while he was under the influence of a white wholesaler with whom he hoped to do a lively business. Like most Rhodesia Asians, he considered the Uganda Asians backward. But he had a strong feeling for his own people, and he worried a lot about finding the proper husbands for his daughters, since there was a shortage of Kutchi Muslims in Rhodesia, and an even greater shortage of Kutchi Muslims with unmarried sons. When Hamid appeared one day at his door, with letters of introduction, a bank statement of the Hassan assets, and a lineage chart drawn up by his friend the Koranic scholar and proving conclusively that they were paternal fifth cousins, Rabia's

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father saw at once the answer to his problem.

Over the years, starting with Rabia, he married five of his girls to sons of his newly discovered Uganda relatives. Rabia was told that day that she was going to have a husband. She had just started training at a local nursing school, but when she asked permission to postpone the wedding until the term was over, Hamid said that life was very difficult in his village and that his wife had waited long enough for a daughter-in-law to work for her around the house. Three months later, Rabia was in purdah in the village. She says that at first she tried to make friends with the women in her new family. She told them stories about the Rhodes Centenary Exhibition in the town of Bulawayo, where for only five shillings she had ridden in a rickshaw through five square miles of pavilions. She taught them the words to "Old MacDonald," taking the parts of all the animals herself. She even offered to teach them how to read and write. But the women said that she was being snobbish and only wanted to shame her husband, who had never been to school. Besides, Akbar's mother never forgave her for wearing a white European gown at her wedding ceremony instead of a proper Asian costume. She complained to Akbar that the daughter of a fifth cousin was not much of a relative, all things considered, and she resolved to marry her second son to her older brother's daughter, even though the girl was stupid. Akbar, as was proper, took his mother's part. He says that he did not know what to do with an educated, discontented wife, who thought it was hard that there was no cinema in the village, who expected to sit down with him at dinner, who was always trying to keep him at home making conversation when she should have known that his place was with the men. He warned Rabia, who tried her best to please him. She threw away her English handbag and put her English novels in a suitcase. She lengthened her tunics. She kept to the women's path, behind the houses, and stopped asking why she was not permitted to walk on the village roads. But she was lonely in Uganda, and became cranky. When she went to her parents, in Rhodesia, to have Zhora, Akbar did not send money for their passage home. Her father had to drive them back to Uganda, and Rabia did not leave Akbar again until the day he put her on the plane for London.

"When I had the boys, Akbar would tell me, 'Go to England, educate my sons,'" Rabia said one day last spring, in her clear, sad Salisbury voice. It was Good Friday. Just to the east, in the borough of Hammersmith, the local Catholics were dragging a great wooden cross along their end of the road to Uxbridge, but in Southall people were starting to congregate for prayers in honor of the Prophet's birthday. Rabia was in her kitchen, arranging biscuits on a 1967 Princess Anne commemorative birthday plate that Abdullah had picked up for a few pence at one of the weekly Southall auctions. She expected the women of the family to come at four for prayers and a long reading from the Koran. "Akbar would tell me, 'Go to England,'" Rabia said again. "He would promise to come two times a year to visit, but I did not trust him. I knew that if I left I would never see him. I would be without a husband. So I would say, 'No, thank you. It is too cold for us in England.' And he would get angry and say that it was only the servants I cared about—that I stayed in Africa against his wishes because in Africa I had servants. But I would not go, and then, when Amin said that we *had* to go, all of us, Akbar beat me. 'You see,' he said. 'If you had gone when I asked you, we would have got some of our money out, at least. Now we are losing everything, and it is your fault.'" Rabia says that she settled down in Southall suspecting that Akbar would find a way to stay in Africa. It was Rabia who went out and rented the house where the rest of his family is still living. And it was Rabia who memorized the bus routes through Ealing Borough and then maneuvered her way through the maze of British social-service offices to get money for the family, schools for the children, work for Akbar's brothers, and information about council housing. Every week, she wrote to Akbar about her progress, but he never answered her letters, and for over two months the only word she had of him was through the relatives who came. At times, she says, she was certain she had been abandoned. But she had learned by then—from a television set she rented with most of her first week's allowance from social services—that English husbands were devoted and adoring and could not function without their wives' company, and so she was also certain that if Akbar did come their life would change. "I am so ignorant," she says now. "I had not been to English films in Uganda, and I did not know that English husbands and wives love each other so. But then I saw on the telly that they never

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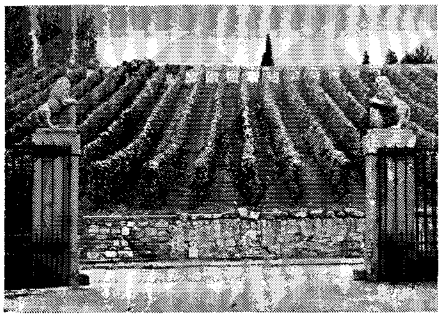

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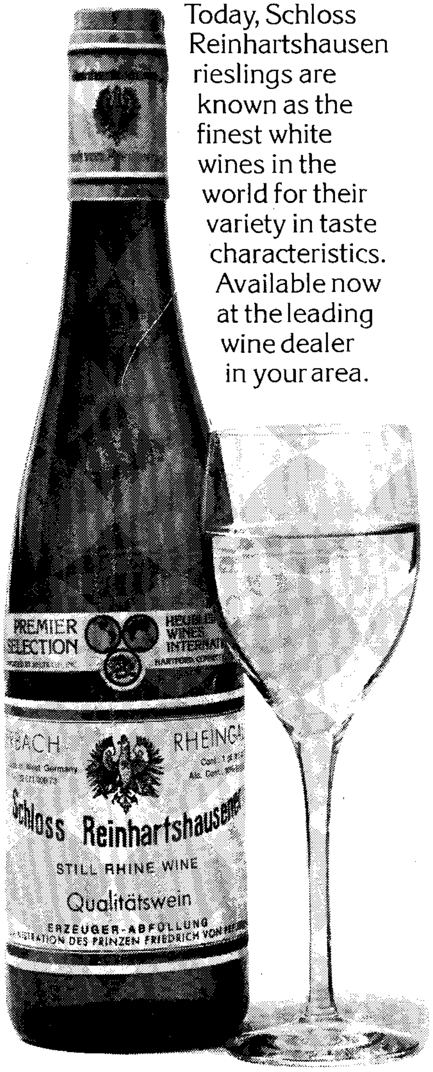

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fight. No, they are always hugging and kissing. And I thought, Well, life will be just like this for me with Akbar if he comes to London. But then he did come, and it is just like in Uganda. I am not allowed to walk, to talk. We never go to the cinema or eat together at the table. And now I think, Can this be true? Is it only we Asians who have so much trouble?"

Rabia still rents the television set, but now it is her four little boys who like to watch it. She is not altogether happy with her little boys, she says. She is proud of Abdullah, because he is her oldest son, and she feels for Zhora, because Zhora is her only daughter, but she is bedevilled by Habib, Hanif, Yusuf, and Ayub, who take advantage of her. They used to tell their father whenever she left the house without them, and now she has to bribe them with sweets and by letting them take their lunch at home rather than at school, where it is free and nourishing. Habib, who is eleven, is ruining his teeth with all the candy, but Rabia, despite her month at the Salisbury nursing school, does not believe that cheap candy has anything to do with rotting teeth. She does not believe that colds are caught, either. She believes that bad teeth and runny noses come from weak character, and she suspects her little boys of weak character, both because they carry tales to their father and because they readily accept her bribes. Rabia spends at least a pound and a half of the food money every week on sweets for the children, purchasing her time to walk. The walks are important to her. She never heads toward the center of the village, for fear of running into relatives, but plots a course around the block, hoping to meet a neighbor who could become her friend. One Uganda Asian family was already living in the neighborhood when Rabia moved there. Their name is Ramachandra, and they are Hindu and would prefer to mingle with other Hindus. But the Ramachandra women are as lonely in London as Rabia, and Rabia has struck up a wary friendship with Romila Ramachandra, who is just her age and has six children of her own. Rabia sometimes translates movie magazines for Romila, who does not speak English. Romila, in return, lets Rabia use her telephone, for tenpence a call. Apart, they insult each other. Rabia sometimes says that Hindus like the Ramachandras were responsible for Amin's order. She accuses the Ramachandra brothers, who are jewellers, of having smuggled a fortune in gold out of Uganda on business trips to

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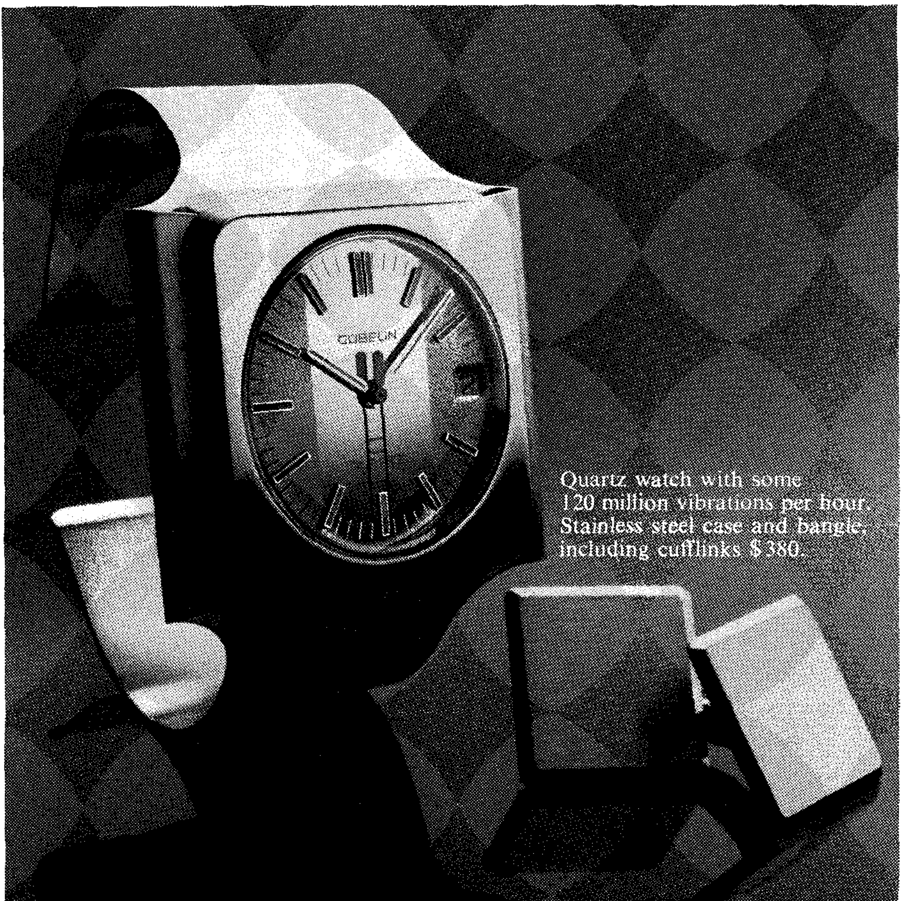
London—whereas Akbar, who was honorable, kept his money in the country and consequently lost it all. The Ramachandras did salvage some of their money, as it happens, by buying an around-the-world plane ticket for every member of the family and, at their first stop, turning all the tickets in for a flight to London. But most of that money went for the lease on a shop in Fulham, and whatever jewelry they left with—spread under the false bottom of a special suitcase—is still in the shopwindow, waiting to be sold. The Ramachandras are actually not much better off than the Hassans. In fact, they suspect that the Hassans brought some gold out, now that a Mercedes is parked in front of the Hassan house. Romila watches ladies from Citizens Aid and social services drive up to Rabia's house with bundles of old clothes and curtains, and she always stops by for tea afterward, trying to discover if they have given Rabia money, too.

Rabia would like another friend, but so far she has not found one. Down the street, there is a young Dutchwoman married to an Asian, but Akbar ordered Rabia not to see the woman after he learned that she was working, lunch hours, at a pub, and even Rabia agreed that it was a sign from Heaven when the woman's house caught fire while she was out serving Guinness to the local Sikhs. That leaves Rabia's next-door neighbor, who still refuses to invite her in when she calls with offerings of mincemeat curry, and an old Pakistani widow who charges working mothers two pounds a week to walk their children to school. Rabia says that she does not count the Sikh lady around the corner as a potential friend, because the lady is related to her landlord. Rabia has problems with her landlord. He wants Rabia to heat the house—he says that the cold, damp air is ruining his wallpaper—and Rabia refuses, because there is no money to pay for coal. Last winter, after their first argument about the wallpaper, the landlord had a sack of coal delivered to the house, with a bill for fourteen pounds, and it cost Rabia two pounds to have the coal sent back.

It was then that Rabia decided to find a part-time job, buy coal, and tell Akbar that the landlord was paying for it. She says that she looked for a week, all told, before she got discouraged. Her first stop was a new pharmacy that was advertising for a part-time cashier; the pharmacist told Rabia that she was too old and unhealthy-looking to attract customers from the pharmacy around the corner. Then she tried the



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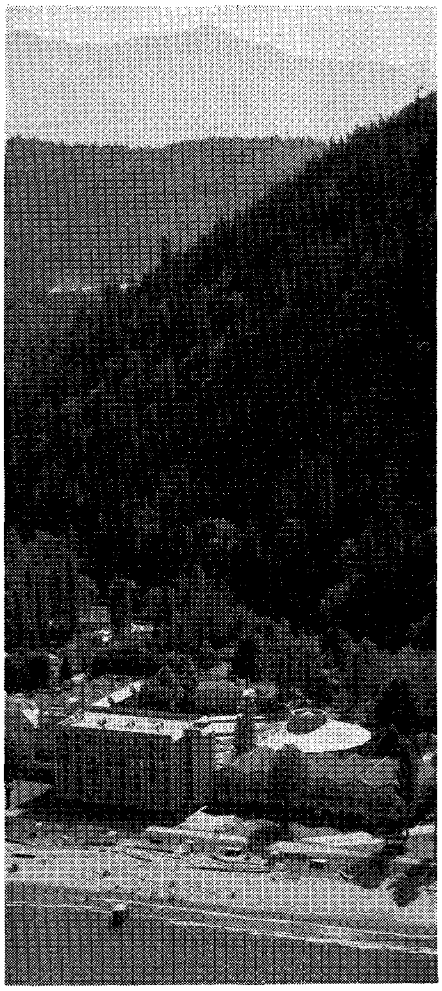

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bank, where the manager threw her out, and then a big supermarket on the Uxbridge Road, where the manager told her to get six months' experience checking out groceries at a smaller market and then come back. Finally, she took a bus to the government employment office in Ealing center, and was sent to a Nestlé's chocolate factory a few miles north of Southall. But this time she had persuaded Romila, who wanted money for new saris, to come with her, and when the manager at the chocolate factory said that he could hire only workers who spoke English, Rabia had to refuse the job he offered rather than risk problems with her only friend. She says now that it is just as well she refused it, because the Dutchwoman's house burned down a week later, and she began to imagine the dreadful things that might happen in her own house if she were out all morning wrapping chocolates.

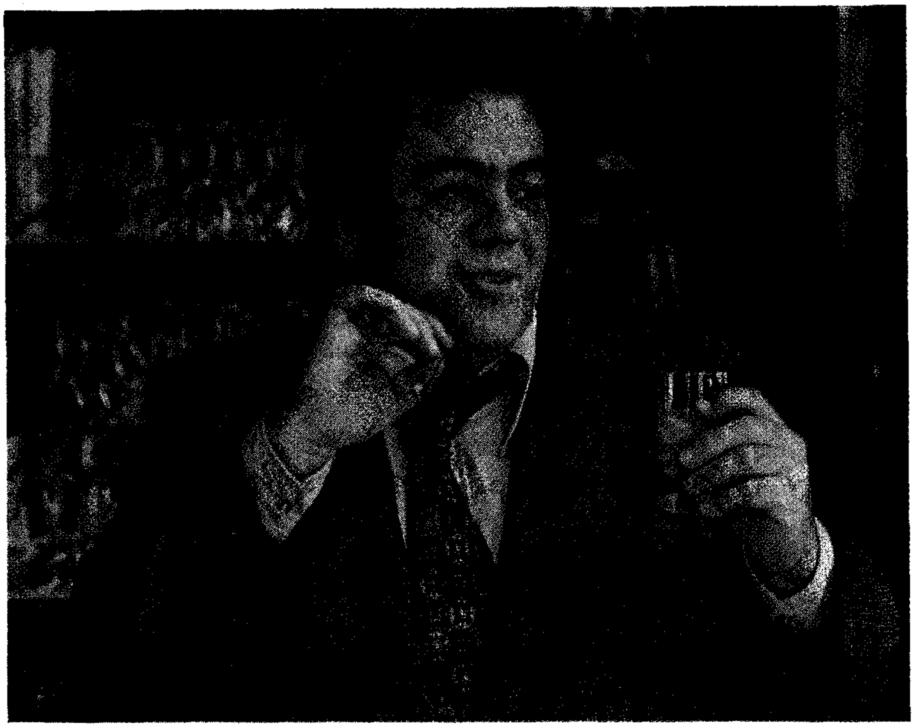
Now Rabia rubs the wallpaper down each day to cut the moisture. And she has the rent money ready on Monday mornings, so that the landlord, who collects it himself, will not get past the door. She would like to move to a council house, where the rent would be five or six pounds a week instead of eighteen, but she is at the end of a list of nearly thirteen thousand families in Ealing Borough, and has been told that English families on the list, who have been waiting years for housing, will have priority when the first units come along. In 1972, in Ealing, only fifty New Commonwealth immigrants got council housing, and they were advised to keep the information quiet, since the council could not afford to acknowledge what it called "the emergency preference." The Southall social workers assigned to the Uganda Asians have told Rabia that they can find a council house for the Hassans in one of the planned New Towns about fifty miles outside London, but there is nothing they can do for her in Southall. Rents are high in the village, because the new Asians are exploited by the Asians who settled there before them and bought the property, and the new Asians are reluctant and frightened to move away to cheaper towns. Most of the houses in Southall are actually too small for Asian families. There are only two bedrooms in Rabia's house, and Zhora has one of them to herself, because after puberty an Asian girl is not permitted to share a bedroom with her brothers. Rabia sleeps in the other bedroom, with her little boys. And Abdullah, who spends the week now at his grandfather's, sleeps weekends in the sitting room, with Akbar. The bathroom in the house is close and dark, and none of the plumbing works properly. The kitchen is freezing, because the landlord once started to enlarge it for the boiler, ran out of money in the process, and covered the extension with torn corrugated-plastic sheets. There is an old sink in the kitchen, a small stove, and a shelf where Rabia rolls chapatty and paratha dough and keeps her spices, but there is not much space for storage, since Abdullah has filled the room with battered gadgets he picks up at the Southall auctions. So far, he has brought home a spin dryer, which cost a pound and doesn't work; an enormous hospital washing machine, which cost four pounds and doesn't work, either; and a broken dentist's chair, which tilts permanently backward.

Rabia says sometimes that it is just as well that there is no space left for cupboards. In Uganda, she had seven English tea sets in her cupboards, and the few pieces she didn't leave behind got broken on the trip to London. It cost the family twenty-eight pounds to ship a crate ahead of them, and Rabia says that everything in it but a few cooking pots was ruined. Rabia's cuckoo clock; her favorite horn lamps, carved gazelles, with light bulbs coming out of each antler; her porcelain dolphin, sitting on a bed of iridescent seashells; and the filigree frame that held her wedding portrait—they were all broken, and the Uganda Resettlement Board, with funds to reimburse the Asians for shipping charges, refused to reimburse Rabia, who had no receipt. She says now that if she had cupboards she would only miss her lovely tea sets, and that if she had tea sets she would miss her lovely table, which was white Formica, seated twenty-five ladies for tea after a reading, and was kept spotless by two thick plastic tablecloths.

The white table was the only piece of furniture that Akbar managed to sell before Amin ordered African civilians to stop buying from the fleeing Asians. When the soldiers took over his houses, he quickly gave away the beds and mattresses and the bedroom chests to the man who had been loading and unloading trucks for him since he started his transport business, and then he distributed the sitting-room furniture among his five drivers. Rabia still thinks a lot about her sitting room. "I had everything matching, and it was so lovely," she says. "Green walls. Green drapes. Green sofas. Green ashtrays. Here green, there green, and so lovely, with green linoleum glittering like the sea." She likes to picture herself in the

# To Shelley, the bail bondsman, who gets people out from behind bars and keeps me in them.

BY JIMMY BRESLIN



HERE IS SHELLEY CHEVLOWE running across Queens Boulevard. He is running with tremendous knee action. My heart soars as he runs.

I am in the saloon on the corner, looking out the window and watching Shelley run across Queens Boulevard, which is in Queens, where I live. Usually, he sits in his bail bonds office a few doors down from the bar and he looks like he belongs in Schwartz's Funeral Home. Sunken eyes, face grey, chest caved in. Thirty nine years old, he might as well be a hundred.

Now as he runs, he grows bigger with each stride. Shelley Chevlowe was running like this because he was going over to court to bail people out.

He would get money for this.

Money goes directly into Shelley Chevlowe's bloodstream.

Even better, some of the money was coming into my pocket this time.

I spent the last couple of years working on a long fiction book to be called *World Without End, Amen.* While I was at it, I bumped into a literary problem I never knew existed. I do not write as good as I think I do.

The book took a year longer than it should have. I went broke among the adverbs.

After I finished trying to write every day I went down to this bar on Queens Boulevard and had a couple of drinks. Scotch,...The Professor. When I was first around saloons, the old men used to come in from the race track and say, "Give me the Professor." They meant Teacher's.

While I sat in the bar, I waited for Shelley Chevlowe to come up with some money I could borrow.

Writers usually find an old lady in a button sweater and turn her into a patron of the arts. I used a bail bondsman to finance my novel. A bail bondsman is supposed to be an evil line of work. The trouble with a bail bondsman in Queens is that he doesn't get a chance to be evil often enough.

At first, on this one day last February, it looked like all of Queens had become honest. Shelley Chevlowe withered, sat in his office. I was broke in the bar.

At this moment, a team of detectives banged on the door of a house and a woman named Laura answered.

"Bulls!" Laura said.

There was much commotion inside. The detectives said everybody was under arrest on charges of stealing heavy construction equipment.

Out in Laura's backyard there was a yellow bulldozer.

"Where did you get the caterpillar from?" a detective asked Laura.

"Who caterpillar?" Laura said.

"The caterpillar in your backyard."

"So step on it with your shoe," Laura said.

As the 12 people arrested reached court on Queens Boulevard, each voice called out, "Get me ahold of a bail bondsman."

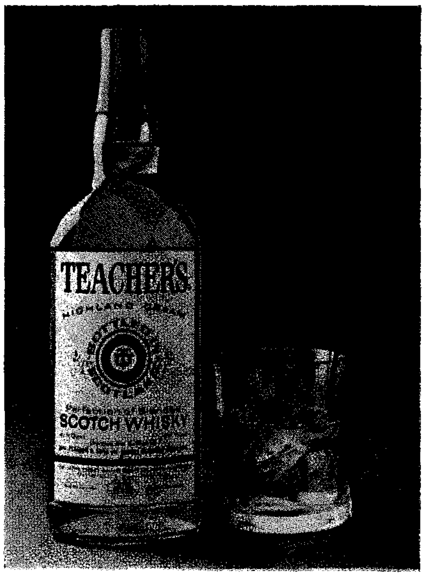
And so late in the day here was Shelley Chevlowe running across to the courthouse.

At the bar, I told Sy the bartender to break out the Professor—the Teacher's.

And then here came Shelley Chevlowe running back from the courthouse, back with the money. He was so tall and so thick that I was afraid he would hurt me as he swept into the saloon.

I could tell he had enough in his pocket to get me through to the end of my book.

When Shelley calmed down, we had a drink on that. The Professor.



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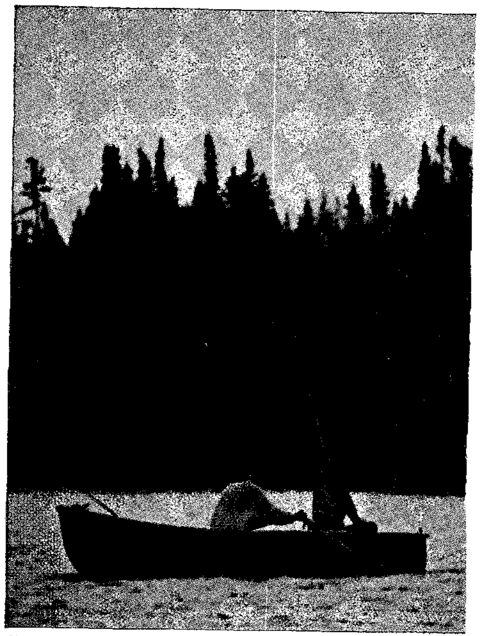

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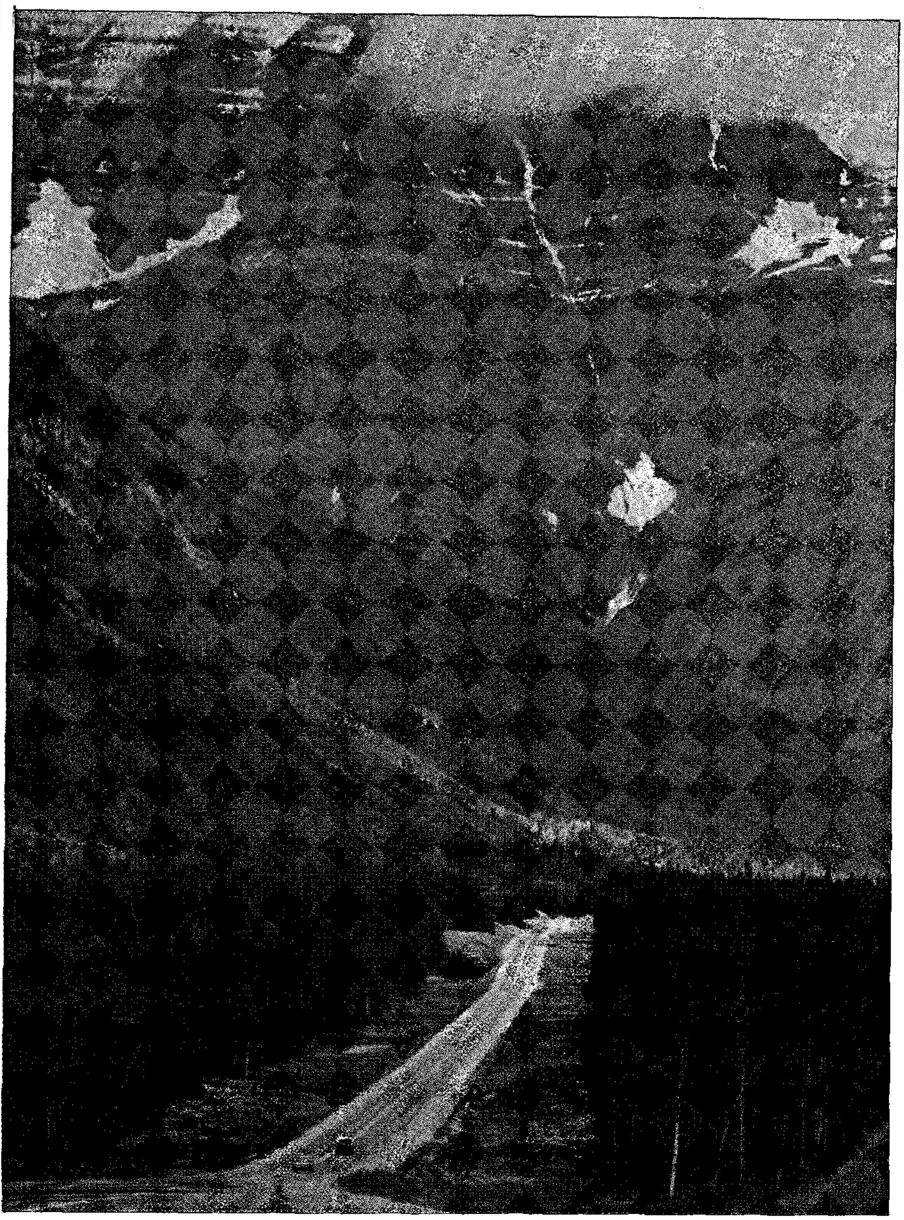

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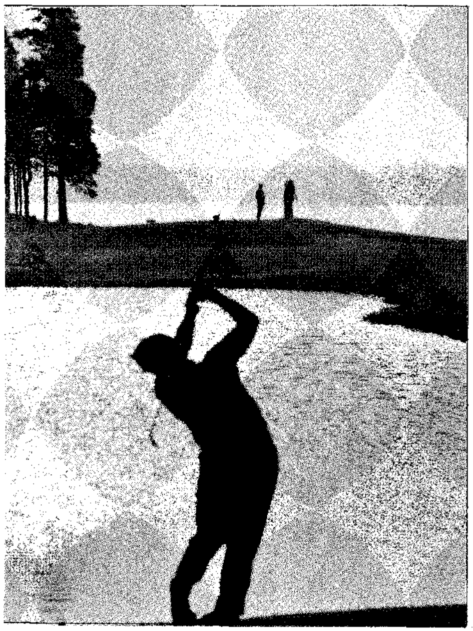

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room, dressed in a green brocade tunic, receiving ladies for a proper reading. Her new sitting room is small and gray and, she knows, ugly. It came with the plastic couch, a bridge table, where Akbar and the boys eat dinner, and some folding chairs. The only things that belong to the family are a set of pillows with "Home Sweet Home" embroidered on them by Zhora; the family photograph album; the remains of Rabia's dolphin; and a 1972 El Al Israel Airlines calendar—the gift of an Israeli engineer who was building roads for the government near Masaka and disappeared the day Amin gave a couple of thousand Israeli guest technicians seventy-two hours to leave Uganda, thereby saving himself the expense of having to pay them for several years of work. In the family album, there is a photograph of the same calendar on the wall of Rabia's green sitting room. Rabia has pasted it on the first page, along with a picture of her father's house in Salisbury, a picture of herself, at ten, in her Girl Guide uniform, and a picture of the table at her wedding banquet, with two bottles of Coca-Cola set at every place.

"I nearly lost my album at Entebbe Airport," she said the day of her first Southall reading, wiping her eyes with her shawl and then laying the album next to the plate of biscuits on the bridge table, for her mother-in-law to look through after prayers. "It was because the guards were angry. An African lady stripped us naked. She said, 'Take off your clothes, take off your trousers.' She seized Zhora, and Zhora screamed and fainted, and after that the guards were very angry with us. They told us they were happy to see the Asians go, because the Asians were always making so much trouble. They forgot about my hair, but they searched everything that we were taking. Socks and hems—especially hems. They took my two hundred pounds, although Akbar had already bribed them twice as much to let us go through customs. Then they came to the album in my suitcase. 'Aha!' they said. 'You have money hidden under the pictures.' They ripped out every picture, looking for the money, and when they did not find it they started talking among themselves, saying that they would keep the album anyway, that there was a picture of a soldier in the album—it was a picture of my brother, when he was in the Rhodesian Army—and that we might be spies. I said, 'No.' And my little one, Ayub—he said to the guards, 'Please, give us our picture book.' You see, Ayub loves the album. He looks at it every day, with his brothers, and, oh, how he loves it whenever he is in a picture! 'Please,' he said. And one of the guards raised a hand to slap him. I saw him shivering, my little five-year-old shivering. And I said, 'Don't be afraid, Ayub. Your mother won't let them harm you.' Then the guard started laughing. He said it was so funny that *I* could protect anyone from Amin Dada's soldiers. And soon all the guards were laughing, and they let us go. It was very odd, with all of them laughing and all of us crying. Abdullah cried all the way to London, because he had wanted to stay behind with his grandfather. I cried, too. I was frightened, but I knew that I had to calm the children and I must not show it. I said to myself, 'Do not lose hope,' but I could not forget that the trip alone had cost nine hundred pounds and that here I was, on my way to London with six children, no husband to protect me, and only a ten-pound note rolled into a ball and hidden in my hair."

By now, Rabia suspects that she is never going back to Uganda. She hears the news on the television set, which is always on to please the little boys, and she is beginning to understand that no one is going to ask the Asians back to Africa when Amin falls. She misses her life in Uganda now the way she used to miss Rhodesia. When she came to London, she was still complaining about the hardships in Uganda—chopping wood to heat water for her ablutions, making ghee, pounding curries, cooking by herself for such a big family. Lately, she has been talking a lot about the good life in the village, about her gardener and her three house servants and her famous readings, to which all the Kutchi ladies in the district came. She likes to quote the price of food there. Fivepence for chilis in a big basket. Sixpence for tomatoes, wrapped in matoke leaves. Fivepence for peas—four in season. And no one would ever think of weighing produce. Food came by the basket, and all that the natives wanted for it was a few pence and a cast-off shirt or something sweet for their children. Mangos in Uganda cost twenty pence for a sack so heavy it had to be dragged across the road to the family compound, but mangos in Southall cost twenty pence apiece, and now Rabia does not know what to tell her little boys, who are always begging her to buy them mangos and have tantrums in the middle of the market when she says no.

Rabia does most of her shopping in the supermarket where she once looked for work. It is more expensive than the

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shops that compete along the main streets of downtown Southall, but it is just a few minutes from the house, and Akbar has forbidden her to go farther. She used to send the boys for meat from Moon Rose Fine Foods or fish from one of the Asian fishmongers, but they inevitably stopped for sweets and then came home with bones or fish heads. Now Rabia does without meat unless Akbar remembers to buy it on his way home from the service station. He usually forgets, and Rabia is relieved that he does. Electricity for their house costs eight pounds a month, even now that they have disconnected the refrigerator and put it in the back yard; gas for the sitting-room heater costs five pounds; and the supermarket takes all the household money that is left. Rabia does not know how to shop in England. She would know how to bargain with an African who came to the door with a basket of beans or chilis, but she is dazzled by the packaging in the English supermarket and keeps coming home with packaged pink cakes to serve with tea to Romila, damaged fruit camouflaged in cellophane and cardboard, and multicolored tissues in tiny and expensive boxes. She says that she wants to be a perfect and efficient English wife, like the wives she sees on television, but she has no one to talk with about it, no one to help her, except an occasional social worker, or Romila, or the women in Akbar's family, who know less than she does.

Rabia is still looking for the woman who will be her special friend and tell her English secrets. She keeps a long list of questions that she will ask her friend, over tea and pink cake, when they do meet. Some of the questions are about marketing. And some are about the children—what English medicines are good for sore throats, and what English fruits will appease small boys who cry for mangos and matokes. But the most important questions on her list concern Akbar. Last winter, she ordered a book called "Secrets of Marriage," which she had seen advertised in the back of one of Romila's movie magazines. But the pictures embarrassed her, the text alarmed her, and she threw the book out in a few days anyway, after dreaming that Akbar found it under the mattress and beat her up. She suspects now that there are other, easier ways to console Akbar. She has tried being meek and uncomplaining, talkative and full of jokes. She has made his favorite curries. She has rubbed his back at night with Vicks VapoRub until her hands burned. Nothing she has done has made a difference. Rabia is disappointed in herself, and desperate to learn the secret that keeps eluding her. She knows from television, she says, that it is not the custom in this happy country for a husband—even a husband who has lost everything and is despondent—to spend a whole year sleeping on the sitting-room couch.

EVERY morning at eight, Zhora puts on a regulation blazer over her Kutchi serwal and tunic and leaves the house for school. A few blocks on, she meets two Sikh girls and, a little farther, a girl from Gujarat. Zhora does not care much for the girls—especially the Sikh girls, who wear lipstick—but she walks with them anyway, for reinforcement. She says that the English schoolgirls turn away and whisper when they pass, and the boys run up to them, laughing, and yell "Woggies!" or "Black pigs!" or "Black cows!" Zhora does not mind much when they call her a Woggie, but she is angry and confused when they call her black, because "black" means "African" and is a terrible thing to say to a nicely brought-up Asian girl. When Zhora came to London, she started school in downtown Southall. Most of her classmates there were Sikhs and Pakistanis, and *they* teased her because she was not allowed to walk with boys or go to the Liberty Cinema after school. One of the boys, on a dare, delivered a love letter to her house, begging her to sneak out and meet him in the balcony of the Liberty, and when Akbar saw the letter he beat Zhora and kept her at home for the next two weeks. Zhora was glad to move to the new house and the new neighborhood, and to start over at a school where most of the children would be English. Now she is lonesome, and spends a lot of time writing to her old friends from the village and from Masaka, who are scattered around England, and whom she never sees.

Zhora is tall and graceful, and she has deep sloe eyes, like the eyes of the film stars in Mrs. Ramachandra's magazines. She is already beautiful, at thirteen, and Rabia, in spite of herself, is jealous. It was Rabia who read the love letter and showed it to her husband. She watches her daughter walking off to school in her blazer, and she suspects that Zhora's life may turn out a little better, a little less disappointing than her own. The injustice rankles Rabia. "She doesn't like me" is the way Zhora always begins a conversation about her mother. She says that every time she starts to do her homework, her mother

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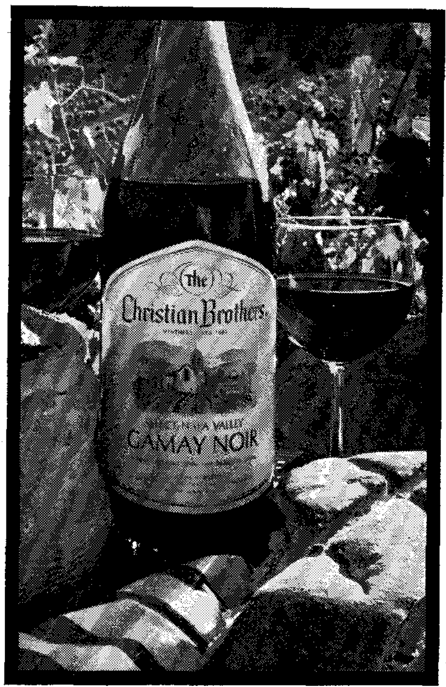

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comes in with orders to make chapatty or wash the floors, and she worries that she will not do well enough in school to study nursing—which is what she wants to do, now that her vocational adviser has said that in England even Asian women have professions. She already has trouble with "English History Since 1700," and with her geography lessons, which are all about England, Canada, and Australia and have nothing to do with Africa. But she is good at mathematics and English, and "very keen," she says, on biology, not counting the principle of osmosis. Her science teacher, in fact, has told her to forget nursing and think about studying, later on, to be a doctor. He even asked Akbar to come to school one day and talk about her future, but Akbar said no, because as far as he is concerned Zhora's future is to marry one of her cousins, bear sons, and stay at home like a decent Muslim wife. Akbar worries a lot about Zhora, though they have barely spoken since she reached puberty and it became shameful for them to be in the same room. He has said that if she must work before she marries, she will work as something modest—say, a bank teller—and he has specifically forbidden nursing, since nurses deal so intimately with men. Zhora has asked her mother to persuade Akbar, but so far her mother has said nothing; she has not got over the fact that *she* wanted to be a nurse once and was refused. The matter is settled for Akbar anyway. He would marry Zhora off now, or send her to the bank, if the law allowed it. He thinks that school in England will make her discontented and demanding, like her mother. Moreover, he is afraid that one day one of the boys at school will follow Zhora and try to talk to her while she is walking home.

Even in Uganda, the idea of a daughter's walking to school alarmed Akbar. Zhora says that when the family stayed in Masaka for the school year, he bought a special Ford, with blinds on the windows, and hired a driver to transport her the quarter mile to her school and back. She always opened the blinds, she says, as soon as the car had turned a corner. She was fascinated by Masaka, which had thousands of Asians and was a big city to her. She discovered a library at the school and started reading. She took out "Oliver Twist" and "all the tales of Shakespeare," but when she was only halfway through the comedies her mother told her father that Shakespeare was full of lewd stories. Akbar took the books back, furious at her teacher for encouraging Muslim girls in wanton

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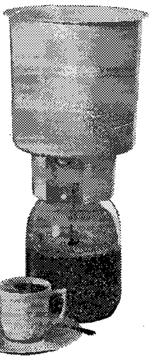

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thoughts. "My teacher was an Ismaili, and, oh, my daddy hates the Ismailis," Zhora says. She is a dutiful, wise child, and would never contradict her father, but she thinks about it constantly, now that she has seen Masaka and London, and thinking about it makes her merry and talkative.

"My daddy says that the Ismailis want too much to be Europeans, that they have no habits of their own, but I say that the Ismailis have freedom from the past and it is we Kutchis who have been left behind," she tells people. "On Sundays, in Masaka, the Ismailis go for a walk, every family together. My mother would say to my father sometimes, 'Let's go, too.' But my father always said no, we would see things on a walk that were not good for us. I saw them anyway. I saw boys and girls laughing together, talking together. I saw it. And I started to pray to God that we would go to London, where everybody laughs, and get some freedom. I said to myself, 'If we stay in Uganda, I will be locked in a house all my life.' You see, my daddy is strict, very, very strict, and in Masaka I was not even allowed to go to the ladies' films, Sundays, with my aunties. My daddy didn't know that I was wanting to come here. He didn't know how happy I was when Amin said that horrid thing about the Asians. My daddy had wanted my mother to come here, with my brothers, because he says they must have an English schooling, but he never wanted me to come here. People in Uganda would go to London and they would come back and say, 'London is nice for visiting but not for daughters. The girls are too free in London. We have seen girls walk down the streets with boys in London, holding hands.' So, of course, I thought I would be free in London—free like my brothers. I thought I would have a different life. But it was not true. My daddy is more strict than ever. The oldest Ramachandra boy—he is in my class at school, but when he comes to my house for cake I am not permitted in the sitting room. I am not permitted to take the long way home from school. I am not permitted to go downtown on the bus. I am not permitted to visit my classmates. I am not even permitted to see the circus when it comes. The circus was right here once, on the Uxbridge Road, and my mother cried until my father agreed to take the family, but when the time came he would only take my brothers. He said to my mother, 'You two ladies are not coming. I am a religious man, and I would be embarrassed if you were there.' "

Actually, Zhora would never enter

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the sitting room when the Ramachandra boy was visiting. She has no intention of taking the long way home—even the short way is a trial for her. And no classmates have invited her home to visit after school. Once, she did take the bus to downtown Southall. Her mother let her go after she begged and begged and finally threatened to tell her father about her mother's walks. But Zhora started back after some Pakistani boys standing on the corner of Bridge Street and Lady Margaret Road whistled at her and made strange comments. She stood at the bus stop trembling until her bus came. The streets of Southall still fascinate Zhora. Walking home from school in the afternoon, she sees the Hindu women, their eyes lowered, trailing behind their husbands, and she sees the teen-age English couples standing in doorways kissing shamelessly. She does not know why her father, who admires the English so, says that their ways are not good for Asians, but she does know that even now her life has to be full of secrets from him. She hides her biology textbook, so that no one will see the drawings and take the book, the way her Shakespeare was taken from her. She hides the novels she borrows from the school library. She hides the money she has been making babysitting, and she will hide the English skirt and sweater that she is going to buy with the money as soon as she has saved enough. Zhora babysits once a week for a woman from the London School of Economics, who appeared at the house one Saturday morning, with an address list of the local refugees, asking questions about life in Southall. She invited the woman in, and Rabia found them together, eating cake from the Princess Anne plate, when she returned from a walk around the block. Rabia was distressed that Zhora had found the friend who by rights belonged to her, and it took many visits and many discussions before Zhora was allowed to drive off with the woman to central London. Now, on Sundays, Zhora eats her lunch at a big table where men and women sit and talk together, and then she wheels the woman's baby through a big park where English families walk. Her friend, who thinks Zhora is very clever, wants to talk to Akbar about letting her take up nursing, but Zhora knows that her father has already written home to Kutch inquiring after young male cousins he may have overlooked. "What can I do?" she sometimes asks her friend when they are driving back to Southall, Sunday nights. "I am always asking God to help me, but nothing

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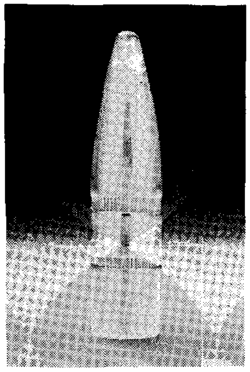

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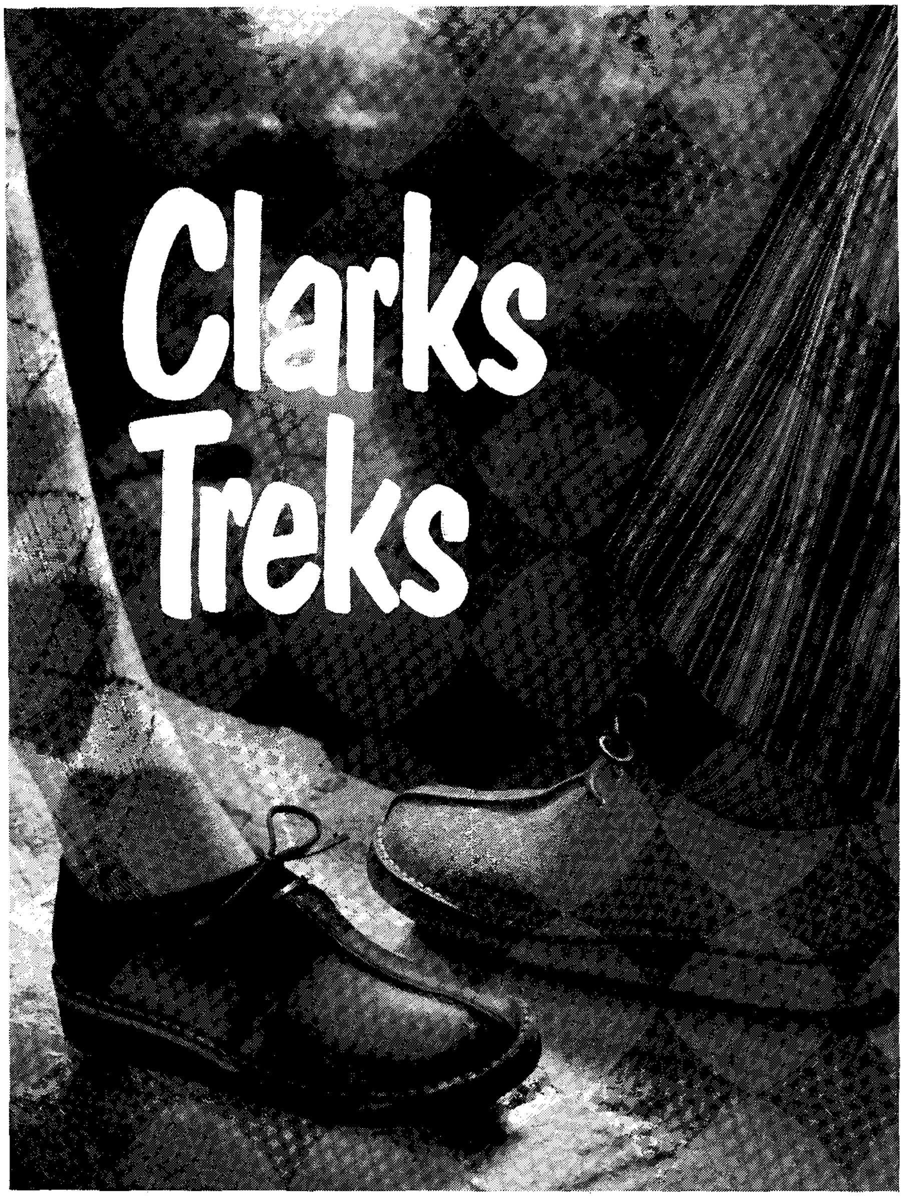
happens. Who do *you* ask to help you? Who do the English ask when they want help?"

ABDULLAH would never complain to anyone about God. He is rigidly, pitilessly pious—a fourteen-year-old scourge, tense and fat, who stalks judgmentally through Southall wearing a Bulova wristwatch and a tight pink Paisley shirt. Abdullah has a nose for transgressions. Whether he is roaming around Southall or sitting in his history class, he is always busy sniffing for a transgression, ready to catalogue it, condemn it, confront it with the example of his own goodness. Zhora and even Rabia are a little afraid of Abdullah, because they feel him watching them. He has seen Rabia leave on her secret walks, and he has stood at the door to Zhora's room and listened to her conversations with the Englishwoman who claims to be a professor at a big university in London, but in fact he would never report them to his father, the way his four little brothers do. He does not believe that women are worth saving. He watches women only as a kind of object lesson in the weakness of some lower spiritual order, and reserves his energy for men, of whom he naturally expects more. In Masaka, he was outraged when he had to go to a school with girls in it. In Southall, his first project was to find the only boys' school in the village and apply for admission, and he refused to go to any other school, even after he was told that there were three hundred names ahead of his name on the boys' school waiting list. Instead, he talked his way into a job, at four pounds a week, with a Sikh who owned a fruit-and-vegetable shop on Lady Margaret Road, and when the Sikh began to demand that he put in a thirteen-hour day unloading produce crates, he found an Englishman with a fruit-and-vegetable shop around the corner who stayed open only eight hours and would pay him seven and a half pounds for the same work. He has never forgiven the British for forcing him to enroll at another school, four months later, when the waiting list at the boys' school was already down to two hundred and thirty-seven names. But he did manage to avoid the disgrace of going to school with Zhora, and chose a school in central Southall, a couple of streets away from Hamid's house.

Abdullah prefers spending the school week at his grandfather's. It means that he has the satisfaction of seeing his grandmother, who otherwise rules the family, abandon her half of the bed to him and sleep in a room with her un-



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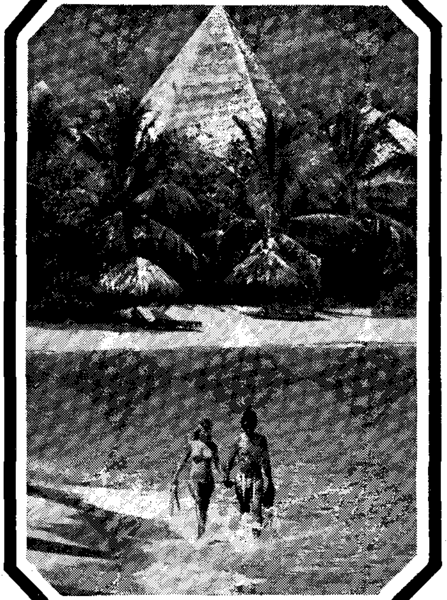
married daughters. It also means that he can save on bus fare and add his small weekly allowance to the thirty pounds he put away while he was working for the greengrocer. Abdullah wants to get his own passport—a passport costs five pounds in England—and run away to the west of Canada, where one of his uncles lives, and where, he has learned at the movies, men lead celibate and pious frontier lives. His English teacher, whose father is in the travel business, has promised Abdullah a one-way ticket to Canada for a down payment of only seven pounds, and Abdullah plans to reserve a seat on a plane that leaves the day school lets out for the summer holidays. He prefers to wait till then, so that he will have a couple of warm months to work as a cowboy and earn money for the fur-lined parka he is going to need next winter. He has heard from Akbar that the cold in Canada is dreadful—worse even than the cold in London—but he is willing to endure it.

He wants so much to go to Canada, he says, that he is even willing to endure the fact that most of the Ismailis from Uganda will be there, too. The Ismailis went to Canada because, unlike the other Uganda Asians, only a few of them had kept their British passports. While the British were busy trying to stall the Asian immigration, the Canadians were offering visas to some five thousand refugees, on the basis of education and professional background, and they chose, predictably, Ismailis, depriving the volunteers at Akbar's resettlement camp of the kind of people they expected to receive. Abdullah, however, says that the relative absence of Ismailis is one of the few things that please him about London. He claims to have had a great deal of trouble with Ismailis in Masaka. The Ismaili boys, according to Abdullah, hated the Hindu and Muslim boys who had come to town from the bush villages, and used to waylay them on the streets at night to fight. Abdullah says that at first he and his Kutchi friends were always beaten. But then they had the idea of hiring Africans to do their fighting for them, and the next night, as Abdullah puts it proudly, "the Kutchis won."

"It cost us ten shillings for twenty-five Africans, but it was worth it," Abdullah says. "The Ismailis were so angry that they told their fathers. And on the *next* night their fathers came to fight our fathers and our uncles. Our men won, because my Uncle Osman is such a very brave fighter. One Ismaili was hurt so badly by my Uncle Osman that he called over an African major to stop the fighting, but my grandfather saw the major coming, and *he* called an African lieutenant colonel. The colonel said to the major, 'Look, we have never seen Indians fighting before this moment. Why stop them? It will be more interesting to watch.' " Abdullah admits that after that night he had no real problems with Ismailis—except, perhaps, with the headmaster of his school in Masaka, who favored his old pupils until his new Kutchi boys followed him to a pub one afternoon and broke his nose. Abdullah says, in fact, that the Ismaili boys in Masaka could even be considered friendly compared to the Pakistani boys he has to contend with in Southall. The Pakistanis at his school torment him. They have been toughened by the city, and they take their cues from the gangs of Paki-Bashers who torment *them.* There are only nine Uganda boys in Abdullah's class at school, but there are a good many Pakistanis. On Abdullah's first day at the school, some of the Pakistani boys backed him against a wall and took twenty-two pence from his pocket, and the first time he went to a Southall movie a gang of Pakistanis and West Indians cornered him in the lobby and threatened to kill him unless he gave them two pounds.

Now that Abdullah sleeps at his grandfather's house and can walk to school, he doesn't need to carry pocket money, but he still likes going to the movies, and so far, at the movies, he has had to hand over more than ten pounds. He still cannot believe that the Pakistani boys are truly Muslims, although each evening he sees their fathers in the mosque. He has heard from some old Uganda friends who moved to Birmingham that Pakistanis there have made the city loud and filthy. His friends write to Abdullah that Pakistani women in Birmingham never clean their houses, and Abdullah writes back that the same is true in Southall, though he has never entered a Pakistani house—and never would. He has visited one of the Sikhs in his class, but he left the Sikh's house in a temper after he came upon the boy's mother pouring herself a glass of stout. As for Hindus, he used to play ball with the oldest Ramachandra boy, Prakash, but he stopped playing when Prakash started to talk about smoking cigarettes and kissing girls. By now, the only boys he sees regularly are two Kutchi boys who have rescheduled their afternoon marble game so that Abdullah can join them and still get to the mosque in time for



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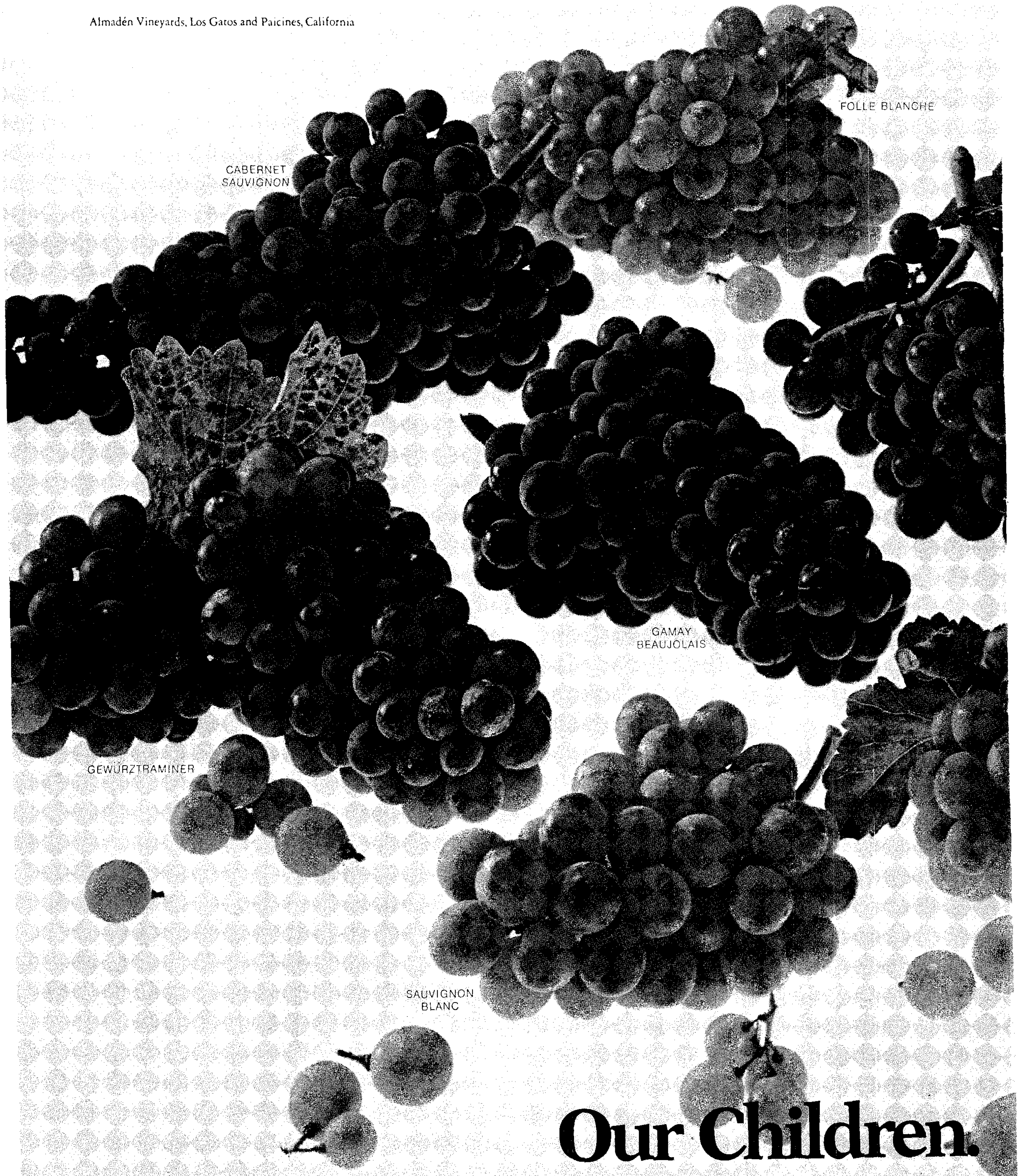
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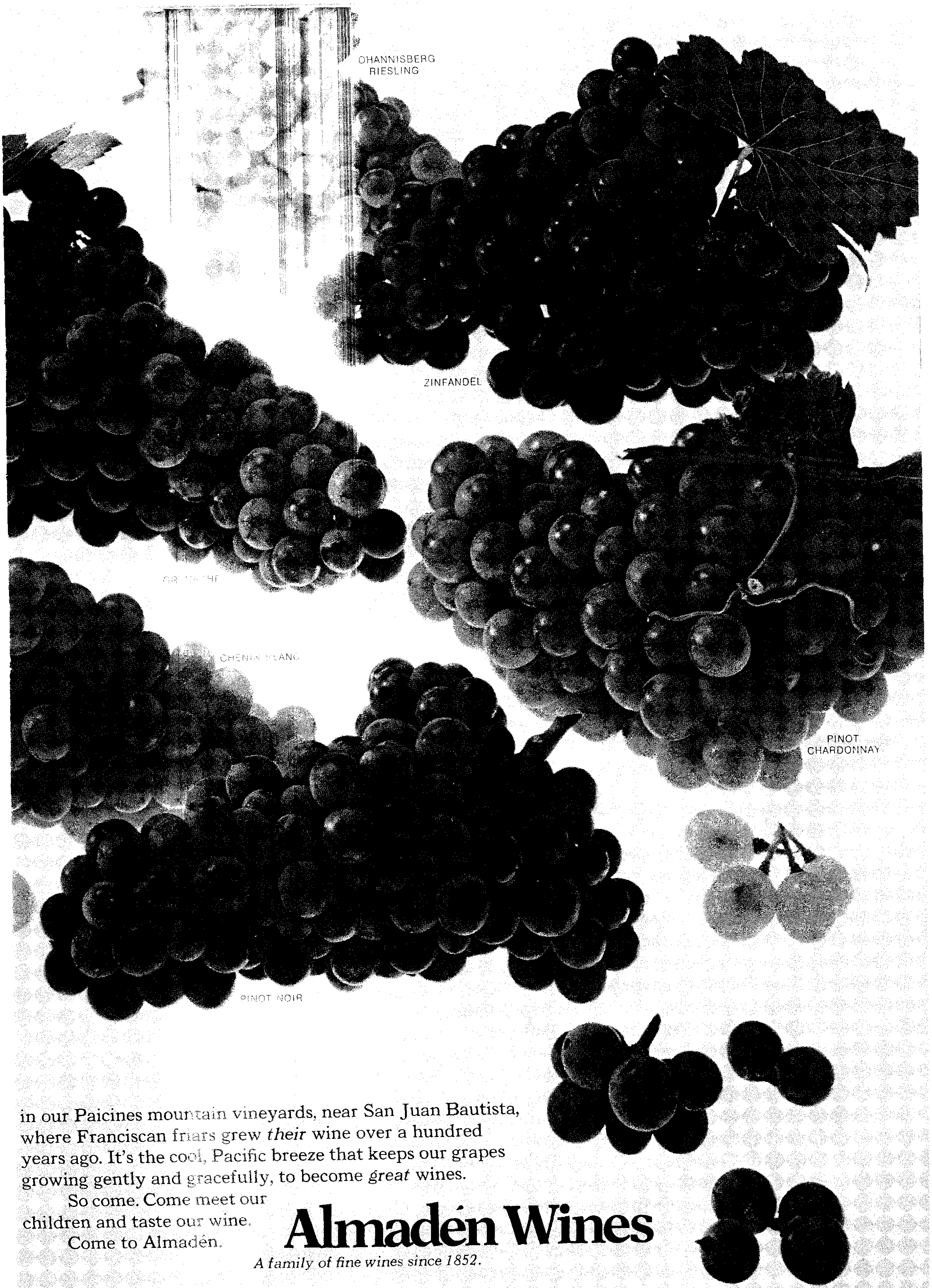
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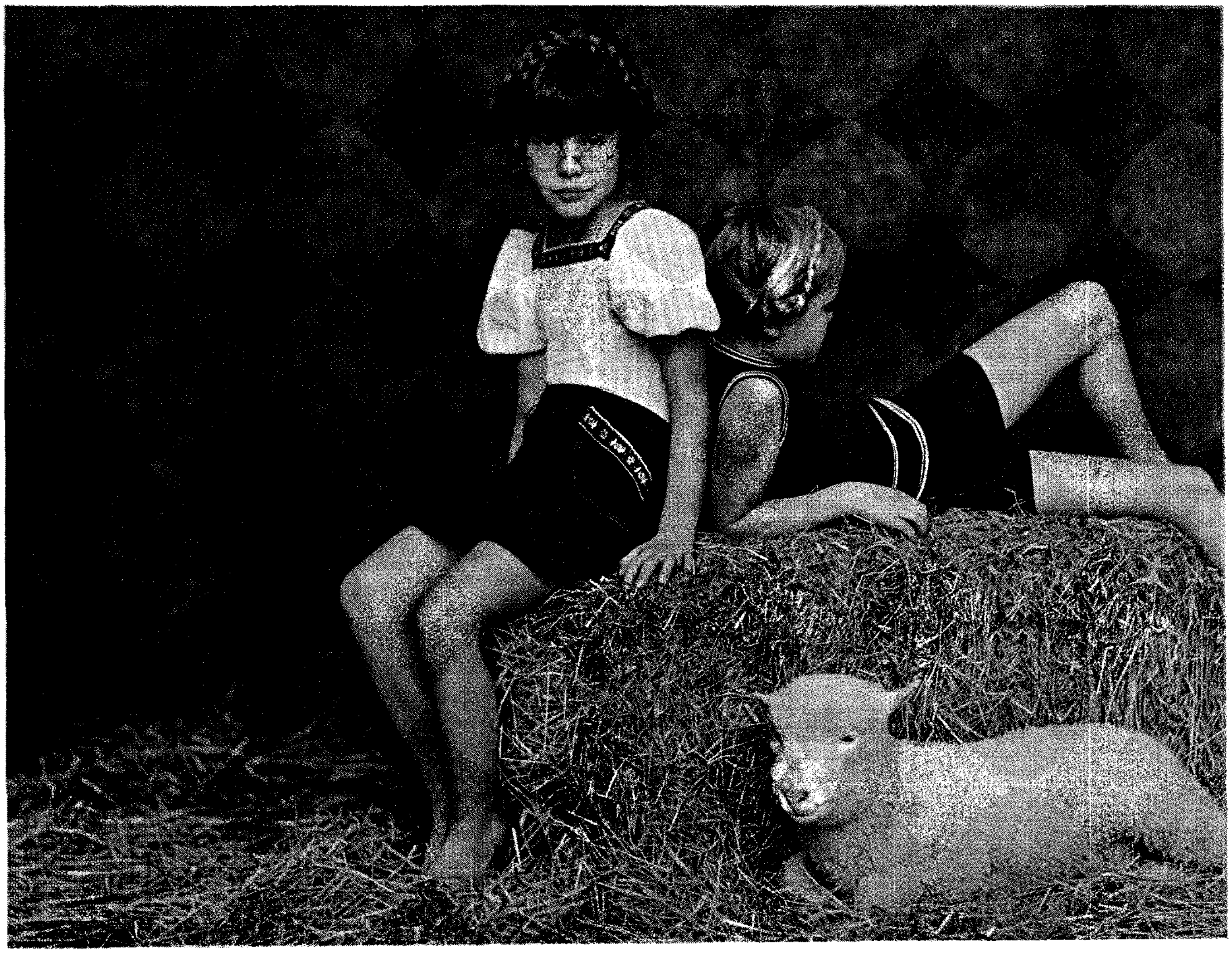

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early-evening prayers. They never go to mosque themselves, and Abdullah says that it is only a matter of months till they succumb totally to English ways. He swears to Hamid that *he* will never be corrupted. He is proud, he says, that his hands are scarred from beatings by his old teacher in the village. He likes to describe in detail the proper method of hand-beating—twining one stick over and under the fingers to hold the hand rigid and then taking another stick and striking sharply—and to complain that Asians become lax and irreverent in England, because they are not subjected to the discipline of a strict, pious man.

Abdullah misses his Uganda village. He misses the boys' weekly picnic at the water hole, and the baskets of meat and mangos and matoke. He misses catching snakes on the end of his hockey stick, and watching the Tarzan film, in Hindi, that came to the village once a month, and playing at night with twenty or thirty of his cousins. He uses the word "*paraz*" whenever he talks about Uganda. He says that it means a special kind of respect. It means that a boy stands up when his teacher enters the classroom. It means that a young man obeys his father and always accepts a wife of his father's choosing. It means that a lady never contradicts her mother-in-law or enters the place where men kneel down to pray. *Paraz*, he says, is what is missing in Southall, along with elephants and lions, and sitting rooms that always stay the same color and do not confuse people with a new wallpaper every year. Abdullah hates change and he hates confusion, and Southall, for him, is full of both. He keeps a schedule now to fortify himself against them. He walks to school in exactly fourteen minutes. From three-thirty to four-fifteen in the afternoon, he plays marbles. From four-fifteen to four-twenty-nine, he walks to his grandfather's house, and then he eats his lunch, since he will not eat it at school, where the meat is not properly slaughtered. From five to seven, he is at the mosque, reading the Koran. At seven, he prays alone. At eight, he does his homework. And at nine he crosses out the date on his calendar and checks his schedule to see if he has lived his day on time. He knows now that it has been eight months and two days since he last ate lunch at one, with his classmates, in the school dining room. And he knows that in exactly three months he will be able to pack his Koran and run away.

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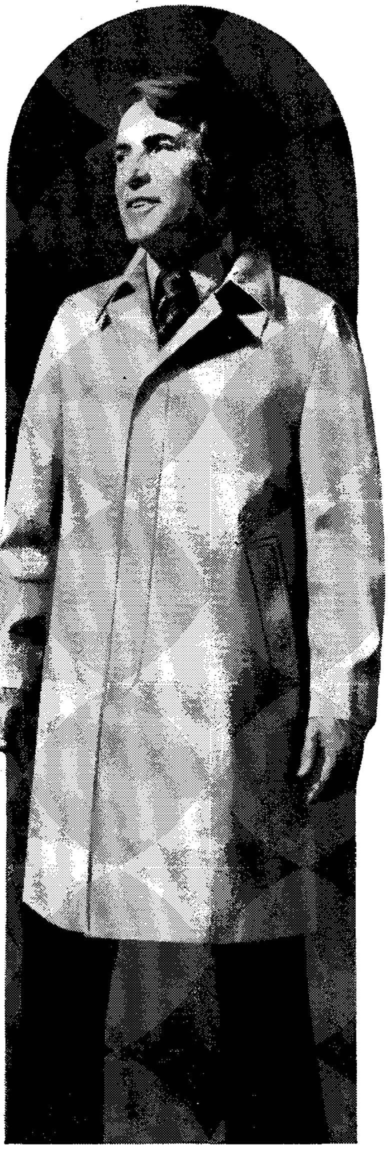

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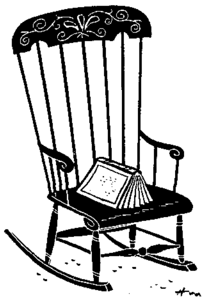
his boss at the service station had given him as a sort of Easter bonus. Akbar was still working a double shift, seven days a week, and normally would not have been home on any afternoon, but his boss's mother had died the day before, and the station was closed for the funeral. It was a warm day for London. The sun was out, and the four little boys, watching their father at a safe distance, were in their favorite Amin Dada T-shirts, but Akbar was bundled up in a winter parka from the station, complaining about the cold. Akbar would find it hard to believe that his eldest son is planning to run away to the west of Canada. He still cannot believe that his brother Musa, who left for Vancouver two years before Amin's order, plans to stay there. Musa keeps sending the family pictures of himself throwing snowballs, building snowmen, standing up to the waist in snowdrifts, and Akbar puts them away in the album, certain that Musa is making a joke he somehow doesn't understand. Musa is twenty-five—three brothers and an assortment of sisters younger than Akbar—and his life is as different from Akbar's as the life of any Englishman. Akbar, who helped bring Musa up, watches with a kind of anxious pride the boy he nurtured and encouraged and unwittingly freed from the family. He feels responsible for his youngest brother's conduct. He knows that Musa is serious, because Musa is teaching school and studying hard for a master's degree in economics, but he also knows that in Canada students drink liquor and go with women, and that there is not apt to be a mosque in Vancouver, or other Kutchis to set a good example for him. These things worry Akbar, but none more than the thought that in Canada Musa might be tempted to abandon his duty to his people and take a wife from outside the family.



When Akbar got to London, he wrote to Musa asking him to come as soon as he could for a family conference. Musa got on a student charter flight during his spring vacation. He stayed for two weeks at his father's house in Southall, and on the last night of his visit he listened respectfully while Hamid and Akbar told him that he would not be welcome in the family if he refused to accept the wife his parents chose. Musa, who is engaged to a blond Presbyterian girl he met in his advanced-statistics class, promised that his first loyalties were to his faith and his family. He flew home, leaving his father eighteen hundred pounds of his own savings as a sort of good-will gesture, and, having seen his oldest brother so unhappy, leaving Akbar the hundred pounds for the Mercedes-Benz. He sends more pictures now, and fewer letters, and he has stopped insisting that the family emigrate to Canada. But when Akbar writes to him apologizing for the delay in tracking down a female cousin, he answers promptly, saying that he understands. Akbar, in fact, does not know how to find the right cousin for his brother. In Southall, he is suddenly more than six thousand miles from his ancestral town in India, which would normally have been a source of wives. Most of the Uganda Asians share his problem. None of them would think of moving back to India—sacrificing British welfare to confront the same poverty their fathers fled—but still they complain a lot that the business of marrying off their children is getting too bothersome and expensive to manage properly.

Akbar finds it odd that the English are so lackadaisical about their children's marriages when for everything else in life they have so many rules to follow, so many forms to fill out, so many people to convince before anything can be accomplished. He says sometimes that he started filling out forms the moment he landed at Heathrow Airport and has not stopped since. He claims to have filled out fifty-seven job-application blanks alone before he found work at the service station. On his second day at the camp, he says, he was trying to complete a form in English—it was an application for a job at a British Leyland plant and for a council house to go with it—when a Hindu walked past him, bribed the employment officer, who was a Hindu, too, and got the job and the house. And just lately a woman from the local Citizens Aid office has been urging another form on him—this one comes from a trucker in Uxbridge who needs a driver and will pay a hundred and fifty pounds for ten driving lessons at a government training center, provided that Akbar indentures himself, at a salary of twenty pounds a week, for the next three years. Akbar has already said no to the man in Uxbridge, but he would still like to know why the British insist that a man who has been driving trucks on African roads for over fifteen years needs to take lessons. He says that he came to London expecting simply to exchange his old lorry license for a new one. He was given a test instead, and failed it

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Address | Street | City | State | ZIP Code

Telephone (include area code) | Years with firm | Annual Earnings $ | NOTE: If annual earnings are less than $10,000 indicate source of other income below

Amount and Source of other income

Previous Employer (if employed by above less than 3 years) or College/University if Recent Graduate | Yrs. with firm or yr. graduated

Spouse's Employer | Address | Position | Annual Earnings $

Name and Address of Personal Reference (not living with you)

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Type of Account: ☐ Checking ☐ Savings ☐ Loan

Name of Bank and Branch | City & State | Acct. Number

Type of Account: ☐ Checking ☐ Savings ☐ Loan

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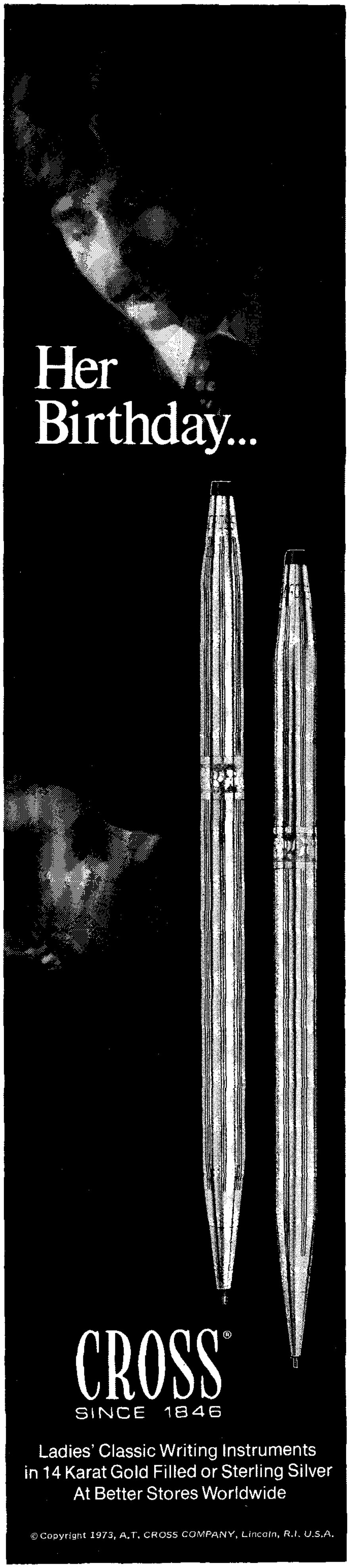
three times because of his language problems, and now he is not permitted to reapply until he can prove that he has completed an accredited ten-lesson truck-driving course. He did try some lessons for a while last winter, with a Sikh who owns a clothing shop in Southall and has been running a driving school as a sideline since he took over a Ford dump truck from a customer with a large unpaid bill. But Akbar says that after the first lesson the Sikh decided to raise his rate to four pounds an hour, and after the second lesson the truck broke down.

"You know these British," Akbar said, after he finished buffing the Mercedes and was sitting on his doorstep admiring the way the car gleamed in the sun. "They have these rules coming from I don't know where. The man who is testing me for my license—he is telling me to answer questions on a form for changing gears. And I am saying, 'You know, we are just driving together for forty miles and I am not making mistake. Why am I having to fill out forms now? You are seeing yourself that I am champion at changing gears. In Uganda, there is so many hills. I am always changing gears in Uganda. And here, here is busy road for forty miles, much traffic. I am always changing gears here, too.' But I see the man is not listening. So I am changing conversation. I am telling him how easy it is to doing business in Uganda. I am telling him story of how I am getting Obote's very important minister for my business partner. You know, this minister, he was a child near my village, and he was having white father at the mission who is helping him too much, too much, because his real father is big district chief. So I am knowing him and all his family. And when he is making his campaign in the district, he is coming to me, taking my petrol, money, trucks—taking all he is needing for getting his people from one place to other place to vote. He is saying, 'Help me, and when I am elected I am helping you. But if you are not helping me it will be very bad for you.' So I am saying, 'O.K., I help you. And when you are getting elected you are making sure that I do not have to give up my business, like all other Asians in the district.' And he is laughing and saying, 'O.K., Hassan, you are giving me half of your business and I am promising to protect us both.' You know, I am telling all this to the pure-British man who is giving me driving test. I am showing him how easy it is to doing business in Uganda. And how I am protected in my business until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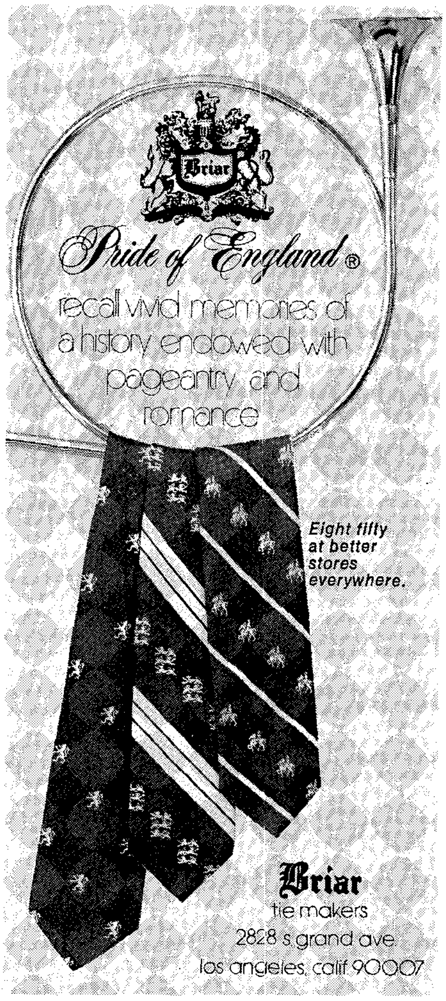
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Amin's soldiers take my partner and chop him up. But this British man is saying, 'That is nice story, Mr. Hassan, but you are still having to fill out form.' I tell him, 'You know, Mr. British Man, now I am having to go to toilet. Maybe it is rule in England that I am having to fill out form for going to toilet, too.' "

Akbar has given up by now on his license. He still wants a better job, with good hours and a good salary, but he does not want to work for an Asian, and so far his only offers have come from Asian shops. When he arrived in Southall, he tried to explain to the people at social services that he had lost his English confidence and therefore needed to work for a "pure Englishman," who would tell him his mistakes, man to man, in private, rather than for another Asian, who would shame him, by custom, in front of clients. He knows now that unless his English gets a great deal better he will probably have to stay at the service station or take a factory job. There are adult classes in English at night at one of the Southall schools, but Akbar claims that he is too old, at forty, to go to school for the first time. He says that he has had bad luck with schools anyway. When he was eight, he wanted to go to an African school a few miles from his village, but the district health inspector told his father that all the African children had terrible diseases, and Hamid kept him home. Two years later, when Hamid had more money, he tried to enroll Akbar in an Ismaili boarding school in Kampala, but that was impossible, Akbar says, because the Ismailis were then permitted to restrict their schools to Ismaili children. Akbar eventually taught himself to read and write in Hindi and Gujarati, but there was no one around to help him with English until he married Rabia, and he never thought of asking her. Now Rabia has to read the mail and the papers for Akbar, and Akbar is embarrassed to have to depend on a woman for his news—especially since most of the news he gets is so discouraging.

Early last spring, a letter came from the English company that holds Akbar's life-insurance policy, saying that he had not met his premiums, which amount to a hundred and sixty pounds a year, since the trouble in Uganda started, and that he was in serious danger of forfeiting his benefits unless he paid soon. The next letter he got was from the Standard Bank of Uganda, Ltd., where he had left a savings account containing seventeen thousand pounds, and that letter informed

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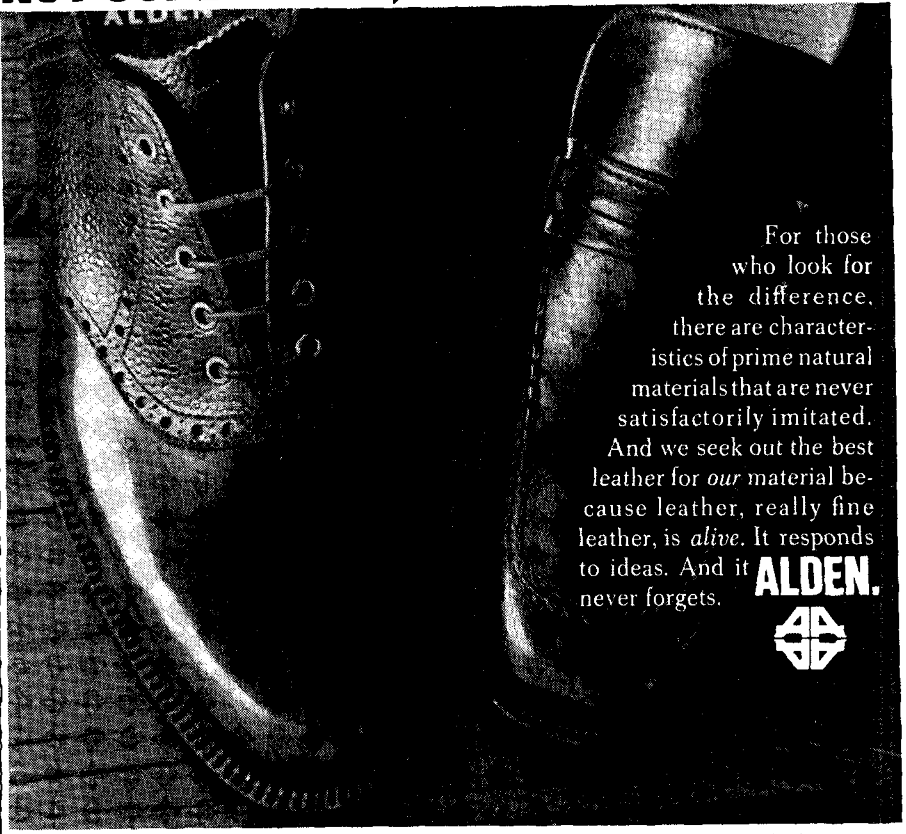
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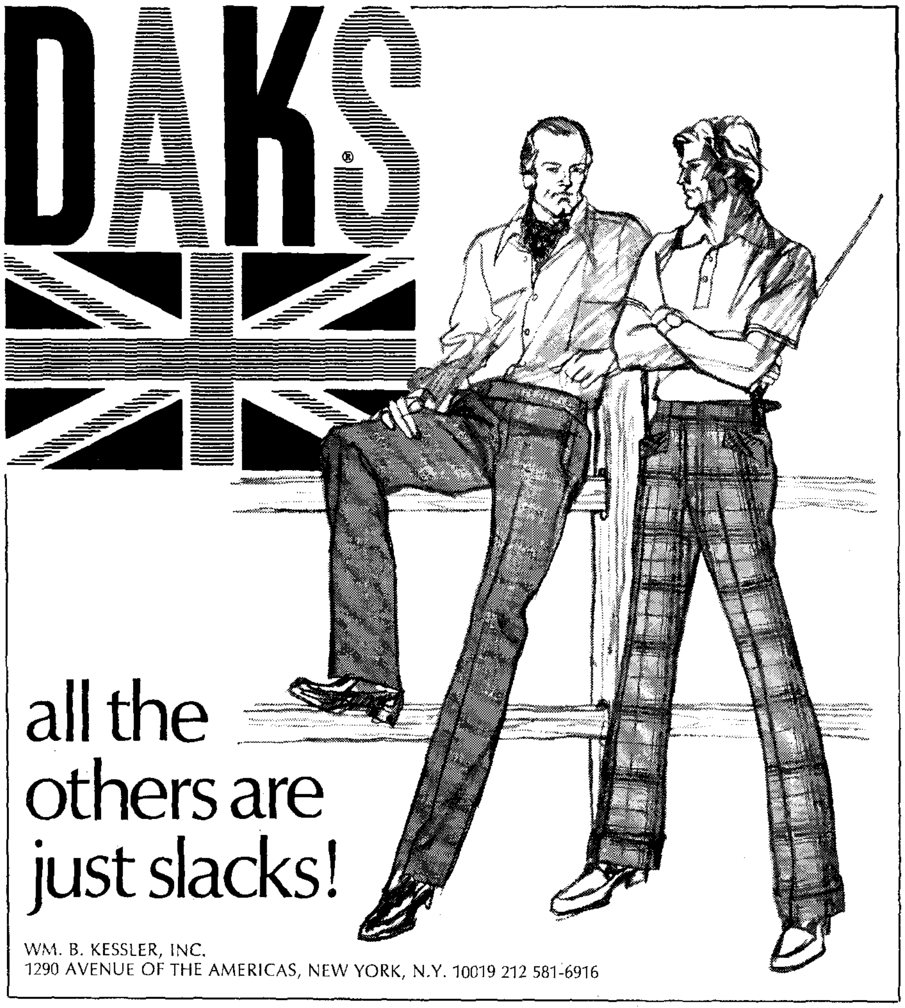
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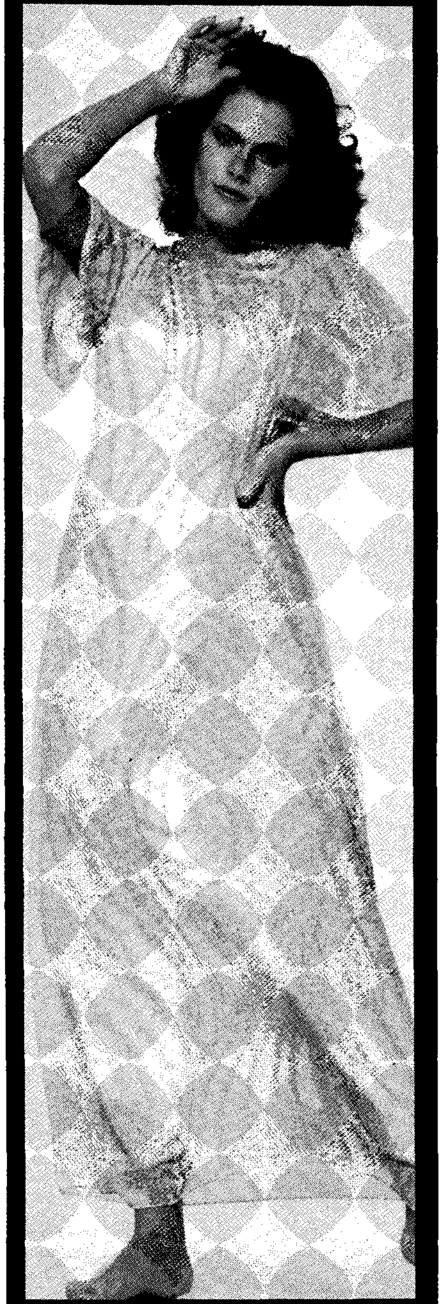

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him that all his money had just been seized by the Uganda government. Akbar decided to save the letter from the bank in the suitcase with the other family documents, inasmuch as it sounded so respectful, ending the way it did: "We regret that our association has had to be terminated in this manner and without your specific agreement, but trust that you will understand that the action we have taken was not of our instigation." But the seventeen thousand pounds he lost was the last of his assets in Uganda, and represented his savings for over twenty years. Akbar says that when Uganda got its independence he kept his British passport for the sake of British protection in the new country, and so he is confused and disappointed that the British, only ten years later, would let someone like Amin walk into a British bank and take away a British subject's money. He knows that the British look after their white subjects—people in Southall tell him that white refugees from Egypt and the Sudan have been indemnified for their property—and he has concluded, sadly, that the British do not worry as much about citizens who are colored.

There is a small group of Uganda Asians who go to meetings at the Foreign Office and write letters to the newspapers demanding that the government retrieve their money, but they are all rich and important Hindu and Ismaili businessmen, and Akbar doubts whether they are much concerned about anybody else's claim. He says sometimes that Rabia and the children are his last possessions—which is why, perhaps, he guards them closely. Rabia has been begging him to give her back a little of her girlhood freedom now that they are in London, but he will never do it as long as she is all he has. It is hard for him, then, to understand the changing life in England, with West Indians who drive into the service station and call him "brother," and, at the same time, professors who take an interest in his daughter. The England he approves of is the old England, where a servant esteems his master, a black man an Asian, and an Asian a white professor—just as a wife esteems her husband, a son his father, and a family its head. He says that one reason he stayed in Uganda until the last moment was his responsibility, as head of his Muslim cousins, to see his people safely out. He is proud of, even nostalgic about, his last days in Uganda. They were his last days of authority and respect.

"You know, I am last man out," Akbar said as he sat on his doorstep and watched the sun set. "I am speaking the African languages, and the

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soldiers, they like this, and they are always talking to me. They see me, for a month, every day, taking my people to planes, getting my people passports, sending away their luggage, and they is saying to me, 'Hassan is getting too much dangerous in Kampala. What you doing here so long?' I am saying, 'I stay to help my people to leaving. I am not letting you kill these, my people. First you must to kill me.' " Akbar laughed, and then he shook his head. "Now all my people is in England. I am hearing is in Birmingham and Manchester, and some in London. I am hearing about their progress, about the good jobs they have to getting. But none of them is thinking to ask how Akbar Hassan is doing. None of them is writing to me. None of my people that I am helping is saying to me now, 'How you doing, Hassan? Can I help you?' So I am saying to myself, 'O.K., this must to be the way it is with people in England. Nobody is coming to ask how you are doing except the ladies the government is paying to ask you.' "

Akbar stopped talking and looked down the street of red brick workers' cottages, each with its pointed roof and its double chimney and its drab façade. "I am deciding now I want too much, too much to stay in London," he said finally. "Is settled here. The children are in school, and they not be having to change their uniforms. And is near my family, is much Asian people. And I am getting my reputation. People is coming to my station now, and they know Hassan. So I am saying to myself, 'Maybe soon the government is giving me cheap house, and I am staying.' I am saying, 'Why go to where is more cold, to where is maybe no Asians?' I am better to be making my life for my children here in London. But, you know, I am all the time thinking about Uganda. You know, is not bad people, these Africans in Uganda. Is even getting clean now. Before, is wearing skins with butter and if you pass by you want to hold nose. But now is getting clean and is getting Mercedes, is going from skins to Mercedes. No, is not a bad people. But I am thinking too much about Uganda, and I am wanting to tell them, 'Listen, you Africans is very lucky to get such nice country.' "

—JANE KRAMER

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—*Gardner (Kans.) News.*

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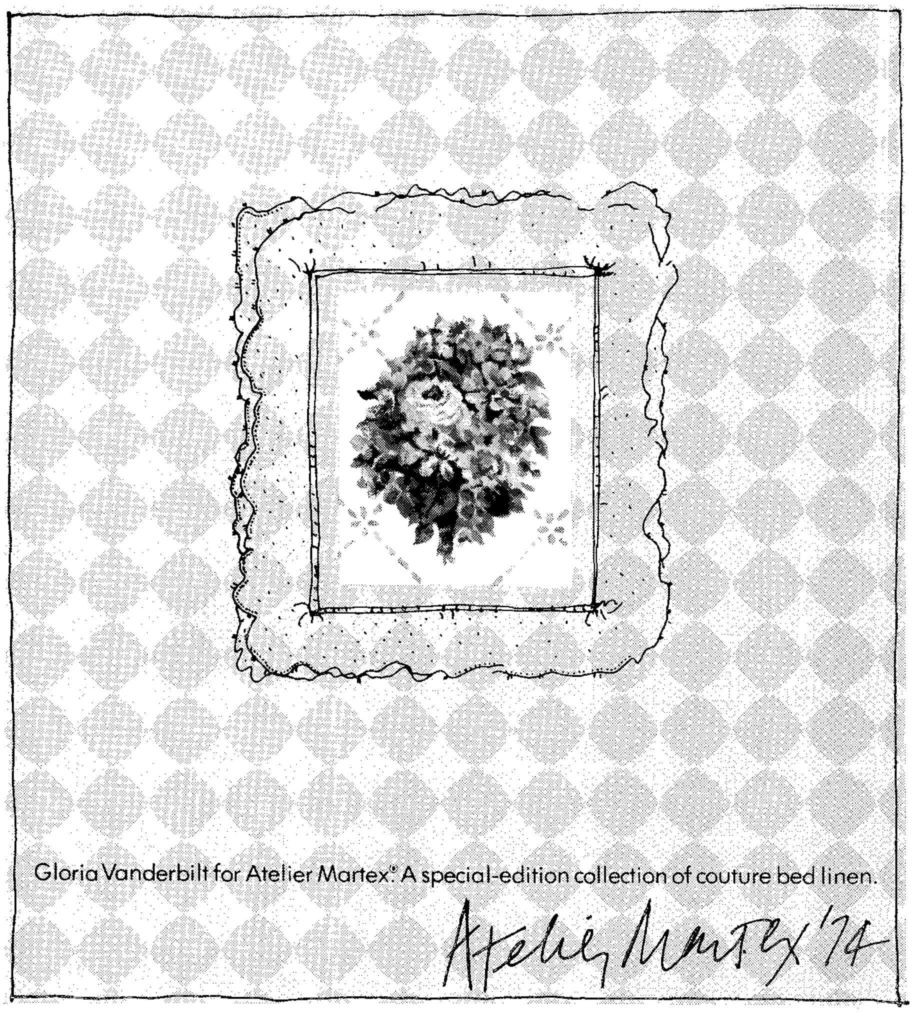
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# U.S. JOURNAL: KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

## REFLECTIONS OF SOMEONE WHOSE HOME TOWN HAS BECOME A GLAMOUR CITY

THE Hallmark Corporation may have persuaded a lot of people that Crown Center, its "city within a city," is without precedent, but I can't rid myself of the notion that Crown Center must have something to do with the Crown Drugstore that used to be on the corner of Gregory and Wornall. I remember the Crown Drugstore mainly for the eerie attraction it had for our dog, Buck, an English bulldog with no redeeming virtues; he would wander into the store, a block or two waddle from our house, and sprawl on the floor there for the afternoon, too stupid to find his way home. I have pleasant memories of the Crown Drugstore—the clerk on duty always showed a lot more patience with poor Buck than I could ever muster—and I know they stand in the way of my adopting an appropriately respectful attitude toward Crown Center. It is one disadvantage of having grown up in the city that a city within a city is within. Now that Kansas City has decided to take on the trappings that will supposedly mark it as what a Crown Center brochure calls "one of the 'hot cities' of the early seventies"—an international airport, a huge stadium, a city within a city, a public-relations consultant in New York—I feel the way I might feel if an old friend, someone who had always been an unassuming and quietly dressed businessman, suddenly turned up in a bushy mustache and bell-bottom hip-huggers and a buckskin jacket: there is a terrible temptation to say, "Oh, come off it."

I realize that an expatriate has to combat whatever secret desire he might harbor to have his home town remain precisely the same as it was when he left it—a time-freeze that would guarantee him the opportunity of returning to his roots whenever he wanted to without fear of finding that they have been yanked up to make room for a new freeway. It would obviously be pure selfishness if, out of some misplaced nostalgia or need for a touchstone, I expected, say, those Kansas Citians who want to ice-skate to bump along in the dank interior of the old Pla-Mor rink rather than glide around the ice plaza of Crown Center Square within sight of an Alexander Calder stabile. If the folks at Hallmark are willing to provide, in the Crown Center market area, ninety-one modern shops and a Halls department store whose inventory has been organized on three levels (there don't seem to be any floors in Kansas City anymore) according to the categories of Earth, Elegance, and Excitement, I certainly do not expect Kansas Citians to do their shopping in an undistinguished drugstore that has an English bulldog blocking the way to the paperback rack.

*"Let the orgies begin."*

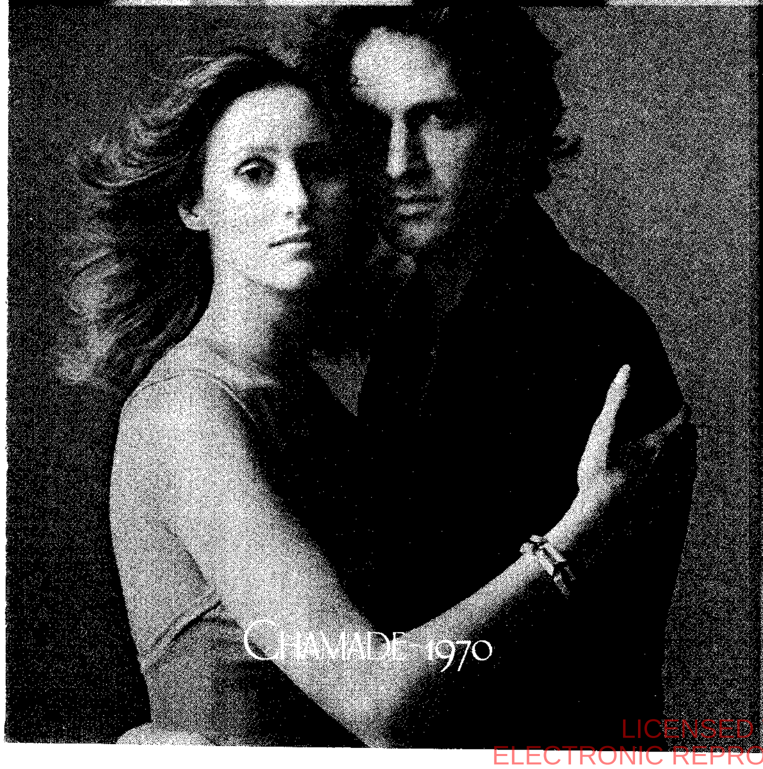
A concerned citizen could hardly object these days to a project pledged to the notion that people in Kansas City ought to be able to conduct some of their daily business without the aid of an automobile. In the rest of postwar Kansas City, the city planner in charge might as well have been the chief designer of the Pontiac Division; it reflects such a single-minded obeisance to the automobile that about the only way people in Kansas City residential districts can honor the government's request to save gasoline is to put themselves under house arrest. The distance sports fans in my old neighborhood routinely drive between their houses and the new Harry S. Truman Sports Complex—a football stadium standing next to a baseball stadium, as if the builder couldn't get it right the first time and tried again—is, according to my inexact calculations, about the distance a medieval pilgrim had to plan on wending from London to Canterbury once in his lifetime. The proudest boast of Kansas City International, the new airport Kansas City recently constructed twenty miles in the direction of St. Joseph, is that its "drive-to-your-gate" concept is "about as close to the ideal of driving right onto the plane as we can get at this time." If, in other words, a businessman who takes an airplane trip from Kansas City makes it to the airport and manages to park his car in front of the right "pod" and doesn't mind the lack of a central terminal that might give him the impression that other human beings are present, he will walk at least six hundred and twenty-

L'HEURE BLEUE-1912

MITSOUKO-1921

SHALIMAR-1925

VOL de NUIT-1933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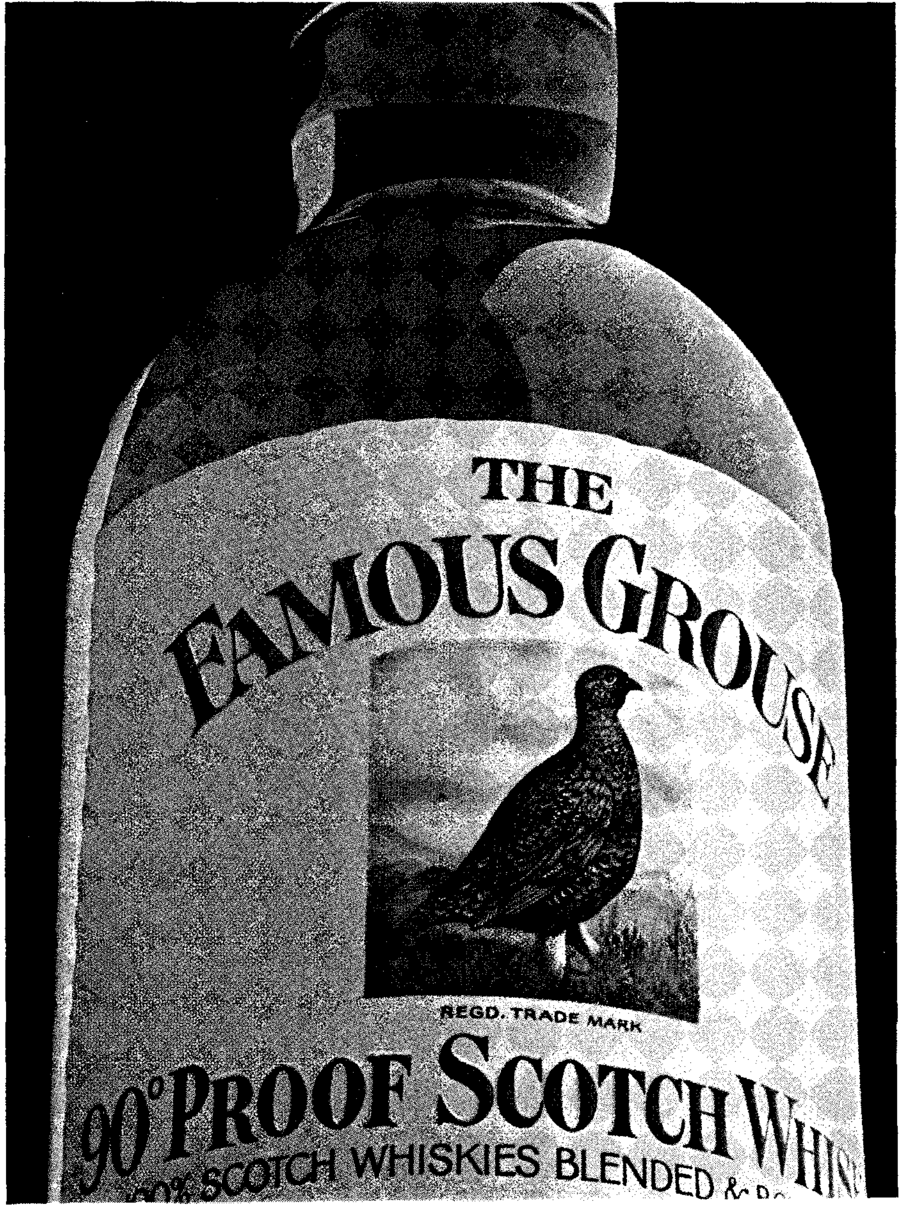

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five fewer feet from curbside to plane than he would have had to walk if he were a businessman taking an airplane trip from Omaha. "How come we're always in a car when we're in Kansas City?" my five-year-old daughter asked while we were driving to Crown Center for what was to be her first visit. "Well," I said, "where we're going now we can walk to some stores and walk to a restaurant to eat, just like in a—well, in a city."

There are some elements of a city that Crown Center still lacks—all of which will presumably appear by the time its "total environment" of eighty-five acres is complete. Condominiums and apartments are just being built. Since the retail area is considered a "marketplace" rather than a shopping center, there are no supermarkets or shoe-repair shops or laundries. (The collection of food shops in the retail area looks even less like a serious grocery-shopping place to Kansas Citians than it might to, say, Londoners, since it lacks the giantism in packaging that has become normal in American supermarkets through the use of the automobile as a shopping cart—packages of potato chips that look as if they might contain chips numbering in the tens of thousands, full gallons of milk, boxes of detergent the size of a cocker spaniel.) But Crown Center has the sleek new office buildings that are now routine in American cities—with a good part of the space unrented, which is also routine. It has a dominant industry—the world headquarters of Hallmark. It has a variety of restaurants and some elegant stores and a mod area that has painted steel beams and exposed heat ducts and stores with names like Athlete's Foot and The Witch's Craft Shop. It has, on what used to be a grassy bluff called Signboard Hill, a hotel whose designer—either through an appreciation of the current fashion for hotels as architectural entertainment or through a rather individualistic vision of environmental protection—preserved part of the hill within the lobby.

After I had spent a day or so in Crown Center, it occurred to me that once the condominiums are completed and a supermarket has been tucked away tastefully in some cul-de-sac, a resident might be able to put his car up on blocks. If he wanted to leave the total environment, his best bet might be a helicopter anyway. The land for Crown Center was chosen in a way that permitted it to be surrounded by the urban American version of moats—a railroad cut, a cemetery, a huge medical complex. Crown Center will presumably be a beautifully designed island cut off from a black neighborhood and a Mexican-American neighborhood and a dreary mile of commercial buildings leading to downtown Kansas City. If the development plans that have been announced in Kansas City over the past few years can be believed—and a home-towner's ultimate act of loyalty would be to take such announcements seriously—there will be other beautifully designed islands. There will be one at Kansas City International, twenty miles to the north. There will be one at the Harry S. Truman Sports Complex, a pilgrim's trek to the east. There will be one at a new convention center downtown. Crown Center will be just one of a number of cities within a—well, city.

STANDING in the lobby of the Crown Center Hotel late one evening, trying to occupy myself with a calculation of what the odds were that the waterfall coming down the lobby's hill had any fish in it, I finally faced up to the possibility—just the possibility—that my own home town might be suffering from a widespread urban disease I have come to think of as dome-ism. In dome-ism, as in smallpox, each patient may break out in a different way. Houston's dome is, of course, the Astrodome, and New Orleans's will soon be the Superdome, assuming that there is enough money in the Republic to pay for it. The dome serving both Fort Worth and Dallas is their new airport. St. Louis's dome is a forty-seven-million-dollar arch. Some cities have new convention centers or downtown malls as domes. The dome in Atlanta is undoubtedly the Hyatt Regency Atlanta Hotel—with a lobby that is twenty-two floors (or maybe levels) high, and glass elevators that go, as they say in Atlanta, "clean through the roof." Domes are always spoken of as symbols of progress, but those which are built with public money are always justified with the commercial arguments of the nineteen-thirties—the effect they will have on gross retail sales and on the number of inquiries the Chamber of Commerce receives from industries looking for new plant or branch-office sites.

In the later stages of dome-ism, the people running a city no longer bother to discuss the creative statistics they originally tossed around about how many jobs the dome was going to bring; they become like the newly rich businessman who glories in owning his Cadillac and has long ago forgotten

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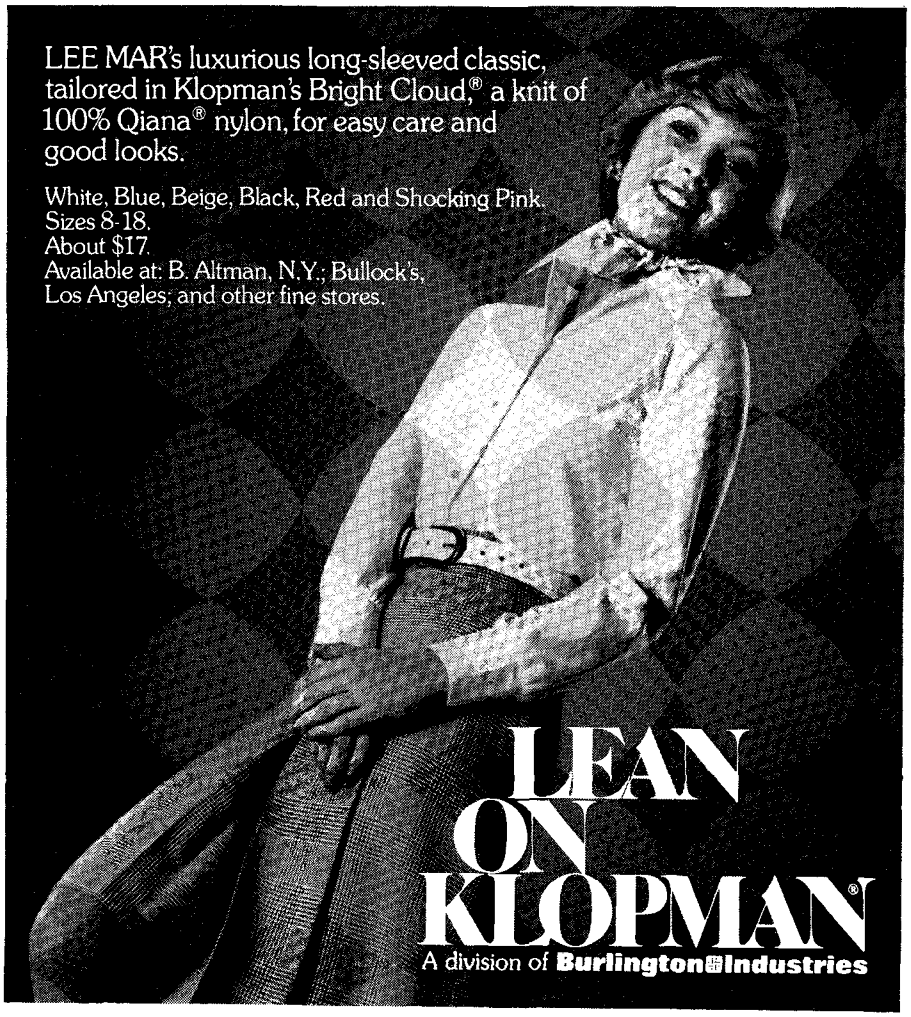

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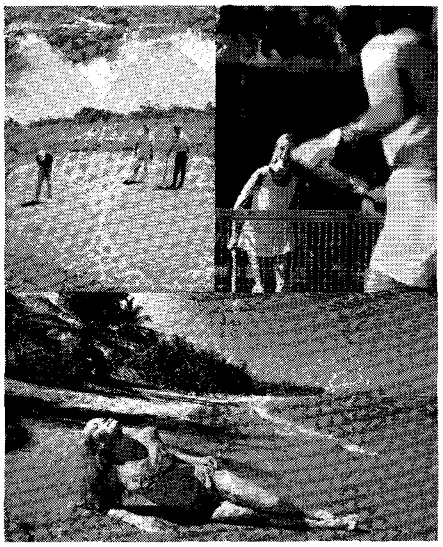

that he once justified its purchase to his wife with some talk about its roominess and the way it sticks to the road. In acute cases, a dome can bring to mind the comment that one of the Queen's angrier subjects once made about the British monarchy—"a gold filling in a mouthful of decay." An Egyptian U.N. delegate who travels around the country these days, glancing at the domes that stand out from neighborhoods of deteriorating houses and overcrowded schools, must muse on what the pharaohs might have been able to build if they had only had the authority to issue general-obligation bonds.

Not every construction project is a dome, of course, and anyone who doesn't give his home town the benefit of the doubt deserves to have the house of his childhood turned into a McDonald's. A growing city needs new facilities. There may have been some sound reasons for Kansas City's building a two-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar airport. Pilots said that approaches to the old airport were difficult. T.W.A. said it needed more room for a facility that represented a lot of jobs. But I couldn't avoid being suspicious about the decision to call the new airport Kansas City International, since it has precisely as many international flights as the old Municipal Airport had: none. Any connection there might be between its chosen name and the actual likelihood that it would have a flight that landed on foreign soil does not even seem to have become a matter of public discussion until well after the original target date for its completion. People now say that it will someday have a flight to Mexico City. In the meantime, it remains Kansas City International, except to those who refer to it as St. Jo International. But maybe the future will show that K.C.I. was two hundred and fifty million dollars well spent. Ten years from now, I suspect, I will mention to businessmen from Kansas City that K.C.I. still seems deserted and isolated and somewhat more than the situation called for, and I will be told that it is a great bargain, since it could not be duplicated for half a billion.

Maybe building a new stadium—or two stadia, really—was the best way to spend another seventy million dollars. Perhaps those claims its backers made about the prosperity it would bring Kansas City will prove to be true—thousands of people from Great Bend and Sedalia and Scottsbluff and maybe even Tulsa hanging around to see some major-league ball and to pop themselves to a night or two in a hot city before catching their jumbo jet from

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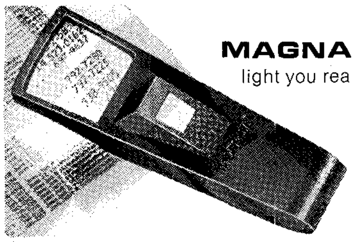

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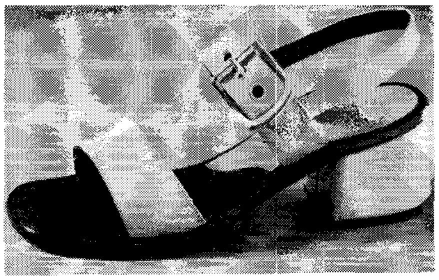

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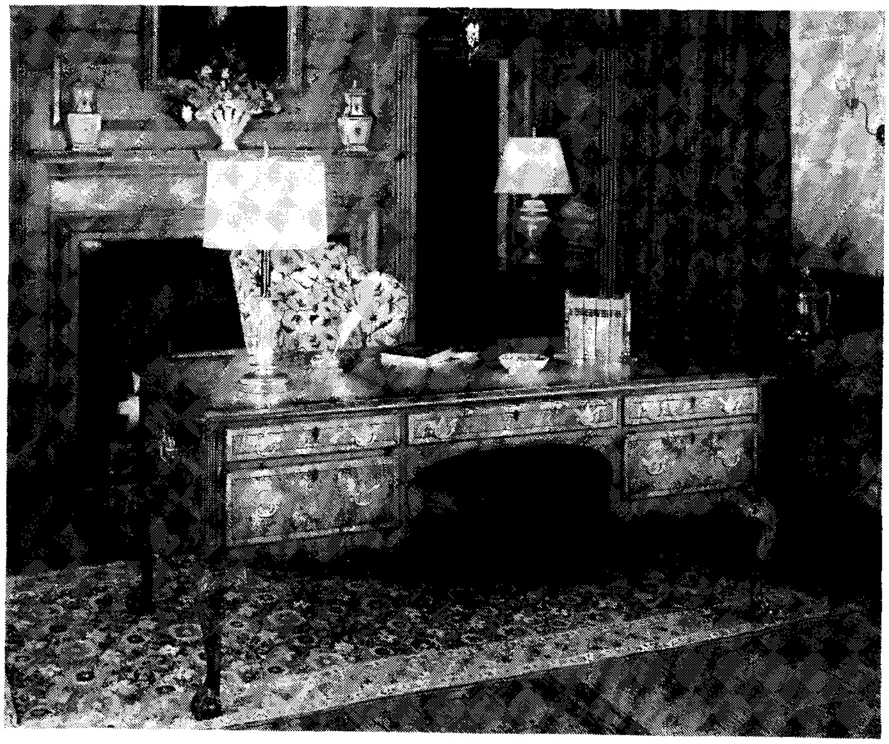
**THE TOG SHOP** **Lester Square Americus, Ga. 31709**

K.C.I. to Paris, France. At least the stadium was not topped off in plastic and called the Wheatdome. I have to admit that there was a plan for a roof. It was not to be a dome but a movable steel roof that would be capable of covering either stadium opening that needed covering—operating like a gigantic, twenty-million-pound epiglottis. The roof idea was eventually abandoned, but it was still being discussed seriously after the estimate of its cost was put at nine million dollars. It hurts me to say so, but the very contemplation of a nine-million-dollar roof is dome-ism.

IN New York, the public-relations men retained by Kansas City told me they had fallen in love with the place. I was flattered. It's my home town, after all. A bit tarted up, as the English say, from the home town I once knew, but still my home town. What had they fallen in love with? The friendliness generated by the presence of so many people who are just a generation or two from country? The American Royal stock show? The barbecue restaurants? The long Midwestern picnics at Swope Park? No. They had fallen in love with the steering committee of "Kansas City: Prime Time." The businessmen who were boosting Kansas City through the Prime Time project, I was told, met once a month and made the decisions that had to be made for Kansas City. They did not shilly-shally. They made decisions on the spot, and they had the power to back them up. I was astounded. Could it be, I wondered, that Kansas City had hired public-relations men who were unaware of how many words had been written in the sixties to *exposé* places for being run by élite groups of businessmen who presumed to make decisions for everyone? Hadn't they read the attacks on the Dallas Citizens Council and the Atlanta Power Structure? The only loyal response a home-towner could make seemed inappropriate in the presence of a public-relations man: "Do you think we could keep this just between ourselves?"

But in the business of hot cities, I realized, Dallas and Atlanta are considered models. The basic release from Kansas City's New York public-relations representatives begins, "Picking up where Dallas and Atlanta, the glamour cities of the '60s, left off . . ." Do the residents of Kansas City really want to invest their money in becoming a glamour city? I suspect they do take some pride in telling people from Atlanta that while Atlanta may have an ele-



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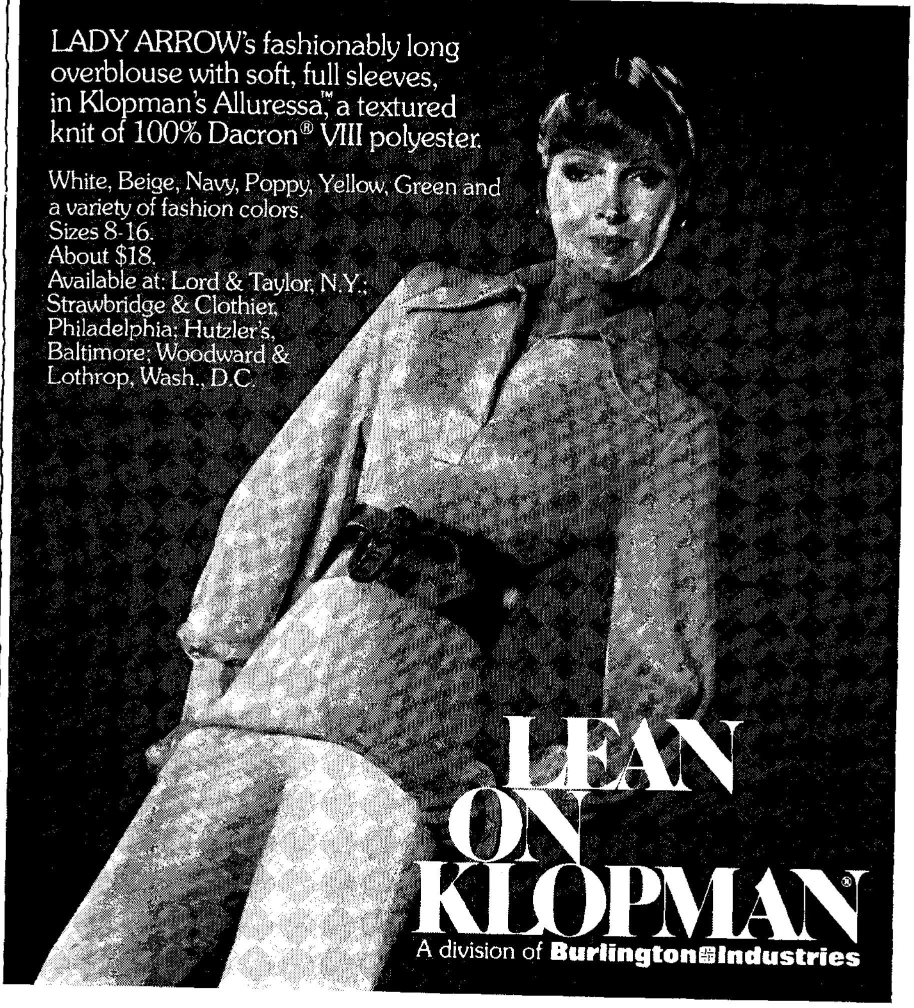

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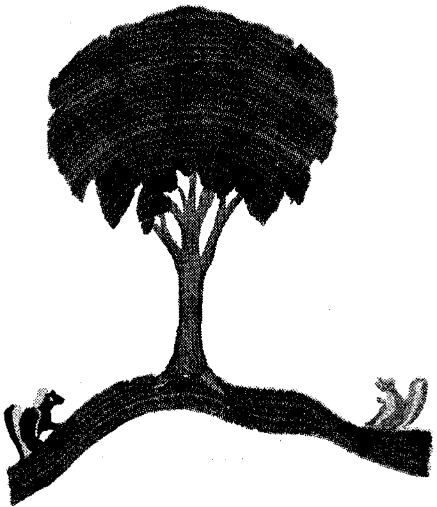

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vator that goes clean through the roof, there's nothing like a hill to make a lobby. There must be some pleasure in asking someone from Houston whether the design of the Astrodome results in one's being a lot farther from the third-base line than one might be in a stadium designed specifically for baseball. If the established civic leadership insists that a seventy-million-dollar sports complex (including, according to the same release, "a $2-million, 12-story tall scoreboard and a $750,000 water display") is a prerequisite to Kansas City's being "a major-league city," perhaps only a minority of citizens would say that Triple-A seemed perfectly all right. But a glamour city?

Crown Center is designed to be glamorous, or at least sophisticated. In the International Café—an interior plaza full of tables surrounded by counters offering half a dozen types of food—there are foreign words everywhere ("This is Italian candy. It is called Torroni"), even though the entire operation is run by a caterer from Chicago and the similarity between the beef in the Mexican counter's beef taco and the beef in the Italian counter's spaghetti with meat sauce suggests One Worldism. The Crown Center Hotel is run by Western International, probably the most tasteful hotel operation in the country, which means that in any one of its guest rooms even the ice bucket is well designed and the wall is decorated not with hotel-chain versions of Montmartre street scenes or phony matadors but with, say, a stunning black-and-white photograph of part of an unpainted farmhouse. (Western International's one design weakness seems to be in costuming. In the Bonaventure, an otherwise exquisite hotel in Montreal, the bellhops are all Chinese dressed in coolie costumes. I had always assumed that there must be some Chinese phase of Montreal history I didn't know about, but then I arrived at the Crown Center Hotel and found the doorman to be a tall black man dressed as a Russian folk dancer—a discovery that leads me to suspect that some Western International hotel on the West Coast may feature night clerks dressed as Southern plantation slaves or British merchant seamen.) The toy store in Crown Center is run by Galt of London. The craft store has splendid examples of Midwestern handmade quilts. The fish counter has, of all things, fresh fish.

But so far people have come to Crown Center mostly to look rather than to buy. The conventioneers from the hotel seem to wander into the

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mock-kinky places for souvenirs, but the elegant jewelry store and the entire level of Elegance at Hallmark's own store appear deserted. No one in Kansas City doubts that Joyce Hall, the founder of Hallmark, has a genuine interest in having Crown Center represent quality. But a lot of the goods carried in the stores may reflect what he believes people in Kansas City ought to want rather than what they really do want. (In cities suffering from domeism, the business leadership often has bond issues passed to build convention centers or arches it believes the people ought to want; Mr. Hall at least spends his own money.) I was in the main bookstore of Crown Center one Saturday when a customer who had been assured that there were really no religion books in stock other than those he could see on the shelf asked the clerk if she knew of another bookstore nearby. He was a middle-aged man who spoke in a strong Midwestern twang and looked as if he might have come in from a small town or a farm. "There's one on the second level, sir," the clerk said politely. "It's called Bibliomania." Bibliomania! He is supposed to look for a religion book in a place called Bibliomania? Is Transcendental Meditation the kind of religion she thinks he's interested in? I felt that the time had almost come to remind the Hallmark people that in their own elaborate coffee-table book on Kansas City (and I include my coffee table) they revealed that what pleased them most about the place had nothing to do with glamour or international cafés or stores with cute names. "Count Basie, who was here during an earlier era of the Kansas City Style, perhaps said it best," the book says. " 'A cracker town, but a happy town.' " —CALVIN TRILLIN

●

Mr. Glenn took the occasion to issue a press statement urging his party to conduct a "free and open" Democratic primary next May because "the people of Ohio will be sending a new Senator to Washington in 1974 and it is essential that the voter be dictated to in selecting that man."—*The Times.*

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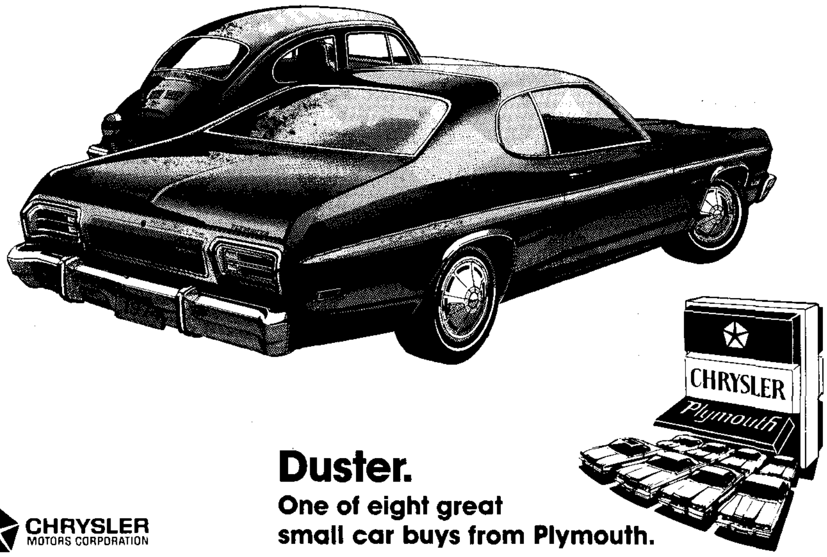

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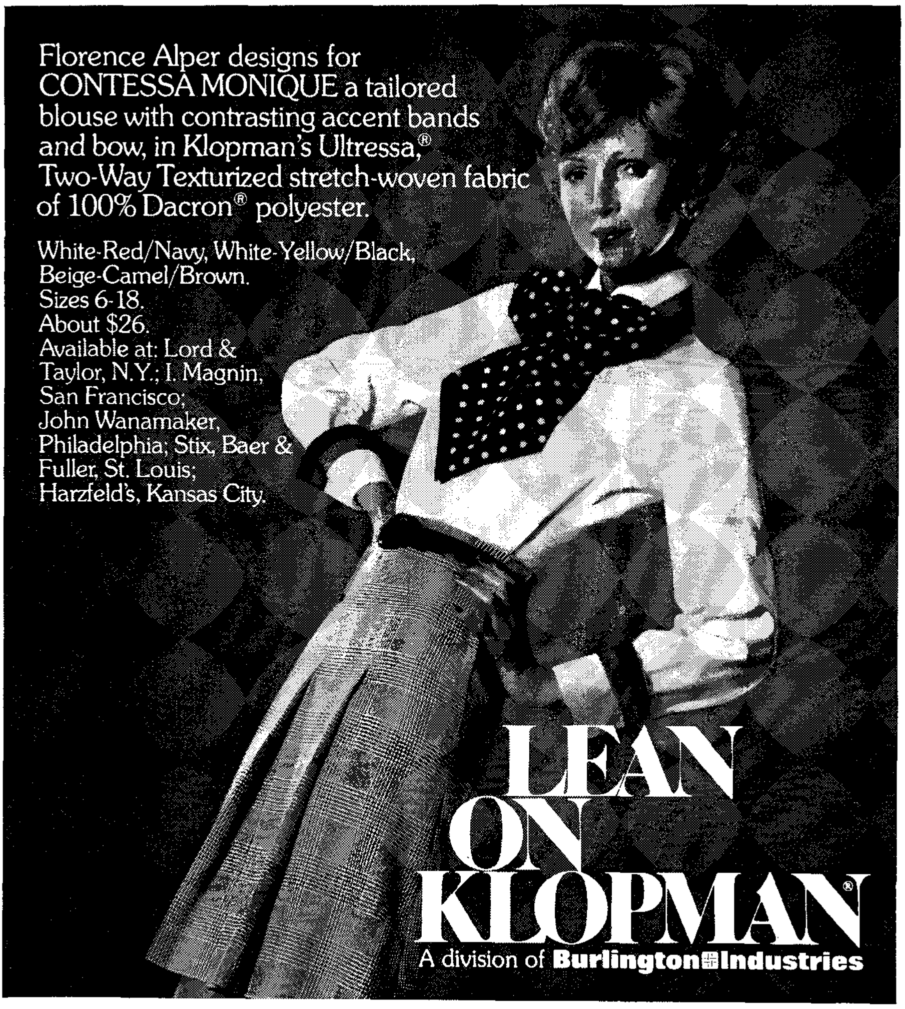
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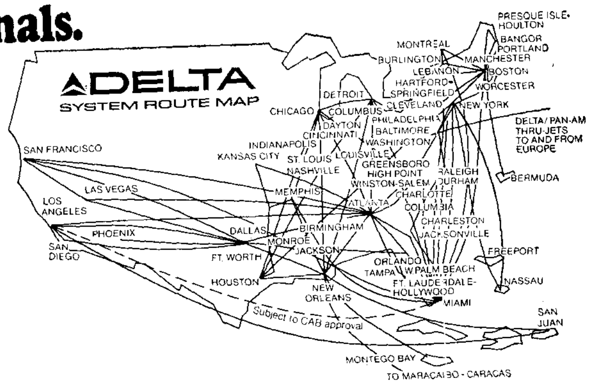
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THE THEATRE

## ON ACTING

“Clarence Darrow,” at the Helen Hayes, is not so much a play as a demonstration of how a superlatively gifted actor, by the employment of a long lifetime of accumulated skills, can convince an audience against all reason that it is in the presence of a substantial piece of work. Not so much a play? “Clarence Darrow” is not a play at all but, rather, a recital of snippets from the biography of a notably contentious trial lawyer, at his most characteristic when he was in violent combat with his peers. Such a man cries out to be depicted in the thick of his innumerable forensic skirmishes; to withhold him from his proper courtroom setting—to omit the judges, juries, rival counsel, and witnesses with whom he struggled and over whom, by means not always the most admirable, he triumphed—is to violate common sense as well as intelligent dramaturgy. Nevertheless, the evening is not a total failure. This is thanks to the fact that Darrow is played by Henry Fonda, who, at sixty-eight, is at the very peak of his acting powers. In the face of the highest odds, again and again he makes a thrilling figure of Darrow by seeming to people an empty stage with adversaries. Fencing with ghosts, he persuades us that the ghosts are real and that we must take his side against them. It is lucky for all of us that Mr. Fonda is an actor and not a salesman; he could sell us the statue of Father Duffy in Times Square and walk away leaving us to congratulate ourselves upon the shrewdest purchase we had ever made.

This curiosity of a non-play has been plucked by David W. Rintels from a book, “Clarence Darrow for the Defense,” by Irving Stone, the biographer of Jack London, Vincent van Gogh, and Michelangelo. The scenery, by H. R. Poindexter, consists of a single set, casually divided into portions of a living room, a courtroom, and a law office. Mr. Poindexter has also contrived the lighting that renders his setting plausible; Fonda-Darrow emerges from the shadows and retreats into them with the air of having just welcomely escaped the jostling of a large and probably inimical crowd. The director is John Houseman, whose professional prowess is a match for Mr. Fonda’s. Students of acting, students of direction, make your way in haste to the Helen Hayes.

Newly arrived at the Brooks Atkinson and starring Lynn Redgrave and George Rose is “My Fat Friend,” a comedy by the English playwright Charles Laurence. Miss Redgrave plays the role of a fat girl who longs to be thin; she is prompted to achieve this hitherto unattainable goal when she falls in love with a nice young man (James Ray Weeks). With the aid of a couple of friends, one of them played by John Lithgow and the other by Mr. Rose, she performs herculean feats of abstinence and exercise, and by the time the young man returns from his convenient travels she is downright skinny. It then turns out— ah, but you know how it turns out, because, despite the dicta of history, O. Henry has not died; he lives on in England, where, at the age of a hundred and eleven, he and his followers continue to invent plots like that of “My Fat Friend.” Even at his advanced age, they cost him very little effort. It costs *us* very little effort to be mildly amused by them, and at the same time mildly irritated, since there is so little being offered onstage except sentimental badinage. Perhaps at the instigation of the director, Robert Moore, Miss Redgrave hurls herself into her part as if she thought there were something valuable there; it is only she that is valuable. More wisely, Mr. Rose contents himself with a broad sketch of a bitchy homosexual—a stereotype, but very ably done.

The delightful, highly colored set is by William Ritman, the lighting is by Martin Aronstein, and the costumes are by Sara Brook.

The circus is back at Madison Square Garden and will be there until the twenty-seventh of May. It is full of wonders, well worth going to sit in happy awe of—incomparable acrobats, fearless trainers of fierce beasts, Cossack horsemen, and even some droll dromedaries, padding round a ring with the queasy unction of so many Uriah Heeps. Nowadays, the staging of the circus owes more to Broadway showbiz than to the old Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey canvas, sawdust, and brass-band fervor, and this is just as well; the Garden is a sophisticated electronic cavern, and its best effects are

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In the Garden, even elephants tend to look tiny; so much the worse for elephants, but so much the better for Michu, the hit of the present show. He is billed as the smallest man in the world, seven inches shorter than Barnum's General Tom Thumb. A doll's house is carried into the center ring; it looks too small to contain a mortal, but when the roof is lifted off one beholds a neatly folded Michu, who, getting to his feet, proves in the vast reaches of the Garden to be not merely tiny but infinitesimal. A scintilla of smiling good humor, he dances, boxes, and awaits with obvious pleasure our applause. He is thirty-three inches of winning performer, and one wishes for him neither an inch more nor an inch less.

—Brendan Gill

## OFF BROADWAY

### *Two on the Rocks*

At its beginning, Jay Broad's "The Killdeer," at the Public, has the look and sound of a traditional suburban comedy. The setting (by Marjorie Kellogg) is a large, trim living room in a house somewhere near this city. Ted, a middle-aged man, walks in, calls out, and is somewhat dismayed to find nobody home. He makes himself a drink, turns to the audience and tells us a silly dirty joke, switches on a television set but gets no picture. He hits it. His wife, Sparky, enters; he kisses her and throws her on the couch, but when he announces his intentions of further sex, she turns him off. He is furious. What is wrong with the television set? Why hasn't she called the repairman? What has she been doing all day? Her reply is a monologue—a minute-by-minute rundown of a day that has ebbed away in the meaningless chores of housewifery, and, as delivered dead-eyed by Barbara Barrie, it is a comic triumph. "The Killdeer," though it has a wry, comic tone, tells a sad story about an eighteen-year-old marriage that has gone dead, and especially about a man who has lost all confidence in himself, partly because his wife has lost all confidence in him and cannot con-

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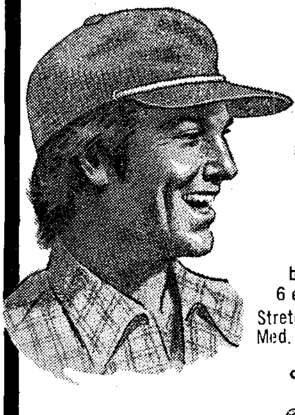

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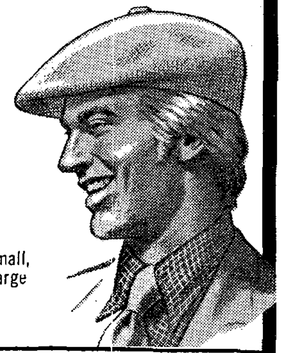

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ceal it. There have been too many failures, too many jobs. His disappointment and self-contempt have turned into a pervasive and lethal bitterness. He tells foolish (and harmless) little racial jokes, and makes foolish racial slurs; he uses little dirty words a lot; he refuses even to go to a party next door because the guest of honor is a "liberal" politician sympathetic to the teachers' union. He cannot hold his booze, and the simmering bitterness erupts into violent fits of temper. The only times we hear any vitality in his voice or sense any pleasure in him are when he tries to explain the theory of relativity to his younger son and when he finds an old book on relativity by Bertrand Russell. Ted's behavior is abominable, but there is decency there, too, and those around him behave decently to him. Ralph Waite's performance of this self-hating, self-pitying man, whose every nerve is exposed, is entirely convincing.

Much of the action, which takes place on the evening when Ted falls apart, is also convincing, although I think the playwright's hand is too often visible. (One scene in which Ted, alone, does a dreadful impersonation of a stand-up comic on the Carson show is inexcusable.) Nevertheless, Mr. Broad's characters seem real, certainly as played by a very good cast, under Melvin Bernhardt's direction. Barbara Barrie is wonderful as Sparky, unable to spring the trap she is in. I also admired George Voskovec as a German engineer brought to Ted's house by Ted's boss; Timothy Nissen as the sensitive younger son, who tries to improve the stormy atmosphere with riddles and gags; Dolores Kenan and Franklin Cover as the neighbors; William Bogert as the boss; Michael-Raymond O'Keefe as the older son; and (hooray!) Jack Ramage as the visiting politician silenced to zombiedom by a few drinks. Program note: "The Killdeer is a monogamous family bird (Genus: Plover) found in the pastures of North America. When under attack, it attempts to lead danger away from its nest by feigning a broken wing and uttering a plaintive cry." Well, now.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Meanwhile, representatives of 10 European nations, Japan and Canada meet at the State Department Monday and Tuesday to set up shortages.
—*Columbus (Ohio) Citizen-Journal.*

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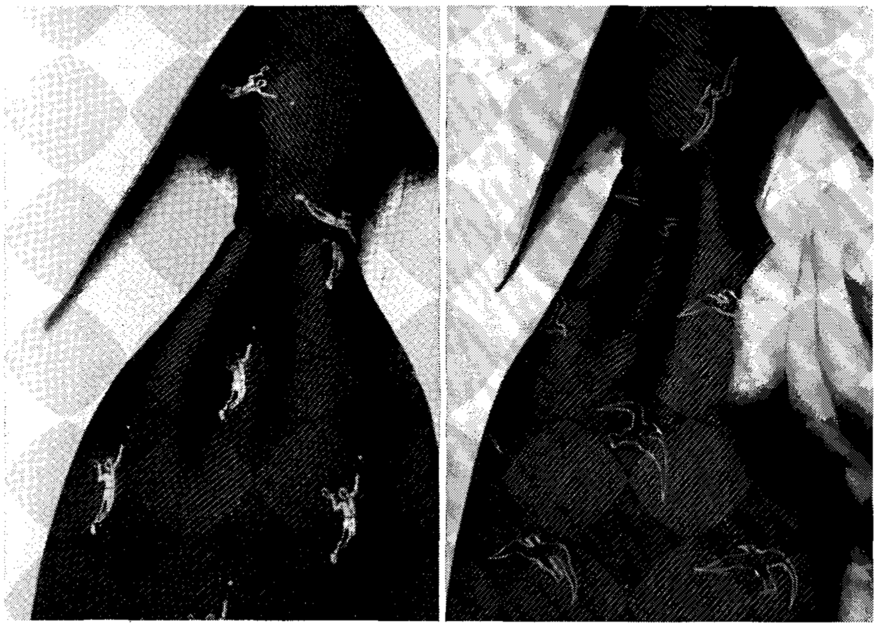

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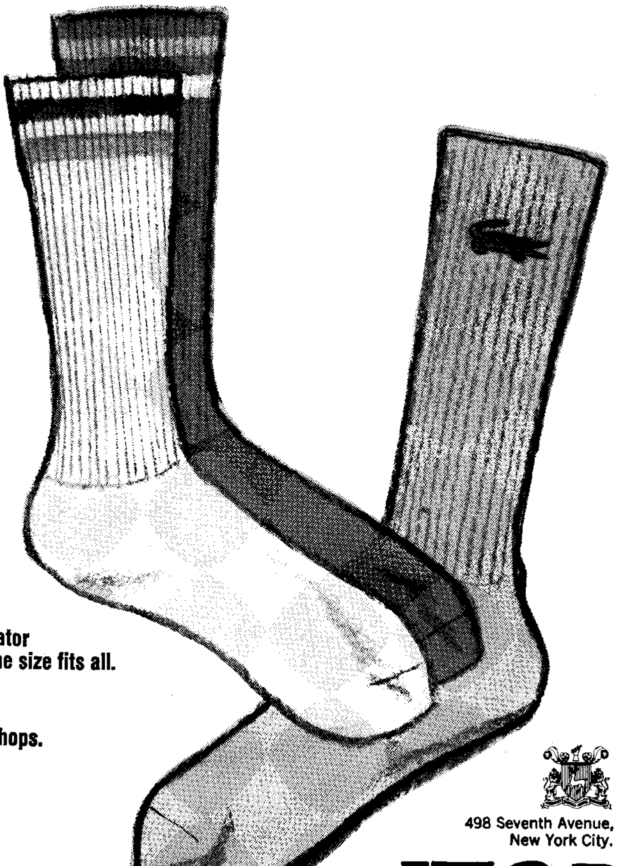

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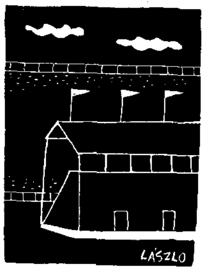
# THE RACE TRACK

## *"They Got Beat"*



IT seems that this is another of those difficult years for the early Kentucky Derby favorites. Protagonist, the top horse in the Experimental Free Handicap, ran fourth in the Bay Shore at Aqueduct several weeks ago. Judger, who won the Florida Derby in spectacular style at Gulfstream last month, finished third behind Bushongo and Hasty Flyer in the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah on Saturday. To judge from the chart and from reports of several observers, including some of the bridge jumpers in the crowd who backed Judger and his running mate Cannonade down to the unrewarding odds of thirty cents to a dollar, the colt's performance was far below his recent form. Away better than usual, he was seventh in the field of ten three-year-olds and moved into third place turning into the stretch. But from there on he couldn't gain a yard on the leaders, and he was beaten by three and a quarter lengths. On the other hand, Hasty Flyer, who runs to his name, was stepping along; he did the first quarter in 0:23⅖, the half mile in 0:47⅖, and six furlongs in 1:11. At that point, Bushongo, who had been right behind him, whipped past, finishing out the nine furlongs in 1:49. Even more disappointing was Cannonade, who was third at the three-quarter pole but faded to seventh. The only comment of Woody Stephens, who trains both Judger and Cannonade, was "What can I say? They got beat."

Bushongo, a rangy dark-bay colt by Mongo out of Pervinca, she by Relic, won't upset the Derby picture. Mrs. Marian DuPont Scott, who owns him, won't send him out for the hundredth run for the roses. He has been lightly raced, so she and Downey Bonsal, who trains him, thought he needed more time to mature for as hard a race at a mile and a quarter as the Derby is bound to be. If all goes well with him, he is definitely for the Preakness at Pimlico a fortnight after the Derby.

DESTROYER, a 44–1 shot, upset the applecart in the Santa Anita Derby last Sunday. Leading for most of the nine furlongs, he won by a head from

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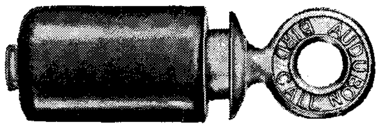

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Aloha Mood, with whom he had matched strides most of the way. Agitate, the favorite, was third, half a length behind. Only eight three-year-olds ran, one of the smaller fields for the event, but the pay-off, of $89.80, was the largest, surpassing the $68.80 paid in 1940 on Sweepida, who, if memory serves, was raised in a San Francisco back yard. Destroyer, a bay colt by Vitriolic out of Thoria, a daughter of Nashua, is owned by Kenneth Opstein.

OUT at Hot Springs, Arkansas, last weekend, Miss Musket, the best three-year-old filly in the West, and perhaps in the country, won the $100,000 Fantasy Stakes, her sixth consecutive victory. Out to Lunch was second and Fairway Fable third. Miss Musket was ridden, as usual, by Shoemaker, and it was his hundredth victory in a five-figure stakes race. A Florida-bred daughter of Gunflint and Double Value, Miss Musket did not run last season, but she made up for it at Santa Anita. Charlie Whittingham, who trains her for Aaron Jones, says she's something extra.

AQUEDUCT hasn't had much luck with the weather this season, and what it had last Saturday wasn't fit for man or beast. And that goes for the sixty-seven horses who ran and the boys who rode them. Nevertheless, a crowd of 24,555 came out for the nine races—especially the Westchester Handicap, at a mile. In this one, Torsion, winner of the Paumonok, at six furlongs, and the Roseben, at seven, was trying to stretch his string of stakes to three straight and beat Prove Out, who had beaten Secretariat in the Woodward, and who won the Jockey Club Gold Cup last season. He couldn't. Though he was rated a mudlark in the past performances, he was never in the picture, finishing fifth behind Alfred Vanderbilt's Dundee Marmalade, who won by a nose from Infuriator, with Prove Out, who was giving big weight to everything, a length and a half behind. A year ago, Mr. Vanderbilt won the race with North Sea.

The Searching Stakes, at one mile, the third race in that new series for three-year-old fillies, was the bright spot on the midweek card. It went to Jacques Wimpfheimer's Shy Dawn. By the way, the Meadow Stable had an entry, Second Coming. (She finished sixth.) Colonel Martingale wonders why that name wasn't saved for a colt by Secretariat. —AUDAX MINOR

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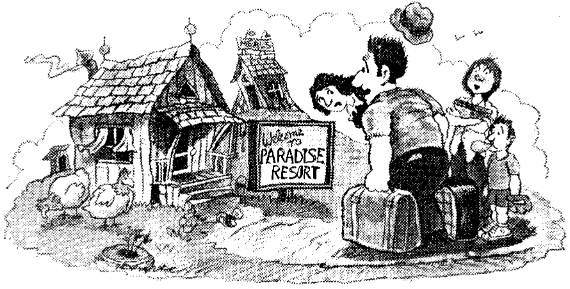

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

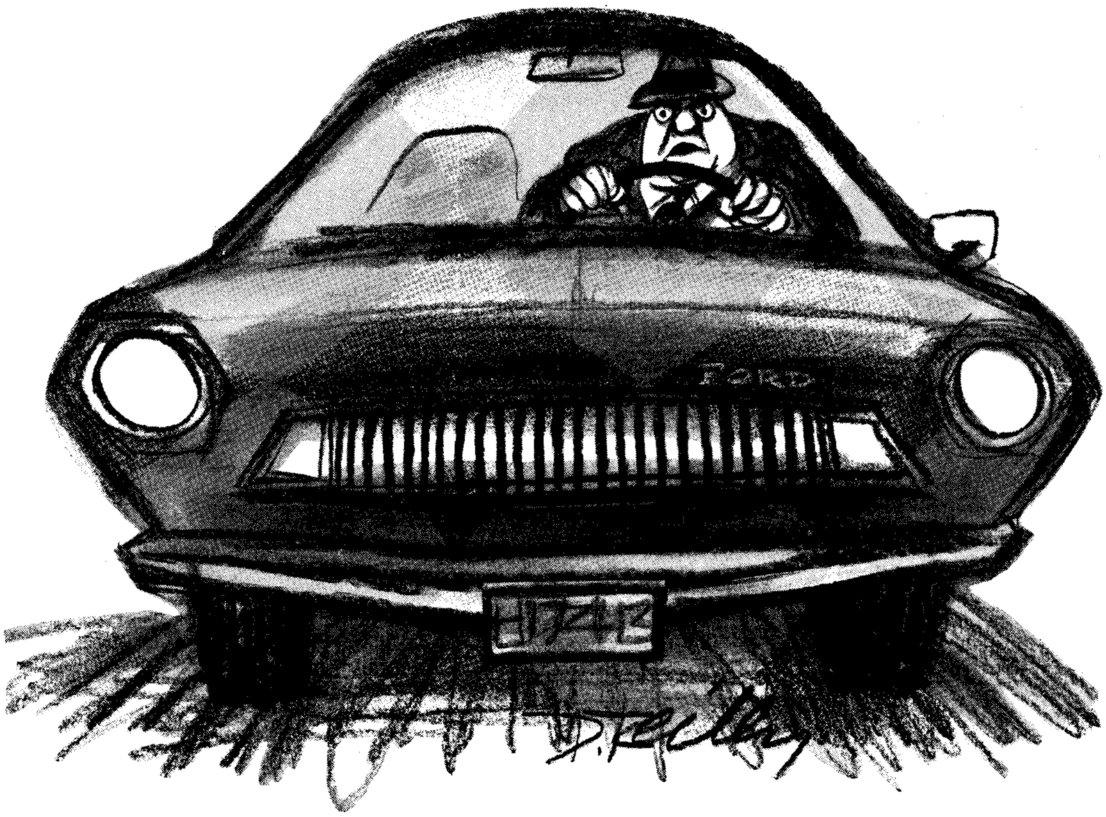
## *Scamps*

HUMBERTO SOLAS's "Lucia," the Cuban three-part epic of love and revolution from 1895 to some unnamed time in the nineteen-sixties, was first glimpsed in New York at a 1972 festival of films made in Castro's Cuba. It was quickly closed by a Batistan release of white mice, and then came the American Treasury Department's seizure of the film. Now sense has won. Showing the picture, which is a thoughtful, ironic study of women in Cuba, is no longer forbidden. The film—all two hours and forty minutes of it—says with mounting energy and comic spirit as its three episodes go on that things have now changed, but that they can change only a little while machismo still reigns.

The first part of the film has the spirit of a mid-nineteenth-century Italian opera written for a love-maddened but musically ambitious coloratura. (What a surefooted director, to be able to go eventually from this to the final part, which is like some wildly lugubrious Italian farce about male jealousy!) The Lucia of 1895, played by Raquel Revuelta, lives in a Cuba where the male population is being decimated by the Spanish oppressors. She seems certain to end up a spinster, and finds it overwhelming when a handsome stranger called Rafael courts her and proposes. He obviously feels he can deal with her suffocating girlish confidences, from which she excludes the existence of a brother who is a rebel in the mountains. But Rafael, it turns out, already has a wife and child in Spain. Operatic despair. In spite of that, a tryst with the forbidden woman-exploiter, who becomes her lover. A plan to elope. In the midst of the elopement, though, Spanish-paid brigands catch up with them, and Rafael unchivalrously flings her from their shared horse. Lucia's brother and the rebel army are massacred, and she stabs her lover to death in the town square when she finds him in Spanish uniform. Lucia's own life has been murdered, the film implies, because she is in a country where the society's forms are borrowed—in this case, from Europe. By some miracle of filmmaking, the ensuing insanity of the heroine is made to seem credible through Solas's insight that when the grip of Spain loosens, Cuba is thrown back into primitivism and robbed of life because the new society has lost the only language it ever had. Not only Lucia but the Cubans of her time are left to stutter like children angry with themselves because they haven't yet learned the words for what they mean. The old language of the Spaniards has turned out to be untrue to the new Cuba, as American will after the Spanish-American War of 1898. It doesn't signify what the infant culture of Cuba intends. The first part of the trilogy ends with a shot of Lucia frozen in a scream, or a howl for the aid of history.

The second Lucia, seen in 1933 and played by Eslinda Nuñez, is a languid beauty with a bad-tempered mother who suspects her husband of being unfaithful. We are in an epoch of parasols carried by womanly women trained to look pretty for people whose bookkeeping of small grievances leads to a life of squabbles and malaise. Lucia nearly attains a new balance for herself when she discovers the hiding place of a young revolutionary called Aldo, lives with him, works, and protests against the dictatorship of Machado, whose vested interests are at one with the new colonizers'. But the revolt is disorganized, and its hopes lead to a worse system. She and Aldo find themselves at odds with a weakling couple whom they had thought revolutionary. Aldo is killed in a gun battle, Lucia has to identify his body in a morgue, and protest dwindles for lack of theory and communion. We might as well be back in the world of parasols. In the first part, love is betrayed because it has been used as a stratagem: given Lucia's alienation from society, Spain's need of military information about a dangerously rebellious outpost can be satisfied. In the second part, love is betrayed because Aldo, Lucia, and unmet others are on their own in refusing to comply with the comfortable.

And in the third part, a furiously comic short story, love is betrayed by possessiveness. Though living in Castro's Cuba, a jealous husband called Tomás literally walls up his beautiful, newly bedded Lucia by nailing boards over the windows and forbidding her all visitors. He goes wild with anger when a handsome stranger comes in with government approval to teach his bride to read and write as part of the new Cuba's literacy program. It is all a dark plot to take women away from men and give them independence, he thinks, instead of making them follow the colonial pattern of submission to the power of machismo. This third story, in which Lucia is played by a beauty called Adela Legra, is the most lib-

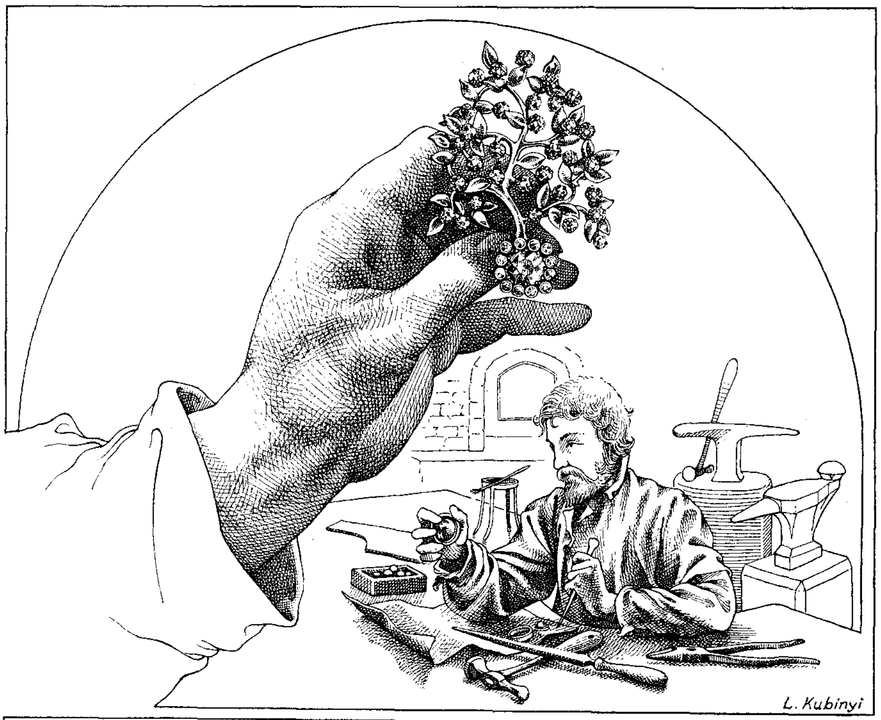


*"Damn it, I just can't conceptualize in a Pinto!"*

erated of the three aesthetically, with a freebooting sense of the ludicrous, which one can take to be quite widespread in the released Cuba. It has a wonderful energy, together with a sense of fun and of scale.

WITH Marco Bellocchio's "In the Name of the Father" we are in an Italian Jesuit institution for "the rejects of every school in Italy." It is run like some transcendental Prussian military academy. When one visitor, the father of a satanically arrogant boy, exchanges slaps with him at the start of the film and cries in a tantrum "Ingrate! Wretch! Respect your father! I order you!" he is behaving much like the school's spokesmen for the Father Almighty, who demand respect for Him with the same peevishness. (The script is written by the director, who also made "Fists in the Pocket" and "China Is Near.") The movie, a beautiful-looking, muddle-minded study of cruelty, is itself pretty cruel. Its overbearing style is without affection for character, and it shares the school's relish of tyranny.

Chaos of intellect presides. The Deity so brutishly imagined by the staff, jeered at and feared by the boys, and obsessively invoked by the tenets of the school (which seems to be a breeding ground for determinists, Fascists, the bisexual, and the insane) is excused by the desperate pupils only because "He doesn't exist;" but since a set-piece charade about diabolism which they put on shows them to believe in Satan, the opposite superstition must logically coexist in their heads. The film's fallacies are so striking that one sometimes feels as if one were watching a case history of intellectual shell shock by religion. The students' real suspicion in this tweakingly anticlerical but dogma-bemused film is that the Almighty is as ever-present as the school's domestic staff of staggery lunatics. The servants, put to work in an atmosphere of bogus charity that is exposed with Bellocchio's characteristic raucous giggle, are paid almost nothing and informed by their godly exploiters that they would be unemployable anywhere else. Christianity gone haywire is demonstrated by the Jesuit teachers' ethic of chastity, charity, and self-punishment, which is harshly imposed not only on themselves but also on the lonely, despised, and already wounded. The film itself is profoundly uncharitable to the hope in reason which has been feared by Christianity ever since the Inquisition. No chance of being other than you are, says Bellocchio's film. And he says it without detectable irony, for he be-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lieves that there is no such thing as option. The riotous boys, made simple-minded by the folly of the school, have a taste for mayhem but no understanding of rebellion, so any hurrahs for their revolt are murdered at birth. We are being shown rampage, not change.

The haughty boy at the beginning of the film is played by Yves Beneyton as a sulky beauty full of diabolical spirit and a dank will to power. Being by nature resistant to any masters, he capriciously insists on the cause of science, but what he really wants is to outdo the priests in domination. His hope about science is that it will provide not a better communal life but better control: a control of the less well-endowed which will be even more efficient than the control exerted by religion as Bellocchio shows it at work in this maliciously élitist film. The ringleader's way of intimidating the rest of his class into making saucy gestures of unruliness and into putting on scabrous charades that irritate authority with pinpricks is morally an exact copy of the school's ancient system of command by terror and attrition. So is the method of the overweening, brilliant, but philosophically chaotic film. A distinct fascination with lunacy scuds through this fragmented and ice-cold picture, which abjures all sympathy for the boys' individual wretchedness and endeavor. The apparent rebels created by the megalomania of the youthful Hitler and his hopes of dominion by technology are actually playing his game, just as they have always played the game of the Jesuit masters. He is pulling wings off flies. These are not true dissidents but people who, as the priests constantly tell them, are being molded by the system whether they like it or not. Their brawls against authority are given the triviality of fights between jealous women in seedy streets squabbling over a man whom none of them anyway love.

The hero, the type of the cool fanatic, is mostly bored. He could recognizably be intelligent if he cared about anything, but his mind has run into the sand. What interests him is the taste for power. He can analyze conditions but not create new ones. He angrily defines himself to a master as being made to live in another century at the school, but he actually mirrors the Dark Ages in his own obscurantism. His alliance with the other boys is fake. He dismisses each one of them as an innate serf, just as contemptuously as the masters dismiss independent thought. In the usual way

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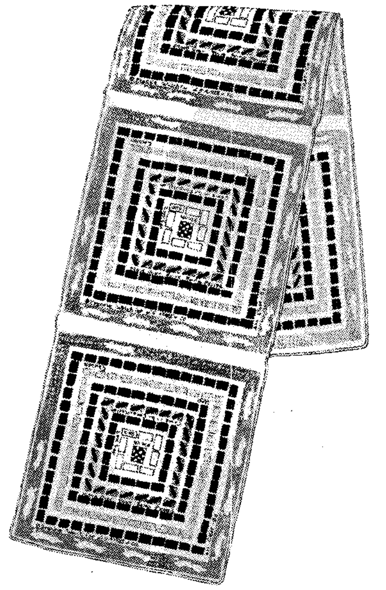

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of things, the brilliant nihilist begins to spawn a shoal of imitators, but Bellocchio sees them as imbeciles, not as victimized boys with needs and minds of their own. It is impossible to be on the side of the rebels, because they are not institutors of alteration; they are quite unlike the boys in Jean Vigo's "Zéro de Conduite," who dwelt in their own alert, out-of-bounds world of chance-taking and free choice. Bellocchio's creatures are spectres of the vanishing intelligence, and his film has a matching inane sense of comedy that extends, for instance, to a scene with a monk who once cut off a piece of his tongue, shown in an exhibition called "The Silent Church." The movie has cleverness but not much wisdom. Bellocchio gives quick handshakes to Marxism and the moral laws underlying economics—the pupils refuse to be allies of the rebellious servants, because the servants are striking for more money and the well-heeled pupil élite represent parents who want to pay less—but the gestures never expand into motives for rebellion. The film has its chief existence in shock and a peculiar deranged humor.

PERHAPS Dumas's "The Three Musketeers" exists partly to satisfy adapters who have a sense of didactic horseplay. Years ago, Roger Planchon put an outrageously funny stage production of it into his repertory at Lyons. Now there is a 1974 film version of the book, shot by Richard Lester from a script by George MacDonald Fraser, which cheerfully mangles Dumas in a mixture of B.B.C. period-film language and English-radio "Goon Show" idioms from the Spike Milligan-Peter Sellers days. It has a magnificently mixed cast of the famous. The fighting men exist in obvious danger from duelling bravely undertaken in the midst of hanging laundry, and all the actors have roles that must sometimes have burst up into their faces like jack-in-the-boxes. The three musketeers, varyingly inefficient at their career but nonchalant about the differences, are played by Oliver Reed, Richard Chamberlain, and Frank Finlay. They are joined by Michael York as D'Artagnan, who offers his mother's special ointment for sword wounds to friend and foe alike, and strides about hopefully in unstated need of a hairbrush and something to clothe himself in apart from tattered brown leather. You imagine his mother as having often said desperately, like a troubled nanny, "There's no warmth in leather," and worrying perhaps about his underclothes in case he is knocked down,

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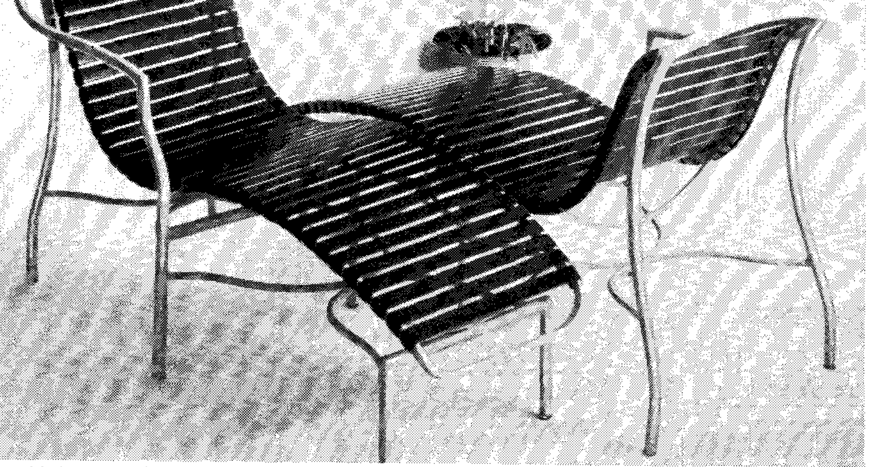

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which is an accident that he invites when any dog, horse, swordsman, or royal long skirt crosses his path. Charlton Heston plays Cardinal Richelieu, in a purple cap that he somehow manages to make look as secular as Beatrice Lillie's red fez. Geraldine Chaplin is Anne of Austria. Jean-Pierre Cassel, of the quill-shaped nose, is Louis XIII. Roy Kinnear plays a tub-shaped, wobbling, Planchet. Spike Milligan is M. Bonancieux, in stocking cap and nightshirt, trying to be sensible in crisis. ("I don't wish to be sent to the Bastille," he says, "because it's got *very deep* dungeons and terrible instruments of torture operated by *very unsympathetic* men and they snip *very important* parts off people.") He is married to Raquel Welch, and is obviously amazed by his good fortune in having her to peer at over the sheets. Faye Dunaway is Milady, a classy girl who exercises the full treachery and determination of a bigoted right-wing Cabinet Minister.

The deadpan, swerving script—the author writes the "Flashman" novels—may reflect the comic guile of the novel in the parts that one generally skips, but it probably owes its larky blitheness more to the original talents of Lester and his cast. The film, shot in Spain, is faithfully full of the seething mud of the seventeenth century. Great beauties point out that they sorely need baths; sweetmeats are served on trays borne on the heads of midgets; fencing wounds give pain; overdressed fights are conducted in an earnest mood that somersaults quickly into slapstick and then kills. D'Artagnan is acrobatically lethal, even though he is equipped with a sword cut off practically to the handle, like a butter knife, and even though he is filled with the spirit of an eager schoolboy mixing among blasé tourists; Cardinal Richelieu appears to be dragging himself from one sightseeing haunt to another on feet that hurt. David Watkins, a brilliant photographer, takes what is becoming the accustomed aesthetic way of getting round the now accepted convention of photographing in color (required for TV sales) by using a stylization of near monochrome. If the film sometimes moves by fits and starts, so that it has to keep beginning from Square One with each sequence, this may be partly because there are so many equal heroes and heroines, partly because the overwhelmed narrative is allowed no high points, and partly because the invention now and then seems drummed up. But the pratfalls, and the rude turnings taken by antique speech, are very funny. They are ready-made for the beady attentiveness of humorists and children. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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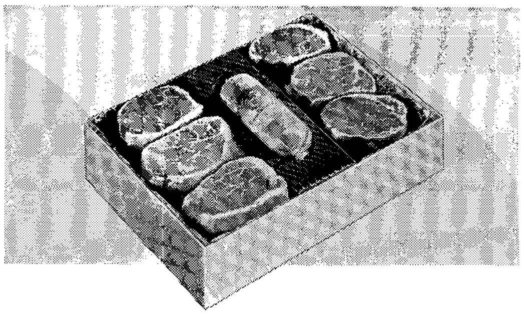

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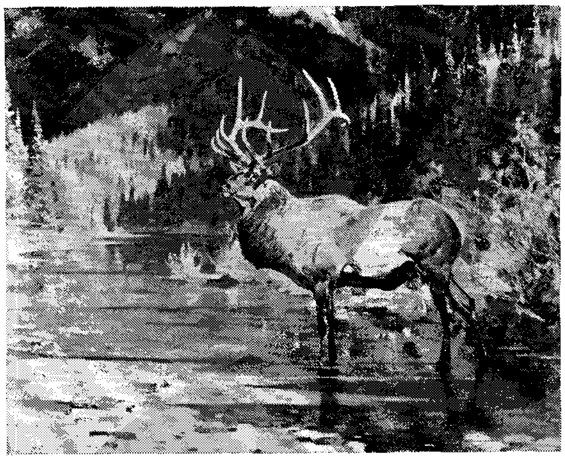

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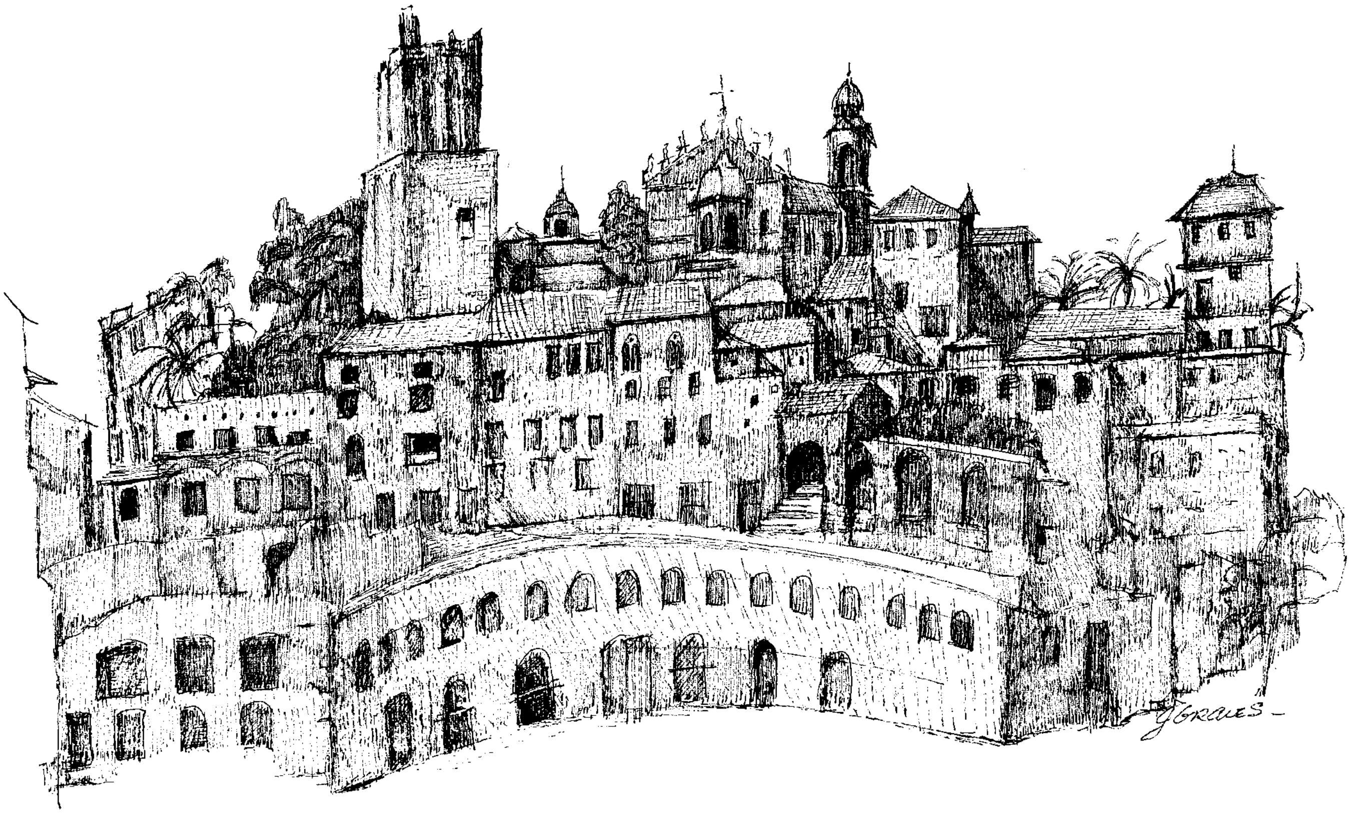
# LETTER FROM ROME



THE word "*austerità*" is one so basically foreign to the Italian temperament that when Premier Mariano Rumor went on television late last fall to announce and justify restrictions that his government was imposing to cope with the energy crisis, most newspapers here Anglicized his program by using the term "*l'austerity*," presumably because it seemed more appropriate for such a grim, non-Mediterranean concept. Things look a little better now, but at the time a number of commentators pointed out that the country was being asked to cope once again, as it had been so often before in its history, with an unfortunate concatenation of developments abroad that were totally unrelated to the needs and desires of the average Italian citizen. Italy, Signor Rumor had carefully explained, produces only enough hydroelectric power and natural gas to satisfy about fifteen per cent of its energy requirements, and imports most of its oil from the Arab nations. "We must all do our part," he said. "We must use our cars less and public transport more. We must lower our heating thermostats in houses and offices, in mine as well as in yours." Italians would have to make up for having lived beyond their means, and priorities would have to be reëvaluated so that "the industrial growth of the nation will be able to continue," he said, "and it will continue if we learn to understand that we can make progress only if we work harder, if we reduce waste in the public and private sectors, and if we invest more in production, in reforms, and in economic development."

Signor Rumor's brief and sensible-sounding explanatory remarks aroused almost no public enthusiasm, even though no one seriously questioned either the actuality of the crisis or the need to do something about it. The fact is that *l'austerity* struck most middle-class Italians as an unnecessarily high price to have to pay for only about a quarter century of democracy and relative industrial affluence after centuries of oppression, disaster, and social misery—even though the restrictions themselves seemed, even at first hearing, hardly Spartan in their severity. All that the government was demanding, basically, was a ban on private driving on Sundays and most national holidays, lower highway speeds the rest of the time, a forty-per-cent reduction in public lighting, the elimination of most private electric advertising, a slight lowering of room temperatures, a shortened siesta period, an earlier closing of stores, restaurants, theatres, and night clubs, and an hour less television each night. The outcry in the press was shrill and immediate. One editorial in the independent Roman daily *Il Messaggero* summed up the general response: "These are childhood memories that we had convinced ourselves we would never have to relive. These past decades, we witnessed humanity's rapid progress, the solution of many problems of a material kind, the bettering of living standards—objectives that previous generations had always dreamed of attaining. Ours attained and surpassed them. It really seemed as if the tendency to progress would never slow down, even though in recent years we began to be aware of certain inherent contradictions in the consumer society, severe enough to shake the harmony of the Western world."

No one, it seems, in or out of power, had been prepared for the suddenness of the crisis, and so, as usual, the authorities in Rome were held primarily responsible for what had gone wrong—with predictable swipes being taken at the Arabs, the oil companies, and the United States. "The government forbids us to flee the city on Sunday, shortens and darkens our days, and makes them colder, plunges us into a painful postwar atmosphere—why?" demanded a left-wing journalist named Giuseppe Deriu in Rome's *Paese Sera.* He continued, "Because suddenly it can no longer hide the fact that the supreme upholders of the public trust and the colossal economic forces that have . . . sustained them for a quarter of a century have indeed miscalculated everything." The government, supposedly working to achieve progress, social reforms, and the restructuring of

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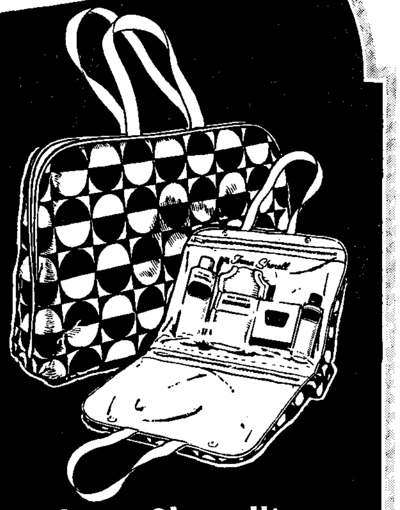

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Italian society to bring material prosperity to everyone, has instead, its critics say, simply continued to drift aimlessly along from one petty compromise to another while remaining deeply, if now less visibly, pledged to the sort of laissez-faire economic and social policies that appear to have been the principal cause for the present predicament.

FOR anyone who, like me, has lived in Italy off and on ever since the end of the war, it has been an extraordinary experience to come back here year after year and find that while the social fabric of Italian life has been undergoing vast changes, and an entire generation has been growing up in a society evolving altogether differently in almost every major respect from the society that preceded it, the country's political establishment has continued to reflect only a frozen image of the postwar past. A few individual voices and faces have faded from the scene, carried off by death or the infirmities of age, and have been replaced by those of younger men, but the nation's political and economic problems and the millions of words lavished upon them by party leaders of all hues have remained as unvarying as the ruins strewn across the landscape by vanished civilizations. "It's as if Alcide De Gasperi and Palmiro Togliatti had never died," a lawyer I met some weeks ago at a dinner party observed. "De Gasperi saw everything in the gray light of his Christian Democratic aspirations, which were essentially those of the Vatican; Togliatti viewed society through the bright-red glasses of the Kremlin. The terminology of the debate has broadened—a lot of Christian Democrats are no longer quite so closely tied to the Church, and many young Communists now look to Peking—but the debate itself remains as unresolved as the ills that both men proposed to cure."

For more than twenty-five years, Italy has been governed by a series of political coalitions headed by the Christian Democrats and including various combinations of the so-called "lay democratic" parties—the Liberals, the Socialists, the Social Democrats, and the Republicans. The Communists, Italy's second-largest political force, have inevitably headed the opposition, sometimes in uneasy alliance with the Socialists, sometimes not. (The neo-Fascists of the Movimento Sociale Italiano, or M.S.I., and a handful of independent extremists, right and left, have remained isolated on the fringes of the national political scene.) The Socialists jump in and out of the various ruling coalitions, depending upon whether

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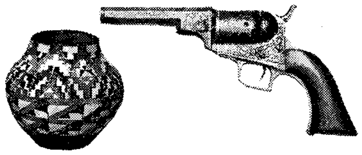

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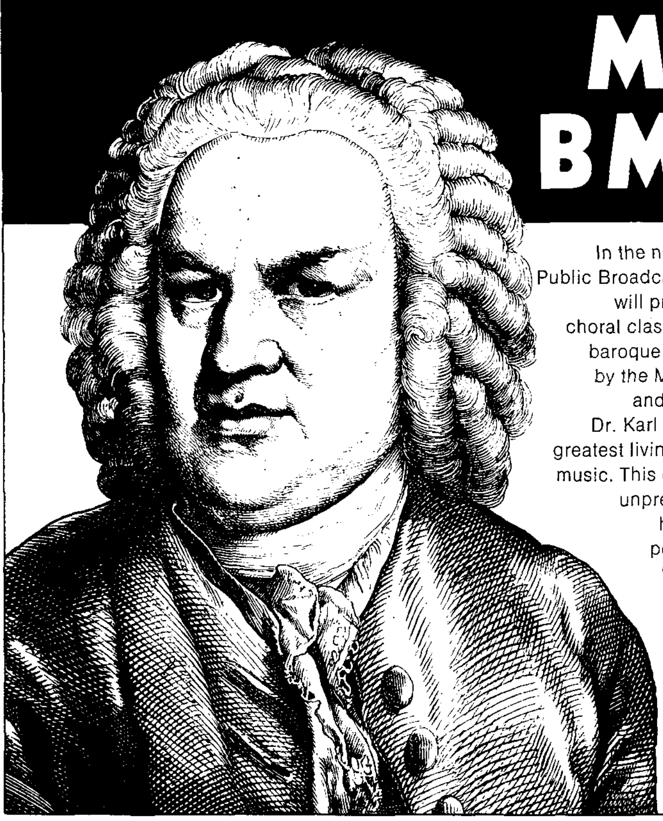
they approve of the government's proposed program and upon the current status of their party's interminable internal warfare (chattering like magpies, the Socialists are always splintering into irreconcilably opposed factions). Last month, after a twelve-day "mini-crisis," as correspondents here called it, during which Signor Rumor was forced to form another government—the thirty-sixth since the end of the Second World War—the Socialists were still allied with him. Their participation began after the dissolution, last July, of a slightly more conservative alliance, headed by Giulio Andreotti, an old protégé of De Gasperi's, and has had not the slightest effect on events, beyond the usual shifting of Cabinet posts and what an Italian novelist I know has called "a new flow of verbiage designed to convince everyone that at long last something is going to be done when actually nothing is going to be done."

The major problems that every Italian government has talked about solving are inflation, unemployment, insufficient low-cost housing, a run-down public-school system, inadequate national health care, the industrial development of southern Italy, and, most important, a complete overhaul of the nation's incredibly cumbersome and inefficient public services, which include a postal system so decrepit that it now takes several weeks for letters to get from one part of Rome to another, while packages often never arrive at all. Signor Rumor's government has proved to be as helpless as its predecessors in coping significantly with any of these, so the voters might have been expected to indicate some displeasure at the polls last November 18th and 19th, when about two million citizens elected regional, provincial, and municipal administrations across the country. Nothing much happened, though. The Socialists gained a few votes; the Christian Democrats, the Liberals, and the M.S.I. lost a few; and everyone else stood still. All the spokesmen for all the parties, even the losers, thereupon pronounced themselves satisfied and their policies fully vindicated. No politician even mentioned the energy crisis; rather, the crisis suddenly erupted on the front pages three days after the final counting of the votes. "There's no way out, they ought to beg our pardon," one angry critic wrote in *Il Messaggero*. "The men who are now proposing the restrictions are the same ones who were in power years ago. They ought to say, 'We're so sorry, we made a mistake and now let's try to correct it.' But they haven't the neces-



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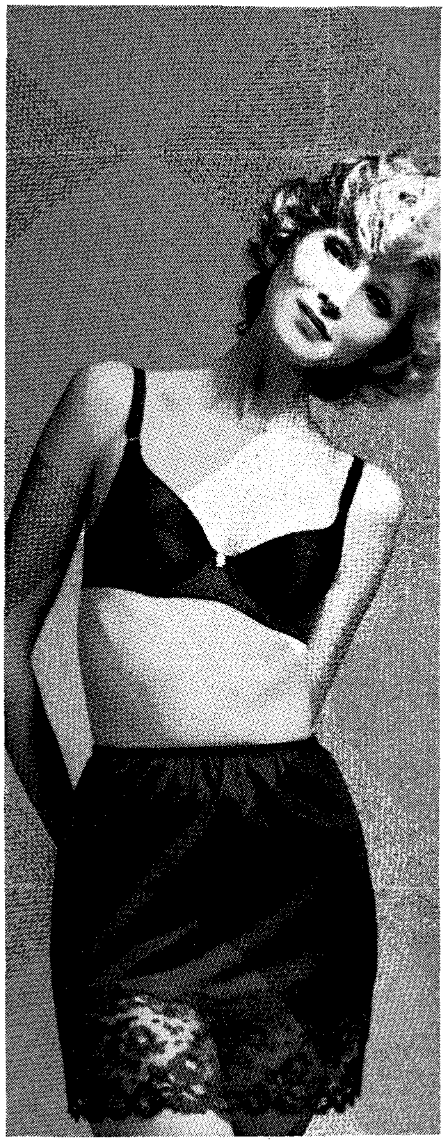

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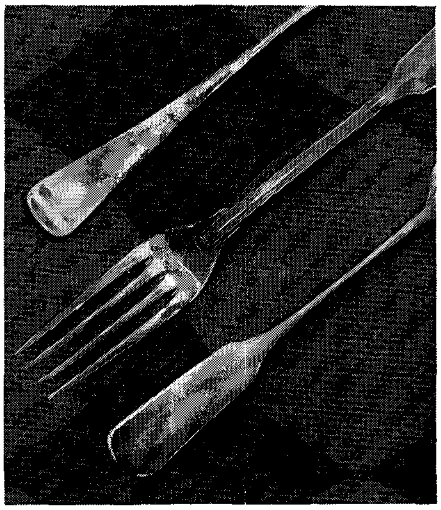
sary stature to admit their blame." Italians, it was pointed out even by supporters of the regime, had been encouraged for twenty years to believe in "the myth of productivity," exemplified by an American-style consumer economy, with the automobile as its chief appurtenance and sacred cow. It seemed hardly believable to many indignant citizens, whose comments began to be reported daily in the newspapers, that now these same men could so blandly demand sacrifices from the nation, as if they themselves were in no way responsible for the situation.

As Sunday, December 2nd, the first official day of *l'austerity*, loomed closer, the Roman press occupied itself almost exclusively with the event, as if it were the coming of Armageddon. It was predicted that important sectors of the nation's economy—tourism, the entertainment industry, the restaurant and night-club business—would be all but wiped out, and that entire categories of workers would abruptly find themselves unemployed. It was forecast that citizens attempting to get across town by using public transportation would be unable to do so, because of insufficient numbers of buses and taxis, and the situation, alarming as it was, would be vastly aggravated by an early-afternoon home game between the Rome soccer team and its arch-rival, Naples. A chaotic struggle for bus space, long waits, and marathon walks were the least of the hazards predicted for the eighty thousand-odd fans expected to try and attend.

Even those few articles devoting themselves to possible lighter aspects struck some grim notes. It was asserted that all kinds of black markets would soon begin to do a brisk business in oil products and fake special driving permits. Since anyone taking a sick person to a hospital or clinic would be allowed to drive, one cynic foresaw that anyone who couldn't come up with his own invalid would be able to rent one by the hour in the Piazza Vittorio, the site of a large open market. Someone else suggested that the poor could be profitably employed hauling rickshaws around town, at least until someone designed a car that could run on wine. A writer named Raffaele Argentieri commented that it would be quixotic to imagine that from now on Italy's holidays would be passed idyllically in quiet conversation and beneficial hikes through public parks. "How many of us live anywhere near a public park worthy of the name?" he observed. "Only a minority. For the majority, a walk near home soon degenerates



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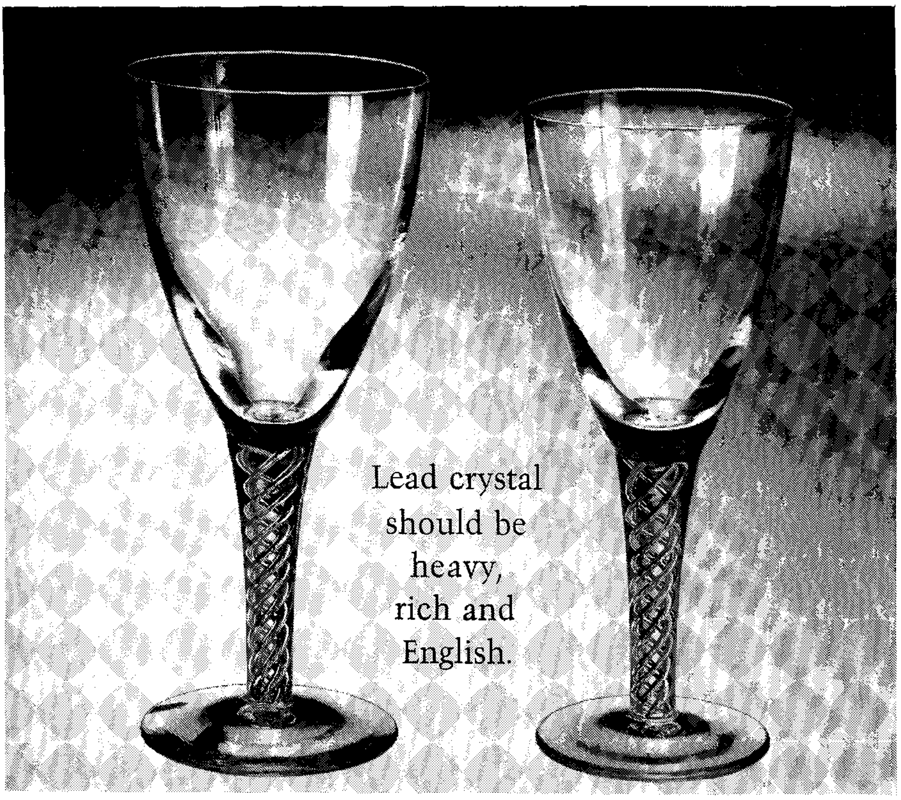
into nothing more than a squalid stroll along one sidewalk after another."

As if to reinforce the worst of the predictions, the first day of *l'austerity* was rainy and bitterly cold, but, even so, it soon became evident that the authorities and the press had misjudged the adaptability and curiosity of the public. Instead of staying at home and suffering, Romans by the thousand descended into the streets to see what was going on. Mostly, they swarmed through the city on foot or on bicycles, but some were on horseback or in pony carts, and occasionally across the great piazzas in the heart of town scudded clouds of roller skaters, joking and laughing and calling out to each other. Toward noon, herds of green buses packed with the *tifosi* (fans) of Rome and Naples lumbered through on their way to the soccer stadium, with the yellow-and-red and light-blue flags of the two teams flapping gaily from the windows. The most spectacular sight was the sudden passing of a platoon of *bersaglieri*, the crack infantry troops who run instead of march, jogging swiftly along behind their trumpeters, the green plumes of their tilted flat helmets rustling in the icy wind. Nothing could have been less austere for most Romans than this unexpected adventure in the streets and piazzas of their city, temporarily liberated after two decades from the noise, stench, and clanking intransigence of the automobile. Indeed, for the first time in twenty years citizens had been awakened on Sunday by the pealing of church bells instead of the cacophony of engines and horns, and the experience had proved exhilarating. It even caused some of the people interviewed by newspaper and television reporters to express the hope that the Arab sheikhs would turn off the oil spigots for good.

After the euphoria of that first carless Sunday, however, the government's energy-saving program came under heavy fire, not only from the people whose livelihoods were being most directly affected—shopkeepers, restaurant owners, everyone earning a living from tourism or the entertainment industry—but also from critics who pointed out that the plan was hastily conceived and inflicted unnecessary hardships. For one thing, forcing everyone to stay at home, at night as well as on Sundays and holidays, resulted that first weekend in an increased use of electricity, and the government subsequently extended the closing time for theatres, restaurants, and night clubs.

In Rome, the biggest problem was the strain on the city's already overburdened transportation system, which



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relies almost exclusively on a fleet of about twenty-five hundred buses and about thirty-six hundred taxis. (Rome's subway system covers only two routes, and additions are being made very slowly.) Only about half of these conveyances are in service at any one time, and with the advent of *l'austerity* the public had to accustom itself to long waits and overcrowding on holidays. Yet despite inequities, failures, and continued protests, the restrictions—which have now eased up slightly, so that Sunday driving, for instance, is allowed on an alternating odd-or-even license-number basis—were accepted with general good humor. "According to me, the password . . . was not a parroting of the English word 'austerity' but something closer to the Italian temperament," Nino Longobardi, a well-known columnist, commented in *Il Messaggero*. "A password like 'Let's make the best of it.' But it has always been a vice of Italian rulers to attribute to the ruled attitudes they don't have. Mussolini, for example, was forced to bitterly regret having considered us a people of saints, navigators, and warriors. We're not very saintly, we have the highest percentage (in relation to our coastline) of people who can't swim, and, as for wars, it's been quite a while since we've won one."

ONE of the paradoxes of Rome today is that while the municipal administration is making largely successful efforts to improve the quality of life in the ancient so-called "historic center" of town, mainly by continuing to protect its architectural integrity and by slowly closing off great chunks of it to the automobile, the quality of life for the many thousands who live in most of the city's modern, and less glamorous, quarters—especially those that took shape during the chaotic building boom of the past decade—goes steadily downhill. For some months now, the press has been recounting horror stories concerning various working-class districts, where the inhabitants live packed together in the squalid-looking stone canyons created by rows of slablike apartment houses, and where most public services and facilities, from schools to parks, are either inadequate or totally lacking. Cardinal Ugo Poletti, the Vicar-General of Rome, took note of this situation in a press conference some time ago, listing among the more serious ills afflicting the city "the isolation and alienation of the citizens." A recent angry article in the independent weekly *Il Mondo* referred to Rome as "the capital of the ghettos."

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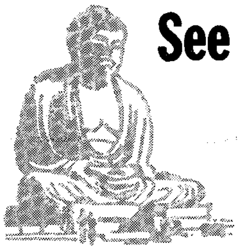

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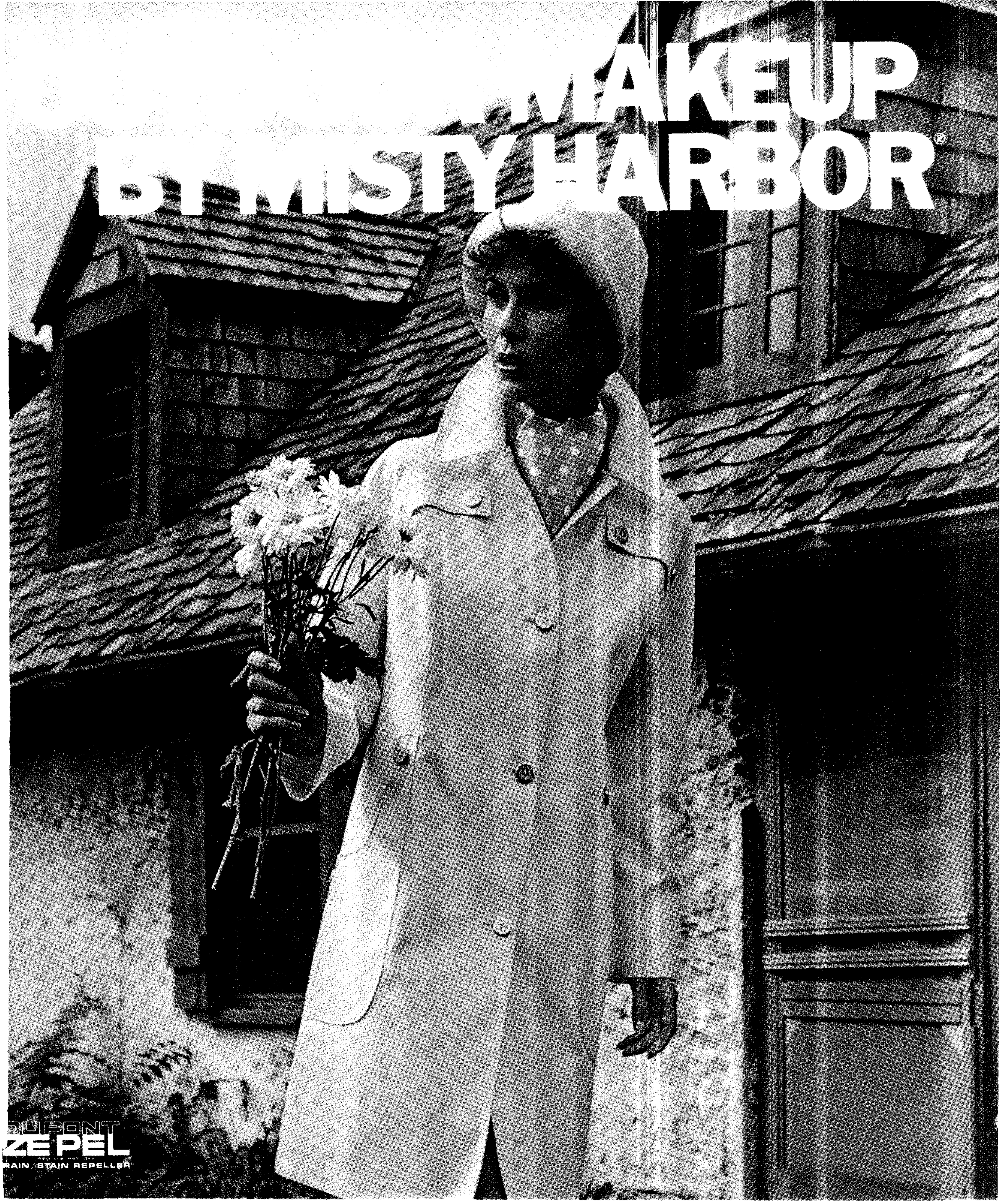

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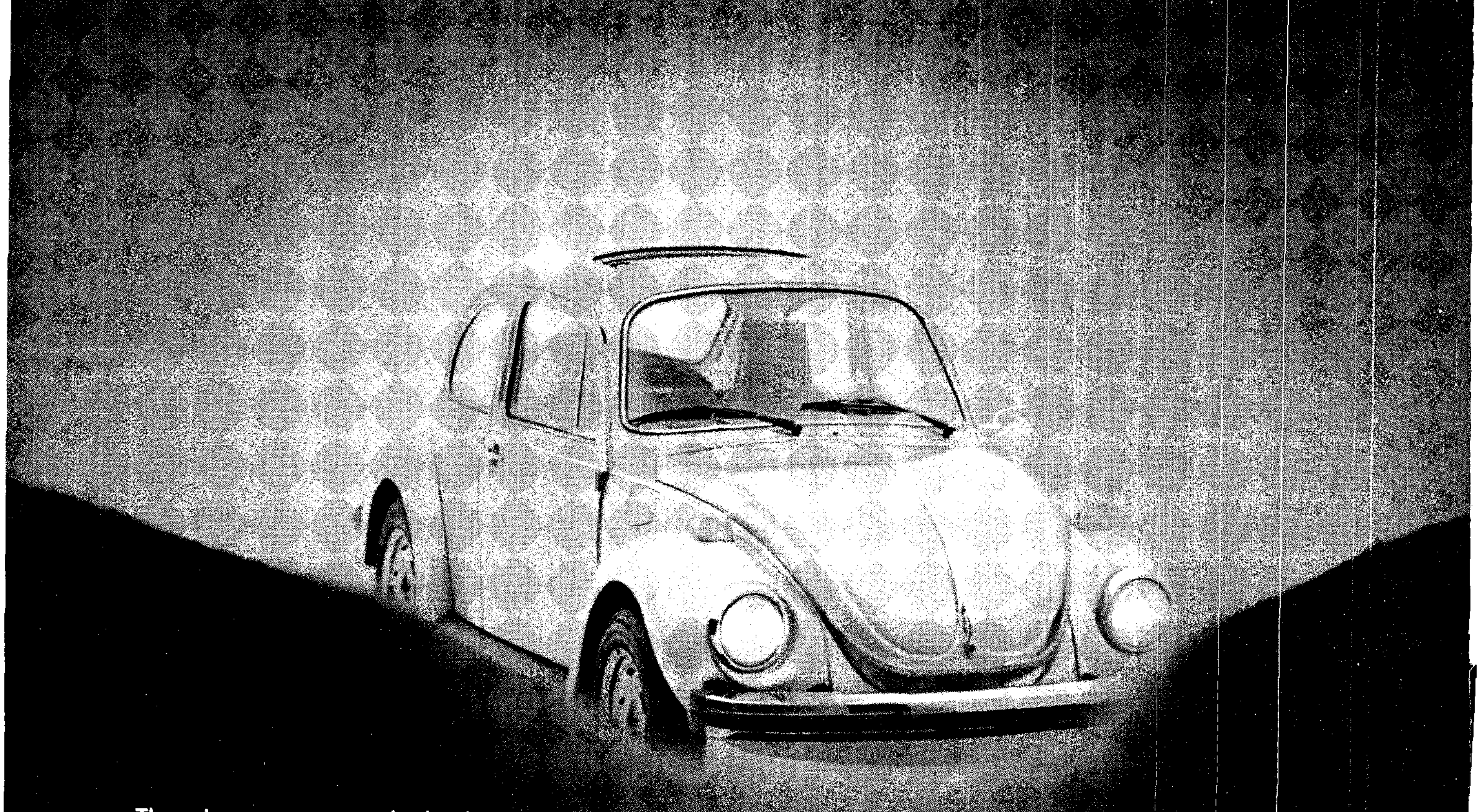

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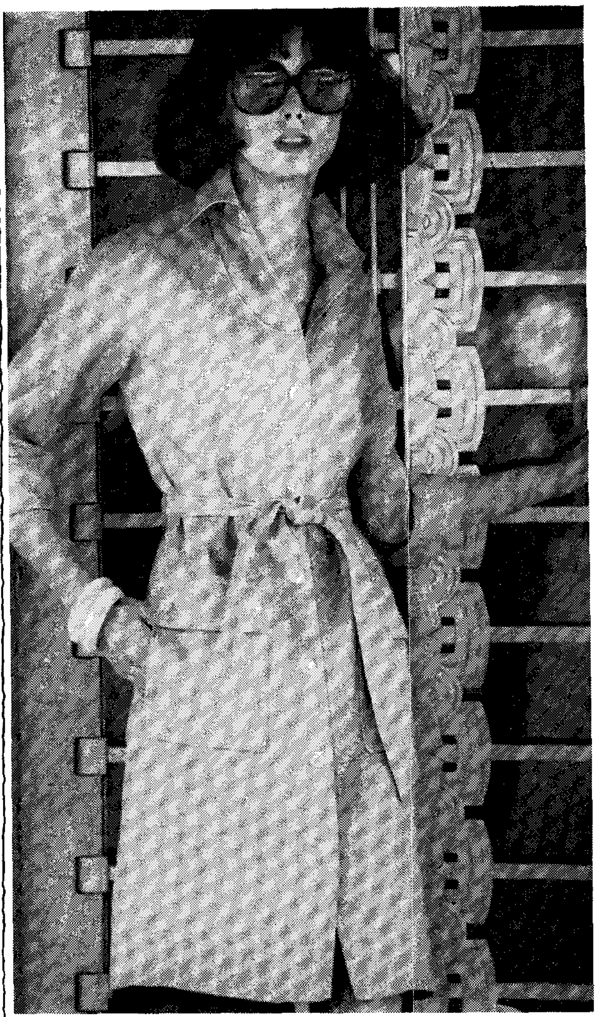
about the problem, and there have been frequent demands for legal and other action against those primarily responsible, no one imagined that much, if anything, would ever be done to solve it. Mayor Clelio Darida, an affable Christian Democrat, conceded in an interview last year that helter-skelter construction, much of it illegal, had indeed seriously damaged the city, but said there was no way to correct past mistakes. "We found it like this," he said. "Urbanistically, it's a finished story. Today, no section could be constructed in such a way." For the people living in these parts of town, however, the story would appear to be far from finished, primarily because in recent months the inhabitants of some of them have banded together to create Comitati di Quartiere—volunteer committees that have been organizing people in their neighborhoods to protest effectively, in the courts as well as in the streets, against substandard living conditions.

The most striking example of what has been going on is to be found in the Magliana, a huge working-class section that mushroomed almost overnight—which is to say between 1966 and 1969—in an area bounded by a sweeping loop in the Tiber and a main avenue leading out toward the coast and the Fiumicino Airport. Here, on about ninety acres of low-lying, marshy land, several large private real-estate concerns threw up a jumble of grim-looking, prisonlike edifices, which today house more than forty thousand people. The builders evidently managed to ignore or somehow get around just about every provision of the city's safety, building, and health codes. Among the more obvious infractions were neglecting to fill in the land, most of which lies below the embankments of the Tiber; siting the buildings too close together and omitting required open spaces; failing to provide adequate space and facilities for schools and other public services; leaving most of the roads unpaved; ignoring the most elementary safety precautions in the choice of building materials and in the construction itself; and relying on a series of individual cesspools instead of building a central sewer system.

The consequences of this slapdash, heedless project, whose sole aim was apparently the quick enrichment of those responsible, have been not only depressing but alarming. At least one child has died and others have been seriously injured in falls traceable to unfinished or careless construction. Only about thirty-three hundred of the district's roughly six thousand children



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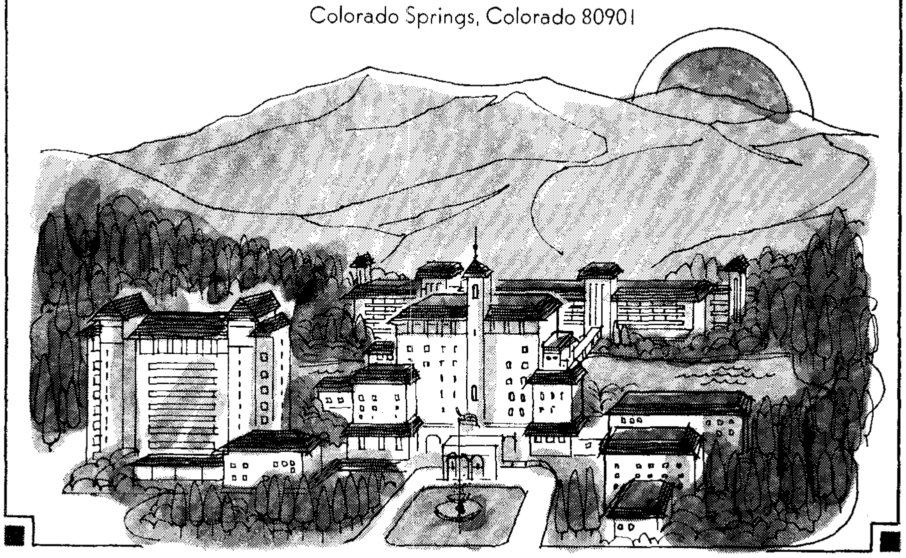

can attend the one overcrowded school available. After the lightest rain, the entire area remains flooded for days and the cesspools overflow into the streets. The tap water is unsafe to drink, or even to bathe in, and each year clinics in the area treat hundreds of cases of hepatitis and other infectious diseases. Periodically, chunks of plaster or stone come tumbling down on the heads of the inhabitants, indoors and out, and mud or dust remains the daily lot of the pedestrian. In fact, life in the Magliana, as in similar developments, must be very much like life in the Middle Ages, with none of the redeeming aesthetic features of that era.

A Comitato di Quartiere was organized in the Magliana in June, 1971, after one of the still empty apartment houses was invaded and occupied by three hundred families who had been living for years in an outlying slum of shacks and improvised lean-tos while waiting for the city to provide public housing. Such occupations by groups of so-called *baraccati* (shanty-dwellers) are quite common, but they are usually followed by mass evictions carried out by squadrons of police. In this case, though, the *baraccati* posted guards and fortified themselves inside, and then called a public meeting to enlist support from other inhabitants of the quarter. The result was the formation of the local Comitato di Quartiere, which included people who had been living in the Magliana legally since the beginning as well as elected representatives of the *baraccati*. The Comitato's first order of business was to resist the inevitable attempts at eviction, and this proved relatively easy. The layout of the quarter, with its narrow streets and lack of open spaces, worked against any attempt at mass eviction, since the police would have found themselves confronted by an organized resistance entrenched in what amounted to a fortress. Rather than storm the entire quarter, which would have almost certainly led to a good deal of violence and a lot of very unwelcome publicity, the authorities wisely chose not to act at all, and since then a handful of other such *palazzi*, as they are jokingly known, have been similarly occupied and defended. Despite a lack of running water, central heat, or electric light in many cases, the new residents find the living conditions preferable to those they've left behind. "Until we organized, people were terrified of forcible eviction, and would not resist," a member of the Magliana Comitato explained to me. "Then they realized that together we could defend ourselves. There is always the possibility that

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eventually the city government will buy the buildings from the owners, some of whom are now anxious to sell, and at last these people will have what may one day become a pleasant place to live."

The second step taken by the Comitato was a recommendation that the legal tenants reduce the amount of rent they paid by about eighty per cent, to the level the city gets for low-cost housing that it administers directly. Several hundred families have taken this step, and have consequently been served with eviction notices, but the Comitato, when warned in time, has been able to mobilize enough swift support from the other residents to prevent most attempted evictions; no more than a handful of families have actually been ousted, and in every case they either had neglected to inform the Comitato that they were being moved out or had given in when they were confronted by uniformed process servers.

By far the most effective of the Comitato's measures, however, has been a lawsuit on behalf of about thirty residents which it began to press shortly after its formation. With only volunteer legal advice and without the official participation of a lawyer, the group, citing a rarely invoked 1947 law, persuaded the courts to issue summonses against people it accused of having "injured the Municipality." The suit requested compensation in the amount of about twenty billion lire (some thirty-three million dollars) "for illegal actions" and "to render habitable a district without sewers, light, and drinking water." This dramatic move immediately focussed public attention on the plight of the Magliana and led to a series of other legal steps, culminating in criminal and civil indictments against a total of a hundred and thirty-two people, among them a number of well-known local politicians, officials of the municipal and national governments, officers of two of the city's largest private building firms, and several prominent businessmen. As always in cases involving politicians and wealthy citizens, the consensus from the beginning has been that the courts will move at the pace of cooling lava, and that few, if any, of those indicted will ever be brought to trial, let alone convicted. Nevertheless, the case, with its succession of revelations and indictments, has continued to occupy the front pages for months, and in the public consciousness it has assumed the proportions of the biggest scandal and swindle of its kind since similar revelations were made concerning the construction of the new airport at Fiumicino twelve years ago.

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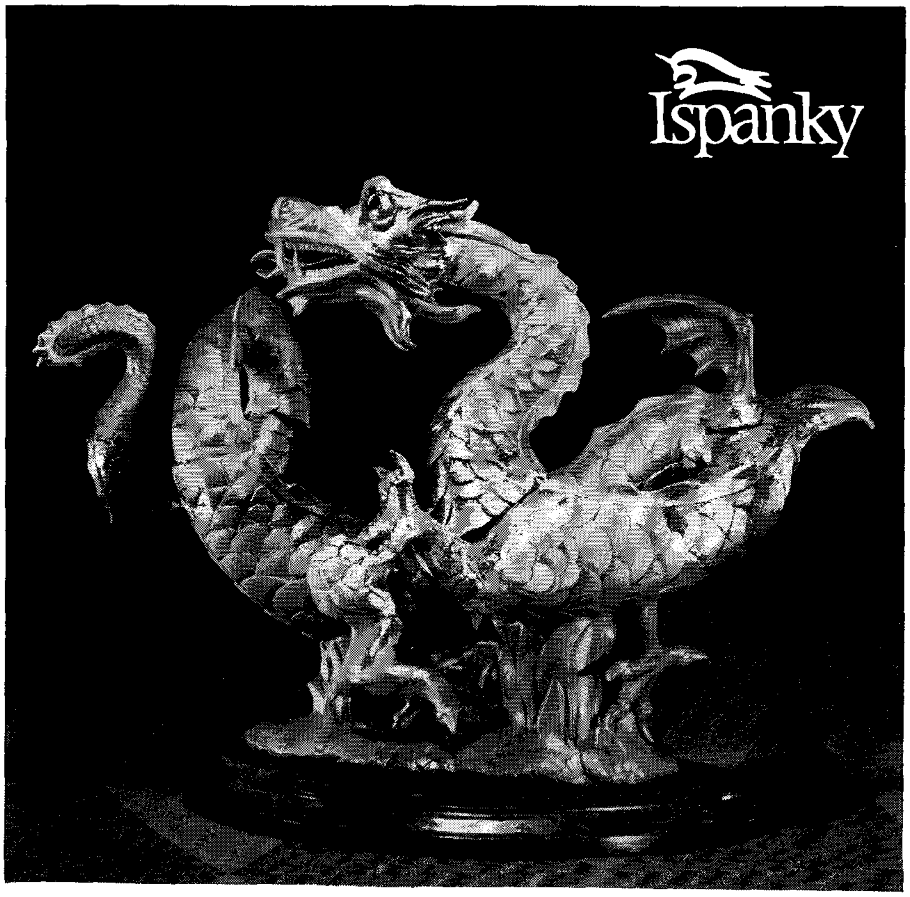

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of the Magliana operates out of two ground-floor rooms it has seized in one of the newer buildings. It has no formal structure and no officers, and consists of a nucleus of about sixty people who meet informally every Friday night. The meetings are open to all, and the one condition is that only a resident of the quarter can participate. In all, the Comitato can claim to speak directly for only about a thousand families, but it unquestionably has the support of a much larger segment of the quarter's population. Quite naturally, since the quarter votes sixty per cent Communist in every election, the Comitato's most forceful and energetic members are a handful of young Communists, who, among their other activities, have decorated the headquarters' walls with crudely illustrated left-wing political posters and printed calls to action. The general atmosphere there, in fact, is militantly partisan, and the Comitato has been accused of receiving both counsel and financial support from the official organs of the Communist Party—a charge that a group of earnest young people who guided me around for two days neither admitted nor denied. "So what?" a middle-aged man sweeping out the place retorted when I asked about Communist participation. "I am not a Communist myself, but here no one else gives a damn. Without the Comitato we could have done nothing. We are a lot farther from the center of Rome than the forty minutes it takes to get there by bus."

WHAT many people seem to remember best about Anna Magnani in her films is the way she laughed. Her laugh was explosive, overwhelming, as if deep inside her a dam had burst, letting loose a torrent of mirth that came surging up from some ultimate awareness of the world's follies. She laughed most often with her head flung back and her hands planted on her hips, a visual confirmation of the rough, earthy, woman-of-the-streets parts she played in many of her movies. Her very closest friends, however, thought that her laugh, like much else about her, was a mask, a way of hiding sorrows and dissatisfactions. "Offscreen, I never saw her smile," a friend once said, adding that her eyes, no matter what the rest of her face was doing, remained "absorbed in their sadness."

Her importance as an actress has been hotly debated. Some have seen her as the greatest talent since Eleonora Duse, and maintain that, given the chance, she could have played the full range of great parts, from the classical

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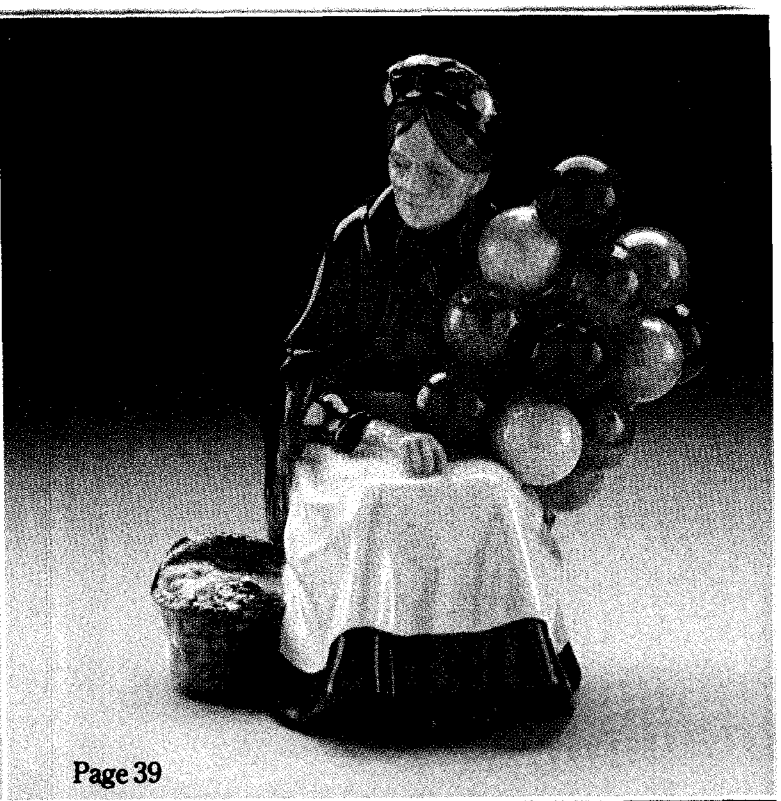
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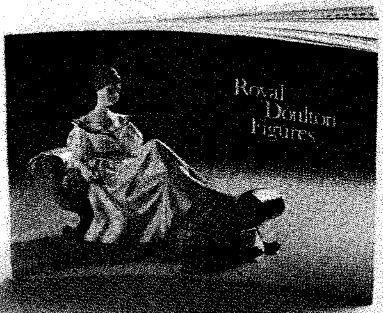

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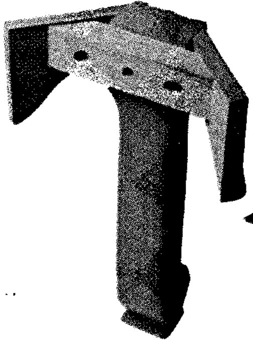

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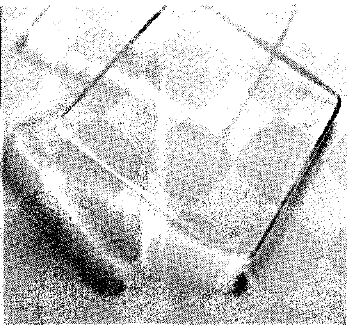

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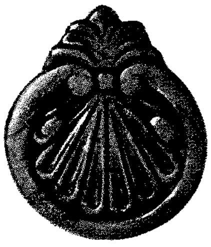

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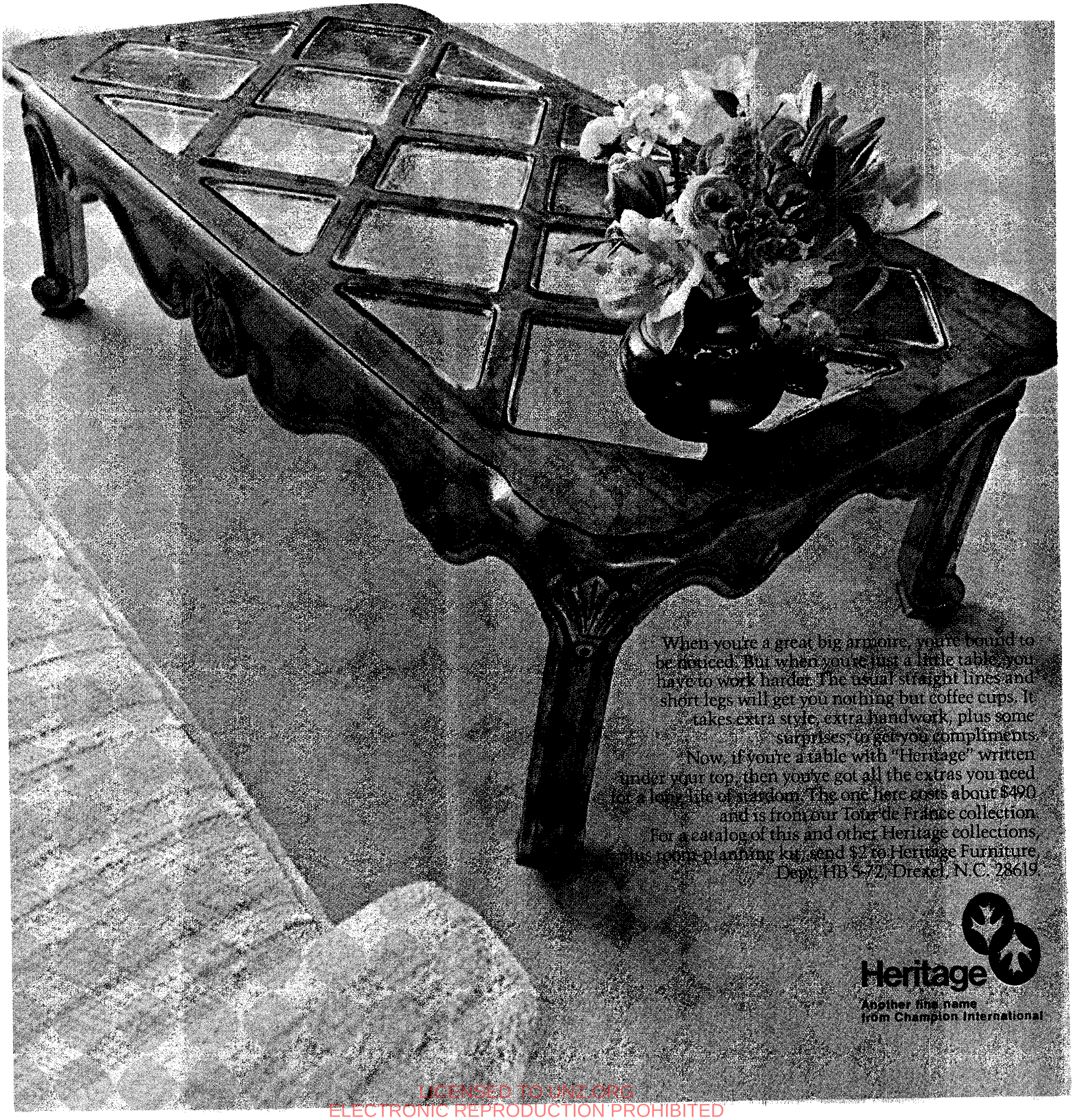

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Another fine name from Champion International tragediennes and the dual personalities of the Pirandellian era to the afflicted heroines of Tennessee Williams and the neurotic bitches of Edward Albee. (Williams is said to have written several of his plays with her in mind, and to have wanted her to star in "The Rose Tattoo" on Broadway, long before she played it in the movies; one of the bitterest regrets of her life was that she turned down a chance to appear in the first Italian stage production of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?") Others have declared that she was less an actress than a personality, the sort of performer who overwhelms whatever part she is given and makes it her own. She had only to be herself, to trust to her own deepest instincts, and the limits of what she could do with a role were defined by those of her own complex personality. "She's not an actress at all," a critic once complained. "She is a force of nature." This debate, like those over whether Maria Callas was a technically accomplished diva even in her prime or whether Judy Garland could sing on key, is really beside the point. The Italian journalist Indro Montanelli wrote in *Corriere della Sera*, "I know only that of all the women's faces that have paraded across the screen, Magnani's made the deepest impression, because it was by far the most truthfully human. Only of her can it be said that without her today's cinema could not be what it is."

Anna Magnani was an illegitimate child, who never knew more about her father than that he was a Calabrian, and she was brought up in Rome by her maternal grandmother. She was never a beauty, and frequently, all through her life, she complained of her looks. She was a heavy-shouldered, large-breasted woman with a thick waist and thin, slightly bowed legs. She once compared herself to a potato mounted on a pair of toothpicks. But no one ever forgot her face, with its dark eyes, strong Roman nose, and ferocious-looking teeth, all framed by tousled, long black hair. She looked, in her best pictures, like a trapped or wounded wild animal, still full of fight and desperately determined to remain free at all costs. She studied acting at the Accademia di Arte Drammatica in Rome, then went to work on the stage, where, after a series of small parts, she gravitated naturally to the looser, comic forms of the musical revue. She could play the guitar and sing so movingly that even late in life, if the mood seized her, she would entertain her friends until dawn with her songs—a spontaneous nocturnal recital of an in-

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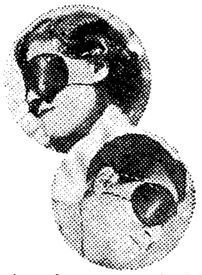

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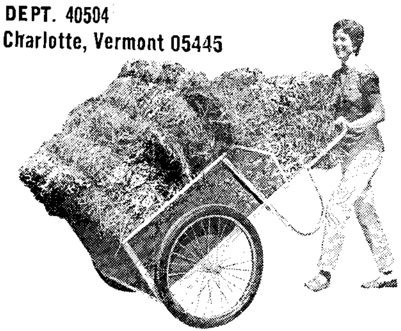

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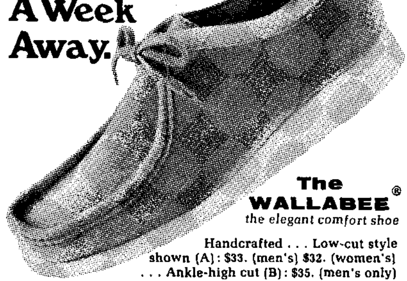

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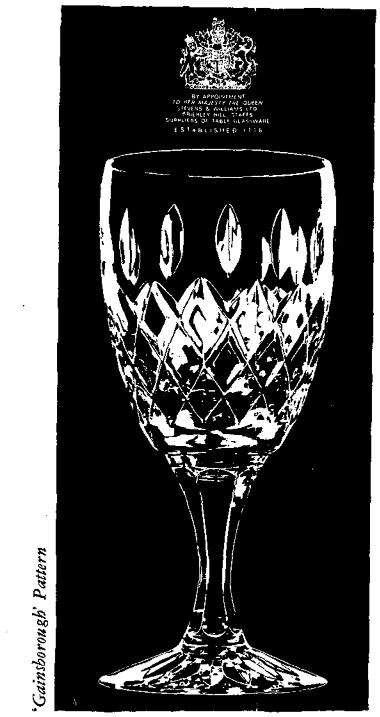
tensely personal kind, which seemed to give her much satisfaction and delighted her impromptu audiences. She got her first movie part in 1934, and eventually appeared in forty-four feature films—an average of more than one a year. In 1941, in a picture directed by Vittorio De Sica called "Teresa Venerdì," she sang a little song called "Here in My Heart," which, in her rough, husky voice, seemed to capture exactly the cadences of her Roman streets and established her as a true *popolana*, a woman whose voice spoke most eloquently the humble emotions of local time and custom. This image became firmly and decisively rooted in "Open City," the now classic Roberto Rossellini movie that, in 1945, launched the wave of so-called neo-realistic films and established Magnani and the director as its foremost exponents.

For a while, during the late fifties, she became a Hollywood star, playing opposite, and all but submerging, such leading men as Burt Lancaster, Anthony Quinn, and Marlon Brando. With the last she had a violent struggle over billing, which she won, and she later said of Brando that he had talent but worried too much about his face. She was not impressed by Hollywood personalities (the only one she genuinely admired was Bette Davis), and eventually she tired of the whole so-called art of moviemaking. "I don't like the movies much anymore," she told an interviewer last year. "The time has passed in which I could delude myself that making a movie means making art. I don't dream anymore." In her last years, she appeared in very few films, most of them failures, and achieved her greatest late success as an actress by returning, nine years ago, to the stage in the title role of Verga's "The She-Wolf," directed by Franco Zeffirelli. In a clumsily written but tragic, potentially melodramatic role, she gave an intelligent, disciplined performance that proved, if anything could, that as an actress she was far more than a personality.

To some extent, of course, her personal life strongly influenced the public's emotional response to her and led to confusion between the identity of the actress and the astonishing phenomenon of the Magnani personality. Her love affairs were tempestuous and became periodic clamorous events on the front pages of the country's popular press. "I'm not a weak woman," she once said. "I'm a woman who knows what she wants, and I've always known it." But she never found any man she wanted who was strong enough to weather the storms she broke



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daily over his head. Rossellini, probably the great love of her life, confessed that in two hours with her one ran the gamut of human emotions, and that in doing so one leaped from one crisis to another. From everyone close to her, including friends and relatives as well as lovers, she demanded complete submission, and, perhaps for this reason, her happiest, longest-lasting domestic relationships were with small animals.

As she grew older, she was alone a great deal of the time and relied on fewer and fewer people—Luca, her son by her only marriage (to Goffredo Alessandrini), and a few of her oldest, dearest, and most patient cronies. A compulsive night owl, she no longer toured the city's clubs and restaurants but lurked wakefully at home, sometimes not going out for weeks, and using the telephone to maintain her increasingly eccentric and tenuous ties with an outside world she had come to distrust. To some extent, she felt she had been discarded as an actress and forgotten by the people who had once loved her. "In this country, only the monuments survive," she told a friend.

On September 26th, after a brief illness and an unsuccessful operation, Anna Magnani died. She was sixty-five years old and had often talked about death, regarding the whole process as an unjust and badly managed business. "Why shouldn't we die as easily as we're born?" she once asked. Apparently, she herself almost did so. The news, abrupt and unexpected, shook the nation and especially her city. Ironically, as she lay suddenly lifeless on her hospital bed, the public she thought had forgotten was watching her final acting performance on its television screens, in a drama entitled "1870."

Her funeral service, held in the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, in the heart of the old city, where she had spent her entire life, was attended by an enormous weeping crowd. The people of Rome came en masse to say goodbye, and so dense was the crush that some of her old friends could get no closer to the ceremony than the packed piazza outside the church. Inside, the proceedings were interrupted by occasional shouts of grief, and when the service was over and her coffin was raised up to be carried out there was a spontaneous, startling burst of applause. It was as if the community were mourning for and applauding itself, because she had been, without willing it or realizing it, the living expression of its spirit. She, too, had at last become a monument.

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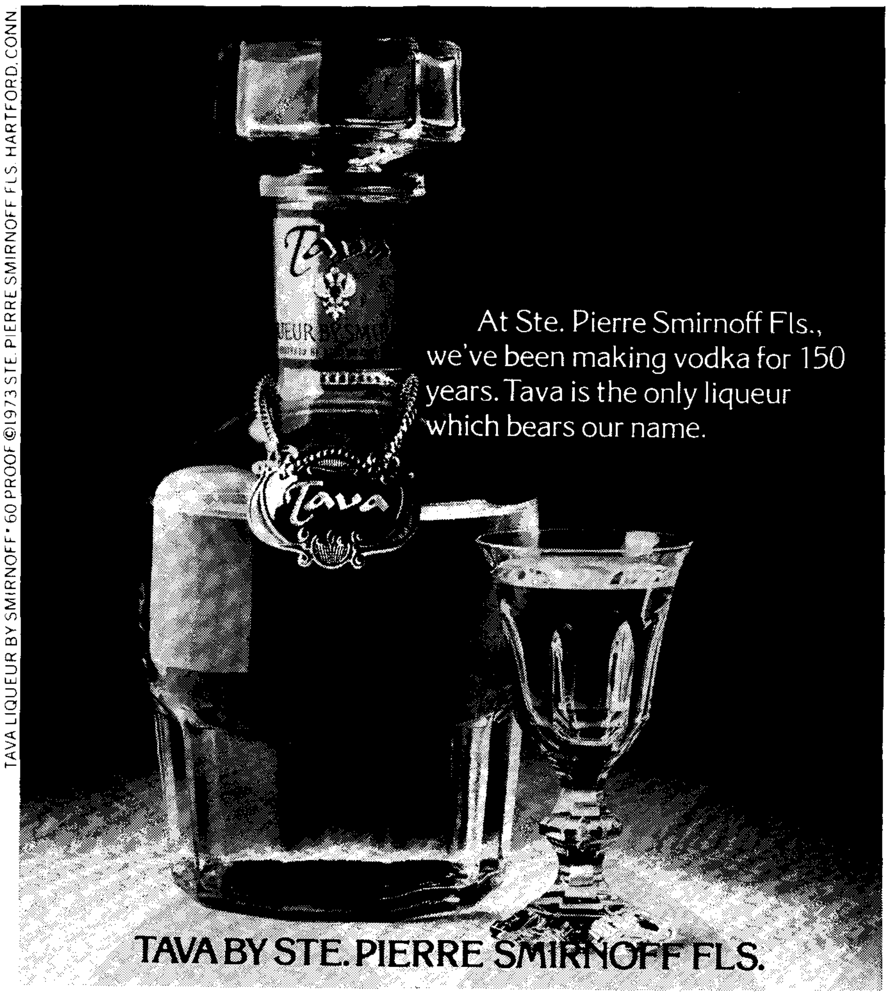

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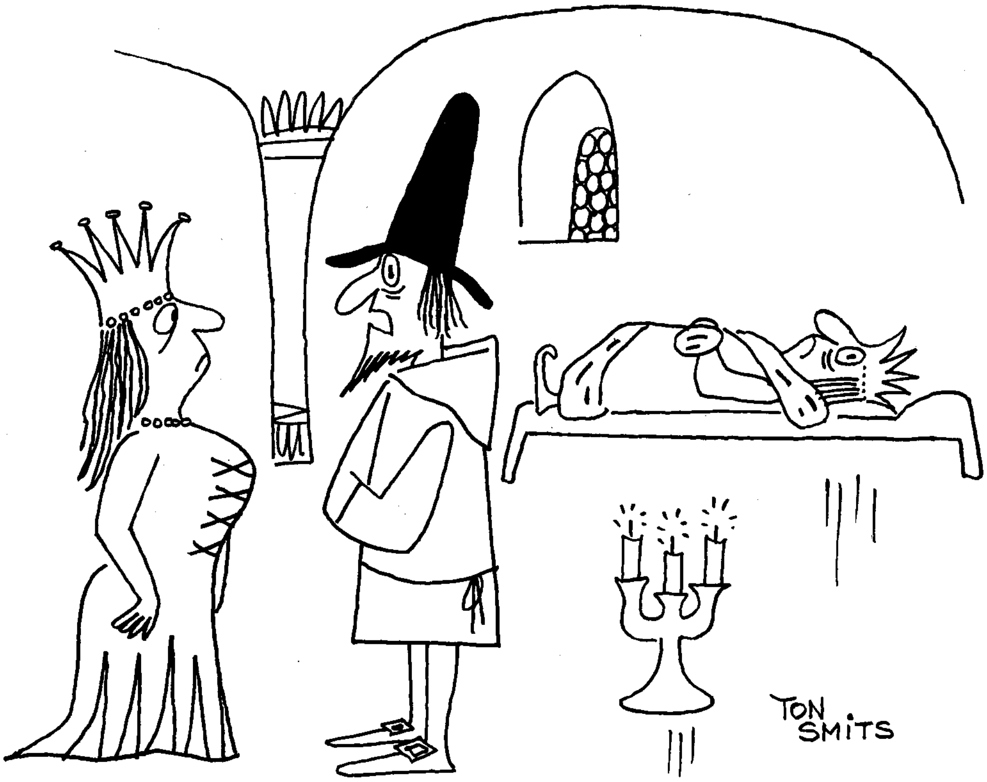
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Moonlighting*

IN 1940, when Arnold Schoenberg was planning a performance of his "Pierrot Lunaire" in New York, he wrote to his vocal soloist, Erika Stiedry-Wagner, that "this time I intend to catch perfectly that light, ironical, satiric tone in which the piece was actually conceived." A recording was made by Columbia immediately after that performance; few of us who grew up on it—for nearly ten years it was the only major work of Schoenberg's maturity available on records—ever suspected that such a tone was intended. For one thing, the recorded sound was oppressively close and unresonant, stifling the instrumental colors—a performance in a padded cell, as it were, the acoustic ambience apparently justifying "Pierrot's" reputation as an unparalleled musical embodiment of frenzied neurasthenia. Nor was the recorded balance very helpful, for the heavier, slower-speaking instruments frequently drowned out the softer, lighter ones (as well as the important vocal part). Portions of "Pierrot" can justly be described as "gossamer," and they were in fact expertly played in Schoenberg's recording, but only an experienced aural imagination, coupled with study of the printed score, could bring the textures emerging from the grooves to within shouting distance of that adjective.

For the vocal part, Schoenberg prescribed not conventional singing but what he called *Sprechstimme*. "Pierrot" was commissioned by Albertine Zehme, an actress rather than a singer, who probably expected straight declamation over a musical background—the "melodrama" for which there was a considerable tradition in Germany (examples by Liszt and Schumann will be resurrected at the Buffalo Philharmonic's Carnegie Hall concert on April 18th). Instead, she was expected to recite with precise rhythmic values, touching but not remaining on specific musical notes. Erika Stiedry-Wagner, also an actress, and much admired by Schoenberg for her interpretation of "Pierrot," performed in a style Pierre Boulez has aptly characterized as "not at all unlike that of Sarah Bernhardt" (to judge from her recordings, the divine Sarah projected her words in a pitch region rather higher than that of normal speech, varied with a throaty vibrato and excursions to higher and lower regions for dramatic purposes). The effect, especially to American listeners unfamiliar with the stylistic context, was not in the least ironic or parodistic but intensely emotional, often hysterical. To most of a generation, these records *were* "Pierrot," and a formidable, perhaps repellent experience it was.



*"I'm afraid he's lost the will to live happily ever after."*

All that has changed; through at least ten strikingly different recordings and a wide variety of concert performances we can now hear much of what Schoenberg sought. "Pierrot" is in fact part of the standard repertory—though not the repertory of standard institutions. Rather, it has asserted its special place in the history of music by spawning both a repertory and new institutions to perform that repertory. Strictly speaking, the modern mixed chamber ensemble can be dated back to Schoenberg's First Chamber Symphony, Opus 9 (1906), but "Pierrot" was the chef-d'œuvre that toured Germany and Austria before the First World War, the rest of Europe soon after it, and served as the model. Testimonials to its effect during these years dot the biographies of many musicians—not only Schoenberg's disciple Berg ("It made the deepest impression on me that I have ever received from a work of art") but less likely figures such as Darius Milhaud (after conducting the Paris première he praised "the colors, the spirit, the elegance, hardly equalled since Chopin") and even Igor Stravinsky, who, though scorning its aesthetic as "a retrogression to the out-of-date Beardsley cult," considered "the merits of the instrumentation . . . beyond dispute." (Many years later, Stravinsky glossed this somewhat limited encomium: "I mean not simply the instrumentation of this music but the whole contrapuntal and polyphonic structure of this brilliant instrumental masterpiece.")

The "Pierrot" ensemble consists of flute, clarinet, violin, cello, and piano; the players of the first three instruments also double on, respectively, piccolo, bass clarinet, and viola, so that in the course of setting twenty-one poems Schoenberg hardly ever used the same selection of instruments twice. Few of "Pierrot's" successor works follow this instrumentation exactly—the addition of some form of percussion is especially common—but the concept of a "broken consort" (i.e., not all strings or all winds, as in the most usual classic-romantic chamber formations) has become standard, offering great tonal variety along with flexibility and economy for touring purposes. In recent years, the growth of a considerable literature falling within the scope of such ensembles, especially in large cities and on campuses with conservatory resources to draw upon, has encouraged their spread. (The debt to Schoenberg was most explicitly acknowledged by London's Pierrot Players, founded by composers Peter Maxwell Davies and Harrison Birtwistle; although the group was later rechristened The Fires of London, "Pierrot" remains one of its showpieces.)

In New York these days, such organizations are thick on the ground, all slightly different in constitution but sharing members in common or lending extra players to each other. Names and faces quickly become familiar to the concertgoer: Patricia Spencer, flutist of the Da Capo Chamber Players, also works with the Light Fantastic Players, whose director, Daniel Shulman, recently appeared as guest conductor with Speculum Musicae, whose cellist, Fred Sherry, also keeps busy as a member of the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble and the Group for Contemporary Music, whose . . . well, you get the idea.

It may sound incestuous, but all these groups have their distinct characters, and the interchange of personnel means constant cross-fertilization of ideas and enthusiasms. Taken all together, they constitute an institutional framework for the performance of twentieth-century music which need not yield in variety (and surely not in proficiency, often brilliance) to the city's more standardized and better-publicized assemblages—the orchestras, the string quartets, even the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, which, aside from an occasional special commission, usually ventures into the present century only as far as the works that the contemporary groups program for essentially retrospective purposes. (If all goes well, this remarkable pool of dedicated and specialized players may also become the nucleus of an orchestra devoted exclusively to contemporary literature—but that is another story, with, one devoutly hopes, a happy end and rewarding sequels.)

By a striking if by no means unpredictable happenstance (Schoenberg's hundredth birthday is only months away), moonstruck Pierrot wandered through his grotesque and macabre adventures twice within a recent week, at concerts in Carnegie Recital Hall by the oldest and the newest of these groups. The Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, founded in 1960 by its conductor, Arthur Weisberg, was joined by the mezzo Jan DeGaetani on March 18th for an intense, dramatic reading, full of deep contrasts and highly individualized virtuoso work that yet always remained within the framework of a shaped, communal effort. Three nights later, Tycho, composed primarily of students from the Juilliard School, offered its first concert, conducted by Peter Leonard, with the soprano Christina Asher. This "Pierrot" was, quite

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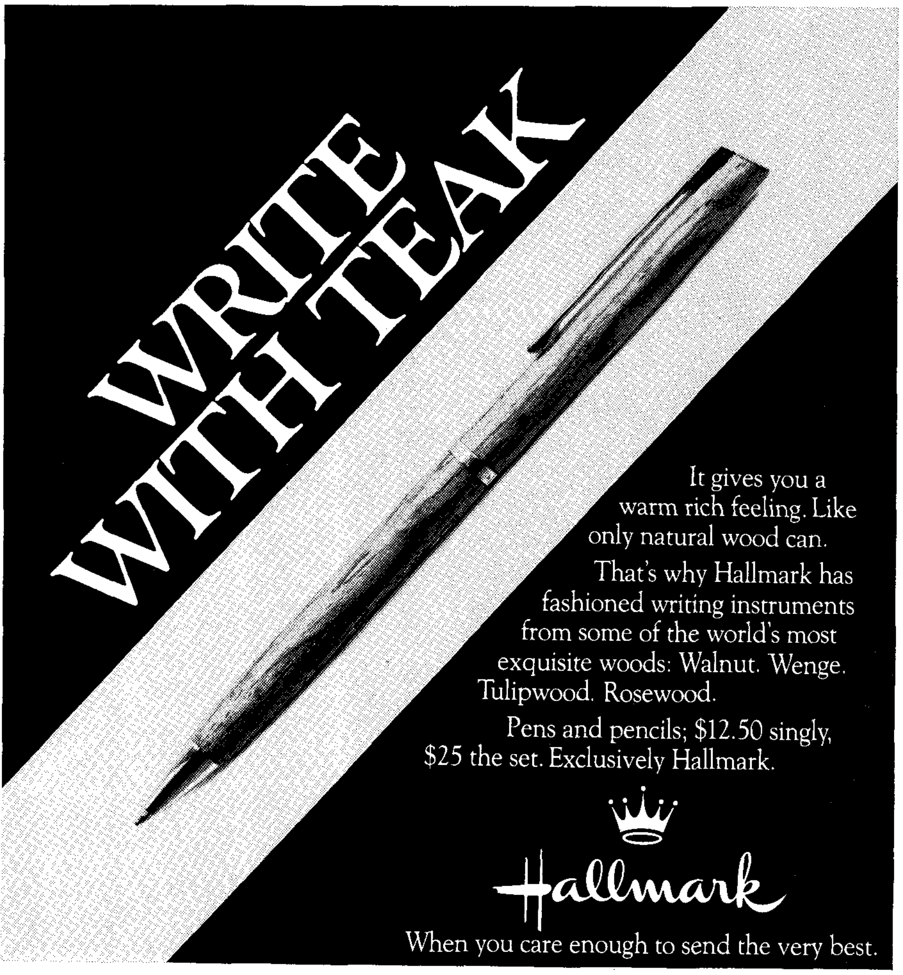

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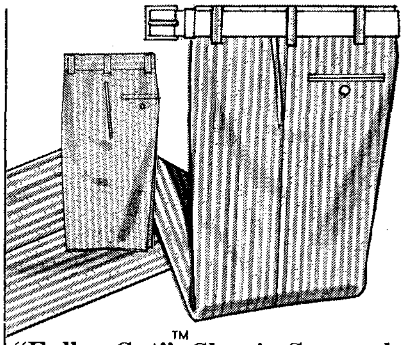

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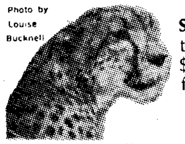

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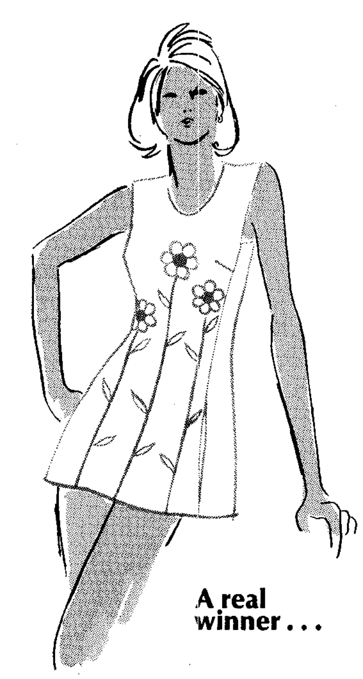
understandably, less powerful—in fact, it began rather tentatively—but the care and skill of the young players focussed the listener's ear on numerous felicities of Schoenberg's scoring, on the precise details of how his multiple arabesquing lines intertwine and withdraw. It was an admirable piece of work. I am sure the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble will not take it amiss if I suggest that Schoenberg would have found a special delight in Tycho's achievement; what its members mastered, at this early stage in their careers, was once regarded as beyond all but the most exceptional players.

Schoenberg's device of *Sprechstimme* remains a problem, even while it has been enormously influential in breaking the virtual stranglehold the bel-canto model of vocal production had maintained on Western music (the vocal writing of Boulez, Crumb, Berio, and Maxwell Davies, for example, is unthinkable without "Pierrot's" rupture of that fruitful but necessarily limiting monopoly). Except for his adamant, oft-repeated direction that "Pierrot" must not be sung, Schoenberg's instructions are not clear, perhaps even self-contradictory, and Stiedry-Wagner's performance, aside from the stylistic problems already mentioned, did not conform to all of those instructions. Christina Asher emulated her mode of delivery, although achieving greater precision of detail; those swoopy glissandos still set the nerves on edge, their démodé emotionalism contrasting oddly with the instrumental music's entirely contemporary clarity and brilliance. Jan DeGaetani, on the other hand, bringing to bear the resources she has acquired in the interpretation of recent vocal music, has worked her way to an entirely different balance between speech and song, often rather full in tone but timbrally quite distinct from the bel-canto model—a stylization, but one that is acceptable here and now because it uses elements that sound "natural" to modern audiences. This doesn't necessarily mean that *Sprechstimme* will have to be reinvented for every generation; as long as the vocal styles of the last several decades remain a living tradition, a solution such as Miss DeGaetani's will be acceptable. (But then who can predict to what degree performance styles and traditions will develop and endure in a future dominated by the enormous and possibly oppressive memory bank of recordings?)

One further desire of Schoenberg's concerning "Pierrot" has rarely been observed, and was not on these occa-



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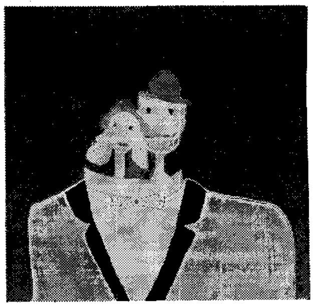

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sions: he certainly wished it performed in the language of the audience. From a letter, we learn that he tried, unsuccessfully, to have the 1940 recording made in English, and later he approved some adjustments in the vocal part to accommodate a translation by Ingolf Dahl and Carl Beier; when Robert Craft was planning a performance in 1950, Schoenberg urged him to use this version. The language of the Dahl-Beier translation is somewhat prosaic by the side of the German originals (and also of the brilliantly evocative "non-singing" translation that Robert Erich Wolf made to accompany the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble's recording on the Nonesuch label), but I long to hear it in performance—and not only because it would increase the work's immediacy for most of the audience. Few American performers of "Pierrot"—not even the admirable Miss DeGaetani—focus and shape the poetic lines as sharply, as dramatically as do native Germans; they follow Schoenberg's inflections, of course, but they do not add to these the myriad tiny refinements that the native German, drawing upon a lifetime of experience and associations, will automatically, often unconsciously, practice. In an English-language performance our singers would exercise similar skills, and their responsiveness would be further heightened by the knowledge that every inflection is conveying something to the audience. It would be worth a try—and in the meantime I must give high marks to Tycho for providing the audience with mimeographed texts and translations (and sufficient light to read them by), low marks to the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble for failing to do so.

IN the manner of ill winds, the Metropolitan Opera's financial crisis has wafted one small, favorable breeze, suppressing a projected new production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and thereby sparing the late Eugene Berman's elegant and monumental settings from the operatic equivalent of the wrecker's ball. These, and the late Herbert Graf's blocking, were thus familiar elements at the benefit performance on March 28th; so, too, were a number of the singers. Decidedly unfamiliar, and for the most part welcome, was the formidably dramatic interpretation of Mozart's score promulgated by James Levine. Even when Mr. Levine presses forward too intensely, as I felt he did in the earlier part of the evening, he gives full value to the music's rhythmic character and variety. His fast "Don Giovanni" is nothing like the merely

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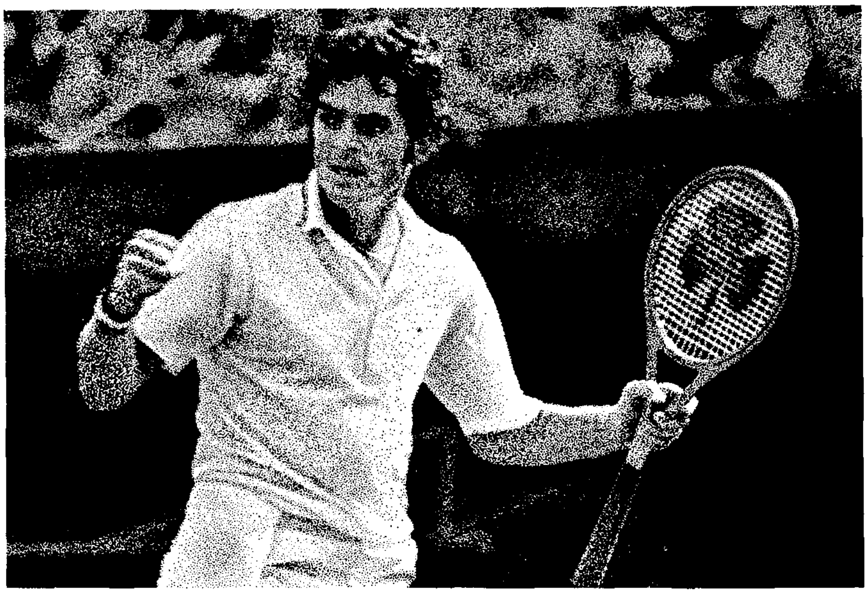

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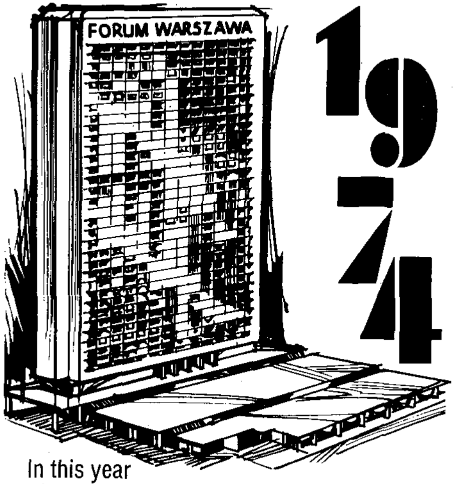

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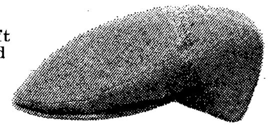

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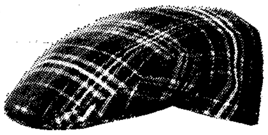

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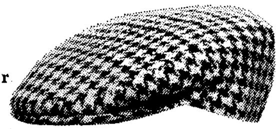

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hasty one that constituted the late Bruno Maderna's ill-fated final local operatic appearance, some eighteen months ago at the City Opera. More than any other recent performances of the work in this neighborhood, Mr. Levine's builds continuously toward the climactic confrontation of Don Giovanni with his stone guest, and never have I come closer to sympathizing with the nineteenth-century practice of omitting the epilogue. The score's lighter moments have been more richly characterized on other occasions, and doubtless with experience Mr. Levine will develop such richness; his first "Giovanni" certainly started at the right place, and the Met orchestra hasn't played the piece as well in years.

Everybody sang pretty well, too, barring some occasional flatness on the part of Leontyne Price (Donna Anna), but when it came to moving on the stage all these people might as well have been in different worlds. I don't mean the blocking, which was a faithful re-creation of Graf's intelligent original plan; rather, what their bodies expressed. Sherrill Milnes, singing the title role for the first time, doesn't seem to speak any kind of body language fluently; his hands often hang inert at his sides and he uses his legs only to get from place to place—but if Giovanni is to be "a real Don Juan" (as he was once somewhat redundantly identified in a classic college examination paper), his movements cannot continually deny it. Miss Price just glides around like an aircraft carrier. Stuart Burrows (Don Ottavio) strides plainly, like a tradesman (although with Levine's help he gave poor Ottavio greater musical punch than is customary). More valid was the angle of Teresa Zylis-Gara's constantly upthrust head, determined to rise above Elvira's woes. Instead of a Leporello, Walter Berry gave us a Hanswurst—and an expert one. Raymond Michalski (Masetto) shrank and simpered, nothing in his demeanor implying the capacity to stand up, even briefly, to Giovanni—which he nevertheless did rather impressively, and then spent the rest of the evening back in the realms of pratfall comedy. If you had seen all these people together in the same movie, you wouldn't have believed it; it would have had to be a potpourri from the cutting-room floor. —DAVID HAMILTON

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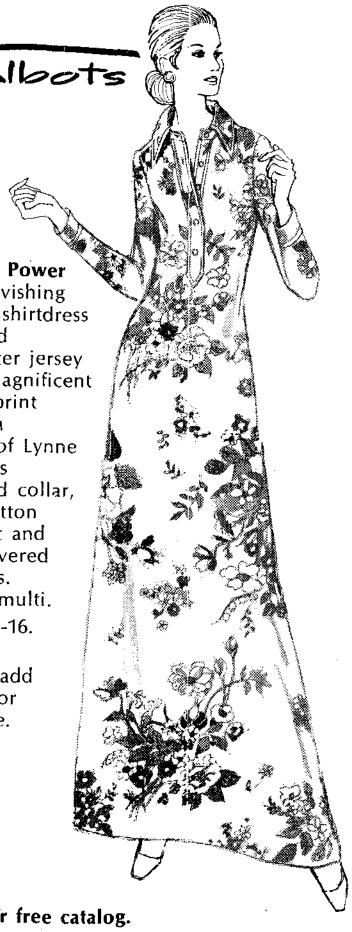

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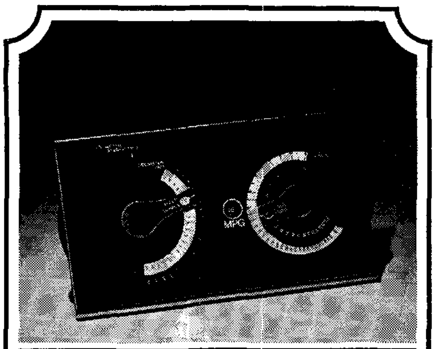

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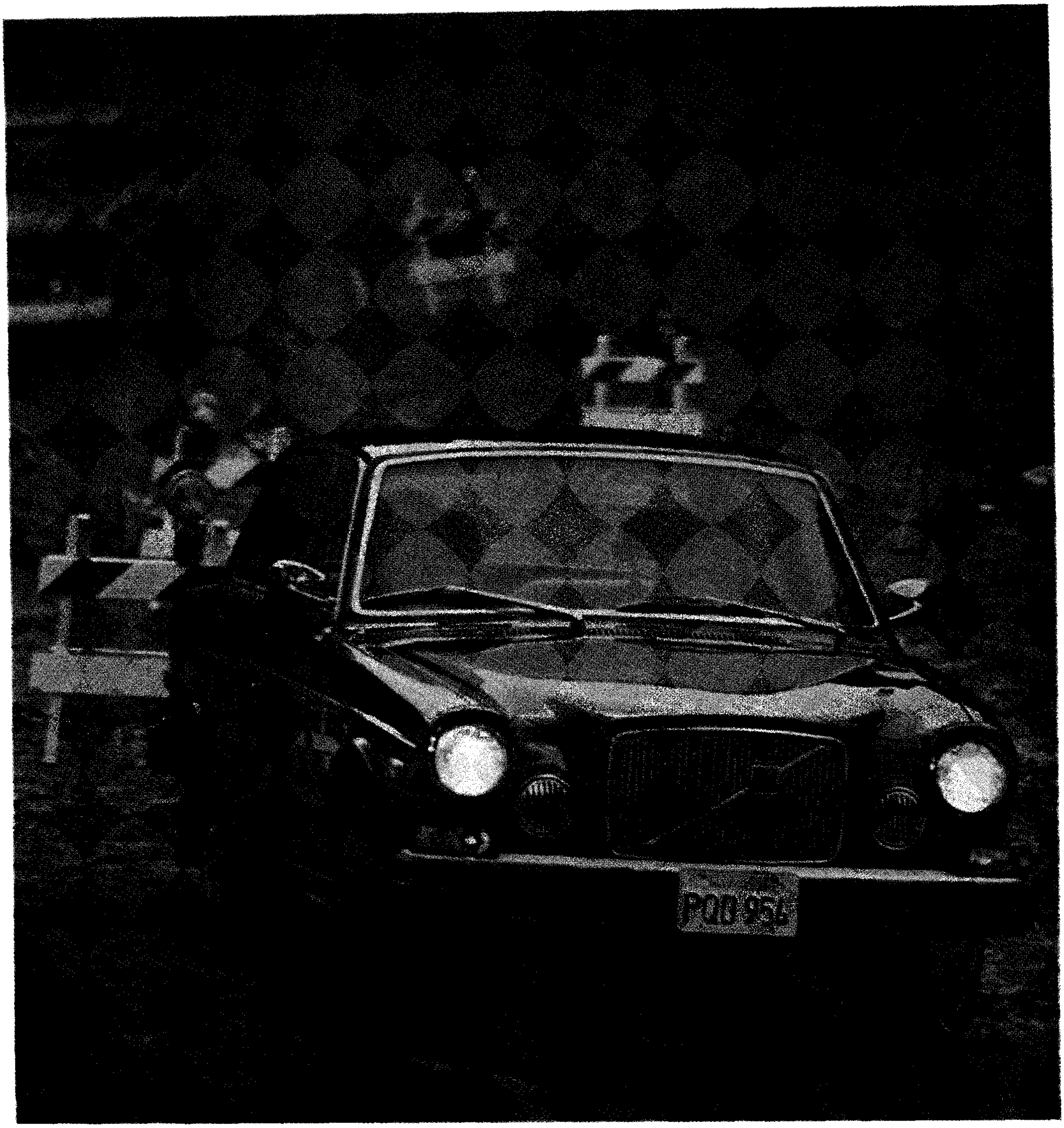

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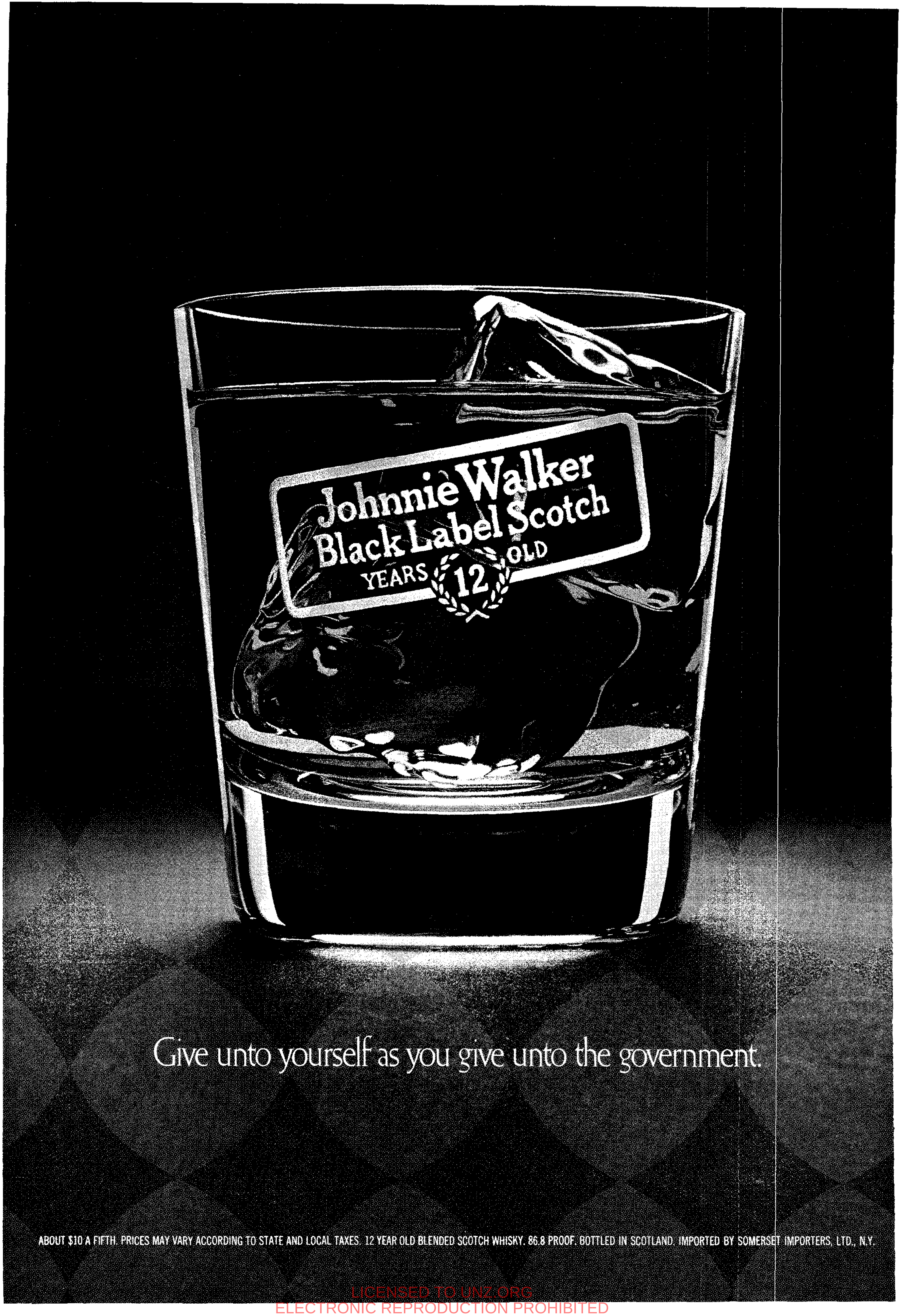
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# BOOKS

## *A Messed-Up Life*

T. S. MATTHEWS, in his "Great Tom: Notes Towards the Definition of T. S. Eliot" (Harper & Row), gives an impressively suave and sprightly demonstration of how to write a book when the book isn't there. You begin by including in your Acknowledgments a gracious mention of "those who did not answer my letters, or who denied me access to various unpublished papers, or who refused to see me." You go on to discuss, with unabashed candor, the New York publisher who approached you to write upon a subject in which you have neither scholarly interest nor personal involvement: Mr. Matthews met Eliot on a few "widely spaced occasions," and, like Eliot, emigrated from America to England, but the publisher seemed bewitched chiefly by the congruence of their first two initials, and his excitement was further whetted by a letter from Eliot's widow and executrix flatly declining to assist in any way; "for reasons which I still fail to understand," Matthews confides, "the publisher found this letter encouraging. I did not; but by this time the idea of writing Eliot's biography had begun to appeal to me strongly. I signed a contract for the book. Was this a mistake? Some people have said so; and if they read this book perhaps they may see no reason to change their minds."

By now, the reader has been roused to a great pitch of suspense as to how the bulk of pages still unread in his hand will be filled. The suspense becomes well-nigh unbearable under a hail of gooseflesh-raising questions:

> Who *was* T. S. Eliot? Why did he want to keep his private life a secret? . . . Is there less, or more, in his poetry than meets the eye? To what extent does his poetry depend on plagiarism and parody? Did he have a "tin ear"? Was he a phony scholar? A phony saint? . . . Was he a homosexual? Did Bertrand Russell seduce Vivienne Eliot?

Tune in next week, for with the same long breath Mr. Matthews admits that, "in the pages that follow," these "awkward questions" have to be asked, "whether or not they can be satisfactorily answered." This is indeed, as he names the genre, "a biography, of sorts."

Well, forewarned is disarmed, and only the most impatient seeker of truth would fail to be beguiled by the succeeding parade of types of padding. There is the irrelevant catalogue:

> The home remedies, the lotions and standard antiseptics, tonics, and germicides of the day were familiar to the Eliot household and particularly to little Tom: peroxide, antiphlogistene, *baume analgésique*, Listerine, camphor ice, malt extract, Castoria.

The vacuous speculation:

> Of his interior life we have no record, but we know it existed and suspect that it was his home address. Also he was an adolescent, and we know, or can partly remember, what that was like.

The impudent assertion:

> Did he masturbate? Of course. And was he ashamed of it? Unspeakably.

The water-treading rumination:

> Who can tell what is going on in a small boy's head? The only witness, the child himself, is less witness than observer, most of the time enthralled, some of the time in flight (either from fear or from what he will later call boredom), and never capable of reporting his observations in any form that his elders can understand.

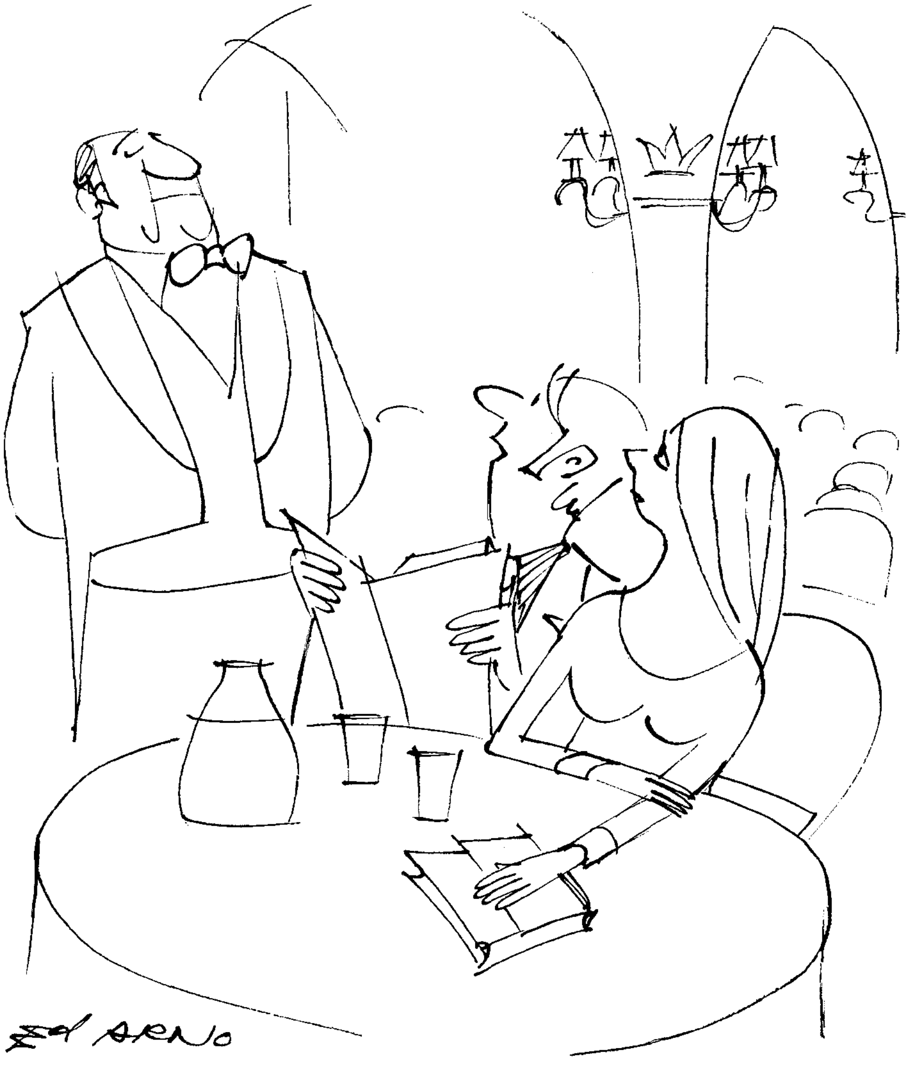
The mystery of Eliot's early sexual attitudes and experience evokes from Matthews the tone of a hectoring bully:

> But why, surrounded by women as he was, should his feelings about them have been so faint-hearted? Because his mother and his sisters were ladylike women, terrified of sex and disgusted by it, and ashamed of their female bodies. By precept and example, they encouraged his own shame.

Out of wholly thin air he constructs an imaginary "facts of life" interview between Henry Eliot and his thirteen-year-old son:

> Too soon might shock the tender young mind; too late would find its petals browned and withering in corruption. (They really thought in such terms.) Henry Eliot was a man who knew his duty and did it. . . . The boy would have listened with half an ear to his father's cautious roundabouts, the customary euphemisms about birds and bees. . . . His father's voice overwhelmed him with the weight of Sinai, and he crept from the presence knowing in his heart that all was lost.

The primly liberated biographer quite unconscionably equates the Eliots' Uni-



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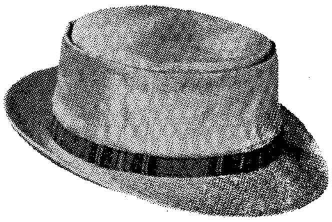

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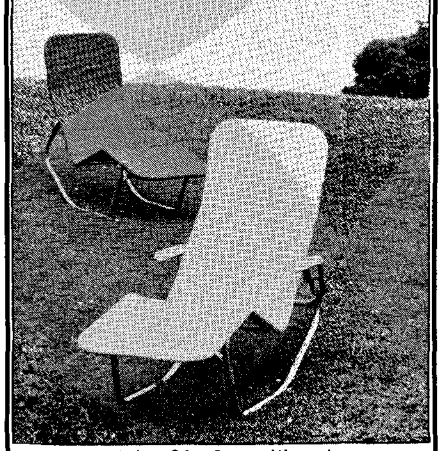

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tarianism with Calvinism (against which it was a liberal revolt), treats St. Louis as a suburb of a cliché-Puritan Boston, and takes poetic evidence of Eliot's sensuality ("so rank a feline smell") to mean unqualified repugnance. He assures us on no given evidence that the young Eliot was chaste both at Harvard and in Paris, and, more fascinatingly but with little more substantiation, portrays his first marriage as one long sexual rejection by the clever and neurotic Vivienne. Matthews' discussion of this marriage includes the enchanting disclaimer "Here again some significant facts are available, even if we cannot always be quite certain of their significance."

As Eliot's private life moves into the relative light of printed poems and opinion, of worldwide fame and London gossip, Matthews has more material to work with. Yet he handles the *œuvre* rather brusquely, even dismissively. Of two youthful poems of 1910: "Neither showed the slightest sign of originality or was worth preserving." Of "Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service": "If this isn't showing off with a smirk and a vengeance, what on earth is it?" Of the criticism: "Eliot as critic is also Eliot at his least satisfactory and least likeable—a know-it-all who puts us in our place and keeps us there." Of "The Waste Land": ". . . the scheme, such as it is, is mostly afterthought." Of the poet's ear: "Examples of Eliot's failure of musical ear abound in his later poems." Matthews elsewhere says generous and shrewd things of Eliot's works, but he rarely seems to examine them with any focussed concern for the life of the mind behind them. Eliot's Christianity, for instance, stimulates a long, fulminating, personal, and rather obtuse essay in which Matthews, himself an Anglo-Catholic, worries the cheap paradox that Christians have made war and inflicted cruelties upon one another. The intellectual atmosphere *de l'entre-deux-guerres*, in which Eliot's profession of faith was a shocking and, to some, an exemplary proclamation, is scanted. Throughout, the tone of the title—crass, jaunty, faintly bellicose—is sustained; one can feel Eliot's fastidious ghost wincing.

Yet the book, in part because of its breezy thinness, is easy to read. Mr. Matthews occasionally strikes off a fine phrase: "Eliot's benign, almost wordless presence seemed to have an encouraging effect on [John Hayward], like the silent flame under a singing tea kettle." He quotes some illuminating remarks: Stravinsky's saying of Eliot, "He is not the most exuberant man I

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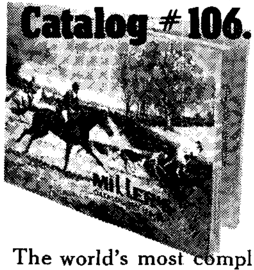

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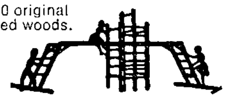

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have ever known, but he is one of the purest." And Eliot himself saying, "No honest poet can ever feel quite sure of the permanent value of what he has written: he may have wasted his time and messed up his life for nothing." What a beautiful sadness in this implication that a poet, an artist, "messes up" his life in the hope of producing something immortal. And how startling to know that Eliot composed his poetry standing at a typewriter! "It is a mystery to me how anyone can write poetry except on a typewriter." How awful to imagine him, in his little office at Lloyds Bank—"a figure stooping," I. A. Richards remembered, "very like a dark bird in a feeder, over a big table covered with all sorts and sizes of foreign correspondence"—working directly under the pavement, with heels hammering on the thick green glass squares above his head all day long. And how touching, after the recent revelation that Eliot diffidently accepted almost all of Ezra Pound's cuts of "The Waste Land," to read that Pound, shown the manuscript half a century later, was equally diffident about his strokes of editing genius: "He should have ignored me. Why didn't he restore some of the cancelled passages when Liveright wanted more pages?"

And, though an official biography might bring forth an abundance of the correspondence and specificity rather strikingly sparse in these "Notes," Mr. Matthews' silhouette of the bleak life herein seems unlikely to change: a life disfigured by an unhappy marriage in the middle and distinguished from beginning to end by a fierce industry. As a student at Harvard, Eliot compressed four years' work into three; as a graduate student, he added Sanskrit and Italian to his knowledge of French, German, Latin, and Greek; when he worked a full day in Lloyds, he would rise at five to labor at criticism; in the years he was remapping the course of English literature, he was nursing an ill wife; he lectured; he edited *Criterion* for seventeen years; at both his banking and, later, publishing jobs he not only put in time but won promotions and praise from his colleagues; after his conversion, he served on many church committees and even edited an ecclesiastical publication; at an age when many men retire, he undertook to make himself into a commercially successful playwright. Through all this, the meagre, reluctant, pained trickle of poetry, aiming (in his words) at "the maximum emotional effect with the minimum verbal decoration."

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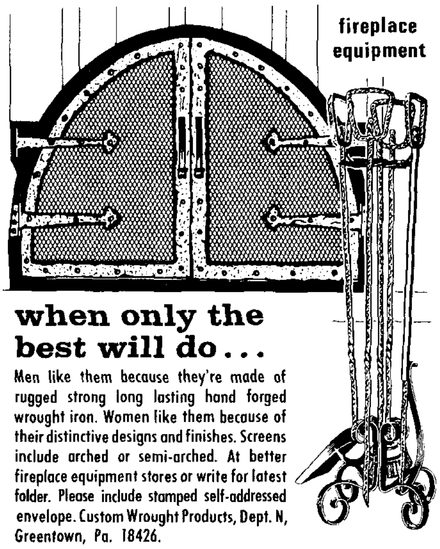

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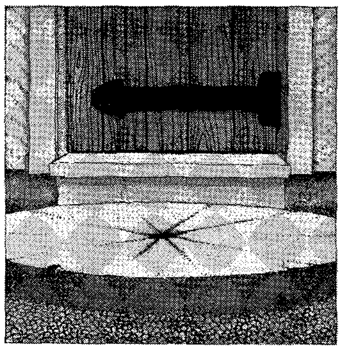

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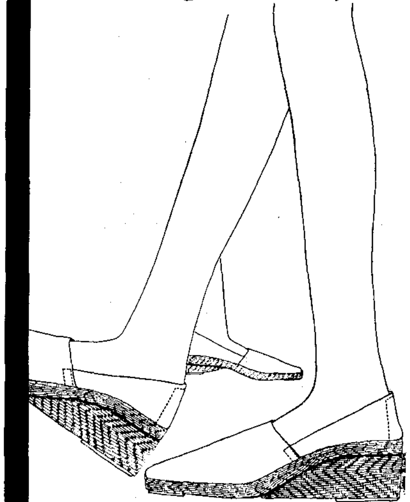

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when, as in the early fifties, to those of us in college, Eliot's reputation was an encompassing gray cloud, the very atmosphere of literature. It was a remarkable looming, a matter of style as well as of content, to a generation that loved the aloof, the cryptic, the ominous, the wry, the weary. Mr. Mathews, who offers a variety of verdicts on the worth to posterity of his elusive subject, suggests that when the "emotional radioactivity" has died away all that will be left of Eliot is "a case of the dry grins." It is true that Eliot's poetry is, as was his personality, somehow transuranic, bonded together by a perilous pressure, and may eventually decay to nothing. The contemporary estimates of its worth ranged as wildly as a Geiger counter gone crazy—from R. P. Blackmur's reverence to Van Wyck Brooks' abhorrence—and an archeologist of literature, exhuming it as carbon traces in the far future, may have trouble identifying it as poetry at all. Eliot's poetry is like no other. Its droning tone underlines a confessed poverty of inspiration and vitality, yet a steady force of seriousness, of caustic austerity, engraves it on our minds. The revelation of the "Waste Land" revisions shocked us, of course, because this of all modern poems had come to seem inevitable; it feels familiar when we read it for the first time, and by the third time it feels memorized. And when we reread it after wading through "Great Tom," we are exhilarated by its altitude; we are "In the mountains, there you feel free." Though Eliot's phrases ("objective correlative," "dissociation of sensibility") may no longer serve as signposts for the student of English, and the plays fade, as most plays do, what lines of poetry, between Yeats' late poems and the verse that Roethke and Sylvia Plath wrote under the shadow of death, burn deeper, better remember themselves, than Eliot's? His will asked that no biography of himself be written; we would not be much poorer if his request had been honored.

—JOHN UPDIKE

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE TOLL, by Michael Mewshaw (Random House). The setting is up-country Morocco. There is a group of young, nomadic, hippie-type Americans—three men and two women—with an old VW bus emblazoned "The Gravy Train." A sixth member of the group, brother of one of the others, is being held in a small-town jail, and his friends are

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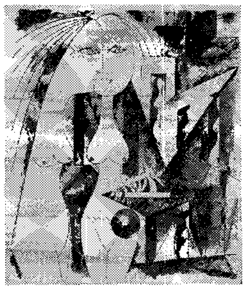

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determined to break him free. They encounter an older American, a down-on-his-luck mercenary fresh from Biafra, and he engages, at a price (the Gravy Trainers, though ragged, have moneyed parents back home), to lend them his discipline and experience. A plan is arranged and carried out, but the Gravy Trainers are what they are—irresponsible, sentimental, off-the-pigs amateurs. The result is disaster. The survivors flee into the mountains, into the desert, and with every hour the disasters multiply. Mr. Mewshaw prefaces his novel with an epigraph from "For Whom the Bell Tolls" that seems to describe his intention: "It was as though you had thrown a stone and the stone made a ripple and the ripple returned roaring and toppling as a tidal wave." His theme would thus seem to be that every act—and every inertia—has its consequence, and every consequence its further consequence. His success is very considerable.

As We Are Now, by May Sarton (Norton). As the story begins, Miss Caroline Spencer, seventy-six, a retired teacher of mathematics, is arriving at Twin Elms, a rural New England nursing home. A godforsaken, comfortless old farmhouse, Twin Elms is at the end of Nowhere. Of the six other patients in the place, most are old men on welfare, but Caroline can afford (barely) a tiny private room with a window that gives her a view—a desolate view, but real. In her luggage (two suitcases only), she has packed her favorite possessions—family photographs, a Japanese bronze turtle, a small Swedish glass vase, and her copy of "The Oxford Book of English Verse"—but she very soon sees that these treasures, far from being solid links with a long and interesting past, have become merely distress signals, and that all they show her is the end of the world. In other words, Miss Spencer is at Twin Elms to stay. In a gallant attempt to ward off panic, she begins a journal, in which she sets down her daily life—the grisly food, the lack of cleanliness, the tormenting discipline, and the loneliness of realizing that everyone who knows her knows of her plight, and that those who might care enough about her to come and see her are afraid to come, because they don't want to risk being "involved," even to the point of looking at her. Miss Spencer is an opinionated, fiercely humane, lively woman, crippled with

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a bad heart. There is a wonderful moment when she discovers, quite by accident, that in confinement her normally loud and cheerful voice has dropped to a whisper. She is being pinched to death. As the story recedes, Miss Spencer comes closer, emerging from the pages of the book with a reality we can all admire. In fact, she inspires awe and love. Miss Sarton has shown us what a triumph a short novel can be.

NOTE: Brendan Gill's "Ways of Loving"—a collection of short stories plus two novellas, "The Malcontents" and "Last Things"—has been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Many of the stories first appeared in this magazine.

### GENERAL

ENID STARKIE, by Joanna Richardson (Macmillan). The author, a former pupil of the late Oxford teacher of, and writer about, French literature, set out to record the outrageous, giddy, eccentric academic intriguer and curriculum innovator, student inspirer, and partygoer whom she knew as Enid Starkie. (Miss Starkie was born in 1897 and died in 1970.) And then, from papers that Miss Starkie had preserved carefully over decades, Miss Richardson found out that, brash, wayward, and aggressive as Miss Starkie had appeared, she was also fearful, lonely, self-doubting, disappointed with herself and her career, and the victim of a disastrous lesbian love affair. Miss Richardson, herself a specialist in nineteenth-century France, says that she now better understands Miss Starkie's interest in writers (Rimbaud, say, and Gide) with sexual and religious problems—Miss Starkie was a lapsed Catholic who was not wholly comfortable outside the Church. The author shows that Miss Starkie's weakness as a scholar was her greatness as a teacher—her lack of detachment.

VIET JOURNAL, by James Jones (Delacorte). Mr. Jones was sent to Vietnam by the *Times Magazine* early in 1973 to report on the progress of the ceasefire, but, he makes it clear, it was the United States Army (by supplying visa, press accreditation, transport) that actually got him there. Or, rather, it was his old friend on the scene General Frederick C. Weyand, and it was also General Weyand who arranged for him to visit a score of interesting (and often dangerous) places that were forbidden to the ordinary press.

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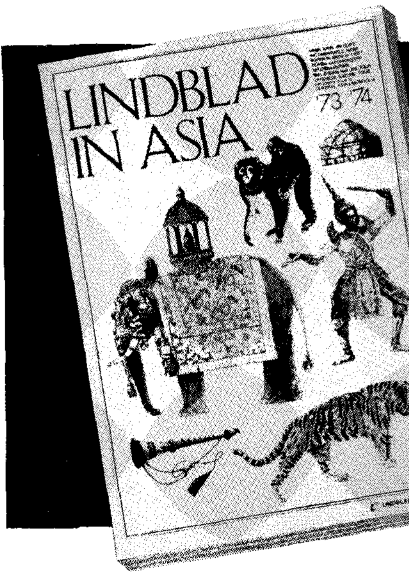
Moreover, his guides and travelling companions were always high-ranking officers, and he usually dined at some general's mess. It is thus not surprising that his book has something of the quality of a thank-you letter: it presents most sympathetically the staff officer's understanding of the war. This is all to the good: at least it stands in contrast to the views of most other reporters, and not a few of Mr. Jones' observations (as on a certain segment of the American public: "Applying our American Western-film morality, [they] decided that if we were the bad guys, then the other side must be the good guys") are on the mark. It is, however, a hackwork book. His heart may be in his subject, but not his craftsman's hand. He writes in haste, with rancor for opposing views, and shoddily.

The Armies of the Streets: The New York City Draft Riots of 1863, by Adrian Cook (University Press of Kentucky). The definitive (and remarkably readable) account. Dr. Cook begins with the setting: July, 1863, in the city's teeming and steaming slums. The federal government has just passed the nation's first draft law, which allowed men to buy exemption from the draft for three hundred dollars (too much money for a workingman to raise), and a volunteer fire company—the nineteenth-century equivalent of a twentieth-century street gang—decides to shut down a draft office by force. Underpoliced and overconfident, the city government cannot immediately reply to this violence, and law-enforcement help is hard to get, because most of the state's militia is at Gettysburg. Dr. Cook is graphic and inevitably horrifying—mobs ranged the city, looted, burned, and lynched blacks in what was at once a class war, a race war, and a mass drunken frenzy. The riots, which began on a Monday, were put down by Friday by military force, including artillery. Some good came out of the horror: Dr. Cook thinks that a later generation of Tammany leaders learned the importance of keeping ethnic peace and did so until Tammany's demise; police training was improved; and the city decided upon a professional fire department. The costs, however, were high: death, destruction, a legacy of hate, and the possible prolongation of the Civil War, since the South and the European stock exchanges that dealt in Confederate securities be-



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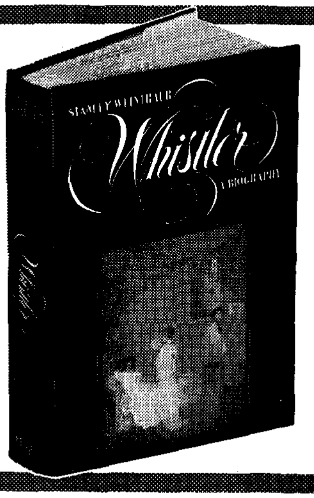

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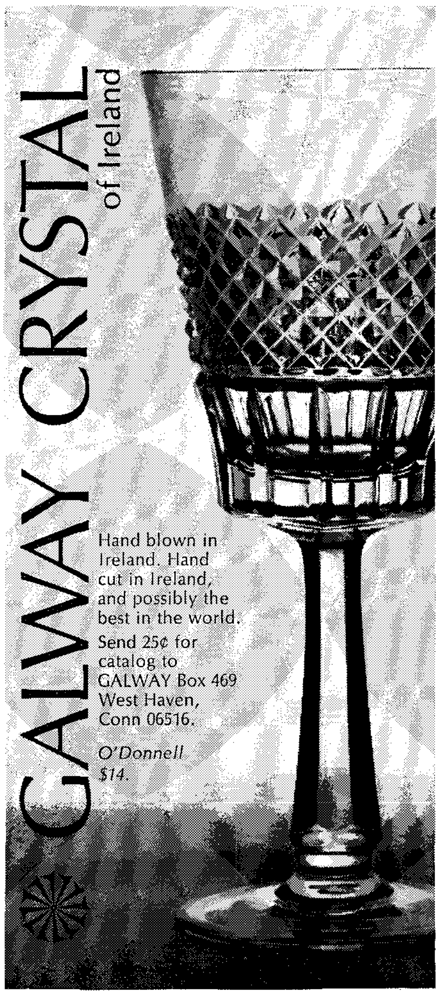

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SIR WALTER RALEGH, by Robert Lacey (Atheneum). A biography of a near-great man whose indubitable literary artistry was combined with a mixture of qualities—courage, arrogance, ambition, childishness—that led his fellow-Elizabethans to consider him a very doubtful quantity indeed: an atheist, perhaps, or a braggart. (Ralegh subsequently became a hero of the Puritans, Mr. Lacey points out, partly because he was executed by a Stuart king, James I, and partly because his "History of the World" told of divine punishment of wicked rulers.) Elizabeth's friendship for Ralegh was steady, but in politics she relied on the sober advice of the two Cecils, father and son, who were not swaggerers but bureaucrats. The problem of staffing government seems always to have been acute, and great royal servants are as rare as great rulers, or, for that matter, Harry Hopkinses; Mr. Lacey enlightens us on this point in his discussions of Ralegh's rivals for power. He writes simply, fluently, and cogently.

CIVILIZED MAN'S EIGHT DEADLY SINS, by Konrad Lorenz (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). As the title suggests, the atmosphere emanating from this book is one of almost unrelieved gloom. Lorenz sees modern life as an actual and potential disaster, and overpopulation, devastation of our natural environment, and overindulgence as worse threats to our human environment than nuclear weapons. He does not say what, if anything, we can do about all of this, or why, if he has so little hope, he bothered to write this book. One is reminded of a celebrated lecture along similar lines delivered some twenty-five years ago by the renowned Harvard sociologist Pitrim Sorokin. At the end of Sorokin's lecture, a young student asked if the professor could not find it in his heart to say something optimistic—anything. To this Sorokin replied, "Yes, we have not yet hit the bottom." There is no note of optimism in Lorenz' book.

•

Assistant Police Chief John McLaughlin described some of the suspects as "key subjects" in the theft of the worst of art from the Taft Museum here last Tuesday.—*Knoxville News-Sentinel.*

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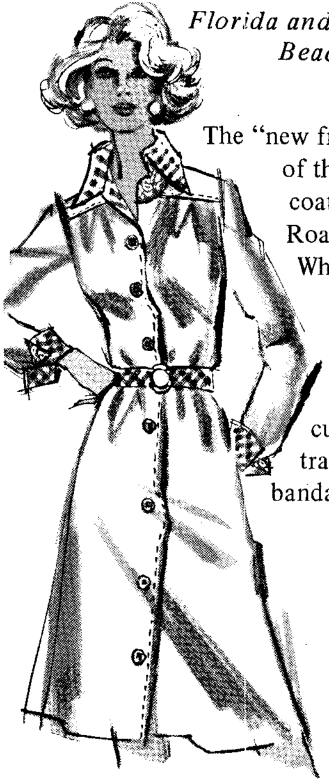

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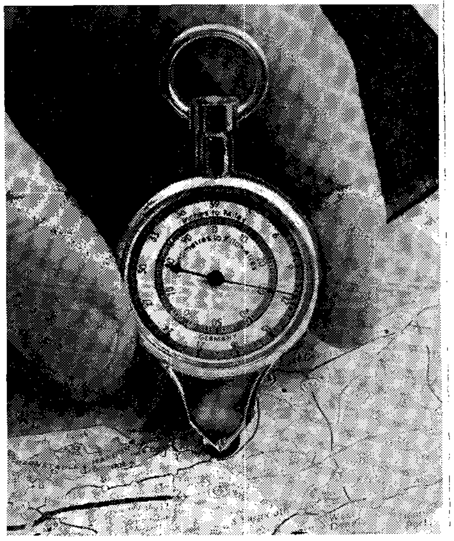

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